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THE AMERICAN SCENE



LET ME SHOW YOU NEW HAMPSHIRE

by Ella Shannon Bowles

LET ME SHOW YOU VERMONT

WINTER IN VERMONT

by Charles E. Crane

OUR SOUTHWEST

by Erna Fergusson

FARTHEST REACH: OREGON AND WASHINGTON

by Nancy Wilson Ross

CONNECTICUT: PAST AND PRESENT

by Odell Shepard



THESE ARE BORZOI BOOKS, PUBLISHED BY

Alfred A. Knopf

GEORGIA:

Unfinished State



Photo by Kenneth Rogers

First highway in Georgia, the road from Savannah to Brunswick which
was built by Oglethorpe

GEORGIA

UNFINISHED STATE

BY

HAL STEED



ALFRED A. KNOFF

NEW YORK

1942

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FIRST EDITION

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FOR

MY WIFE

Margaret Underwood Steed

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FOREWORD



I CAN MAKE NO CLAIM for a complete coverage — as an advertising man would put it — of the state of Georgia. Its history from its crown-colony days to the present is too rich and varied, its present-day social and economic problems too complex, to be dealt with adequately in one volume. It would take a dozen specialists and a dozen books to include everything worth knowing about one of the thirteen original states. My book at best is only an informal historical survey, a series of sketchy impressions of Georgia's manners and customs, past and present.

I have not whitewashed my native state, but I have not unduly stressed its abnormalities. Abnormalities are by-products of our incomplete civilization and you can find them, if you are diligent, in every part of these United States from Miami to Seattle, from Houston to Portland. One should neither exaggerate nor ignore them. I am introducing you to Georgia as I would to a captivating woman with an adventurous, tempestuous, and glamorous past. True, her past is tarnished in spots and she is no virgin, but you will love her.

This is a factual book, but even in a factual book a few fictional devices must be used to keep the narrative going. Carter the accountant is one of those devices. He is the vehicle of the

story; on the radio he would be the master of ceremonies. No one writing in the first person should be without a Carter. Without him or his like the writer is apt to put too much or too little of himself in the book. With Carter he can detach himself from the scene. In my case Carter is also a handy refuge. Any virtues you may detect in him are Steed's; any weaknesses, any downright faults, are Carter's exclusively.

Obviously I could not fit the experiences and impressions of a lifetime to one rigid timetable, or even a dozen timetables. There had to be some telescoping of time, some shifting of local backgrounds and characters, for convenience of narrative. These devices have been applied only to minor characters and incidents and in no way have marred their authenticity. No liberties whatsoever have been taken with historical and other major events, with the names of public and semi-public persons, of places. Where it has been expedient to disguise certain personalities, the disguises have been made apparent so that the reader would not be deceived by them.

Incidentally both Carter and I have tried to be entertaining.

H. S.

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GEORGIA:
Unfinished State

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*Bit of Georgia History as Told at a Luncheon
Meeting in Atlanta—A Memorial that Never
Materialized*

THE BULLETIN BOARD in the hotel lobby told me that mine was not the only luncheon meeting being held that day. The Ad-Men's Club, the Lions Club, and the Jaycees were also in session. At the other hotels and at clubs and restaurants luncheons were being given, or would be during the week, by every conceivable organization from Rotary to a bottlers' convention, from a Pontiac division sales gathering to an interracial committee meeting. Atlanta is a luncheon-mad city.

I was greeted hilariously by other arrivals in the small dining-room on the mezzanine floor. I took my badge from a column upon which other large disks were hung, each bearing the name of a club member, and pinned it to my coat lapel. My given name was printed in large letters, my surname below it in much smaller type. The service of the luncheon, as our secretary likes to put it, began with the soup. The more substantial fare lay before us — a plate with grooved compartments, holding roast beef well done — exceedingly well done — with a sprinkling of canned peas, turnip greens, and stewed corn. Off to the side was a salad consisting of two leaves of lettuce upon which a slice of tomato, the skin still upon it, had been tossed. We knew full

well that a thick cold chunk of apple pie or a globule of ice cream as hard as a rock would follow inevitably.

We affected joviality and chaffed one another across the table. When all but the late comers had finished the meal, the presiding officer stood and tapped a bell. "Those who came late," he said, "may go on eating. I hope you'll eat the apple pie. If you don't we'll have it at the next meeting." Then he announced that a local historian whose name I failed to catch would be the guest speaker. He would, the chairman added, tell us something about the early history of Georgia. You would think, time being the essence of these meetings, that our guest would have stood and done his stuff without further ado. You have not reckoned with luncheon-meeting technique. An associate orator to introduce the main one must first be called on. This was done; then the invited historian got to his feet and we were in for a twenty-minute talk.

Our speaker was middle-aged, disillusioned, and catarrhal. He had the appearance of a moderately well-to-do business or professional man, the vice president of a bank, a realtor, or a dentist. He began to speak, partly impromptu, partly from notes.

"I am afraid," he said, "that, as a truthful historian, I shall have to dash your illusions about the early settlement of Georgia. If a reporter is present, I must ask him to soft-pedal this part of my talk. The first settlers of Georgia were not fugitives from murderers' cells, or hard-drinking, dueling adventurers of the romantic type. Our forebears who landed with General James Oglethorpe at Savannah in 1733 were anything but adventurous. They were the liberated members of the debtors' prisons and almshouses of England. Oglethorpe, the kindly humanitarian, met an old friend of noble lineage in one of these houses of correction. He was so touched by his plight and that of the others that he persuaded King George II to send them to the then buffer state of the New World. There, with grants of land, they might, Oglethorpe thought, regain their spirit and get a fresh start in life.

"It was a hopeless lot. At special services held for them in

Christ Church in Savannah, the rector, a Church of England parson, commiserated with them. 'My poor friends,' he told them, 'you are indeed a sad spectacle. You are the scum of the earth.' "

After he had arrested our attention with this statement, the speaker proceeded to qualify it. Oglethorpe, a realist as well as a humanitarian, soon realized that these poor devils were not made of pioneer stuff. There was fighting to be done, and they were not fighters. He went back to England, sent scouts into the mountains of Scotland, got in touch with the leaders of the Jacobite rebellion of 1715, who were still rebellious and sore. They were persuaded to sail for Georgia, where land grants were promised them. John Mohr McIntosh, for whom a Georgia county was named, was the leader of the clansmen. With one hundred and thirty-five Scots, of whom fifty were women and children, he sailed from the port of Inverness and settled at New Inverness, now Darien, on the Altamaha River.

The Highlanders soon got into action. After pacifying the Indians they joined with the English at Savannah and the Germans at ~~Ebenezer~~ and, seven hundred strong, repulsed five thousand Spaniards and an armada of twenty ships at the Battle of Bloody Marsh, one of the most decisive and far-reaching engagements of all time. That battle, fought on July 7, 1742, meant the beginning of the end of Spanish domination in America.

The speaker finished his talk promptly on schedule, we replaced our badges on the column, and with other luncheon guests who had adjourned at the same split second we stampeded from the hotel. At my office I found a summons to Savannah, where my business, a bit of auditing, would keep me for several days.

On the following morning I started toward the coast in my car. I proceeded through the eastern portion of Atlanta, through Decatur, a town that is really a part of Atlanta, and took the highway which would carry me on down through Eatonton, Milledgeville, and Louisville to the coast. The first

few miles were in semi-suburban territory where the commuters live, and trim dairy and truck farms are operated for the city consumer. To my left Stone Mountain loomed only a few miles away. The modern Ku Klux Klan was born on top of this monolith and held its blazing-cross ceremonials there. On its far side, on a flat surface eight hundred feet high, an ambitious Confederate memorial was begun, widely press-agented and never completed.

But tourists still go out to Stone Mountain, gape up at it and wonder what became of the famous carving they had read so much about in the 1920's. Instead of equestrian figures marching across the face of the monolith, they see now only the carving of General Robert E. Lee finished down to his saddle, the roughing out of Lee's famous horse, Traveler, and the roughing out of the torso of Jefferson Davis.

Behind this panorama of the Lost Cause that never fully materialized save in photographs is a story of bitterness, strife, and frustration. In it a distinguished American sculptor was indicted, although never arrested. Thousands of half dollars dedicated to the memorial were minted and sold. Reams of reports were issued. Recriminations filled the air. Few of the records are now available.

It is fairly well established that more than a million dollars was raised for the project. About half of this was spent on the actual carving. These figures will be qualified and clarified later; really they are not so bad as they sound. At that, they are below what many Atlantans believe was spent. I failed to find any evidence of graft and corruption. There was waste and a great deal of lost motion and confusion, inevitable in any public undertaking. It was a case of too unwieldy an organization, of everybody's business being nobody's business. Too many bosses, too many committees, too many consultants, each with his idea — frequently her idea — of what should or should not be done; too many emotional, opinionated Southerners engaged in a Civil War of their own. And they were not trained to undertake such an epic and unprecedented scheme.

The idea was conceived in 1912 by Mrs. C. Helen Plane, the

widow of a Confederate officer and a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Her idea of a memorial on Stone Mountain was a modest one and went no further than a bust of Lee. She invited Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, to make the design. He went out to the mountain, looked it over, and was swept off his feet by the epic conception the sheer face of the mountain inspired in him. He reported back to Mrs. Plane that he was enthusiastic about the idea and would undertake its execution. Only she had not gone far enough. Her scheme would literally only scratch the surface of the vast expanse of granite. Instead of a bust he proposed, as a starter, five equestrian figures, each one hundred and fifty feet high, each the figure of a Confederate leader. His enthusiasm was contagious. A Stone Mountain "drive" was started, and an association was formed to carry on the work. The Venable family, who owned the mountain, deeded its north side to the association.

The World War and its disruption of business, particularly the cotton market in the South, intervened. It was eleven years before the project could be revived. In 1923 a group of business men in Atlanta took hold. Money was subscribed with which to start the memorial.

Borglum came to Atlanta and spent part of his time at Stone Mountain. He made his working models and laid out his scheme of operation. On June 3 of that year he put the first drill into the granite. This was part of a ceremony attended by Southern notables and addressed by E. Lee Trinkle, Governor of Virginia. Afterwards Borglum put up his scaffolding and built a long stairway leading up to the top of the mountain. He enjoyed spectacular effects especially when tourists were present. He amused his visitors by swinging them out into space on cranes, a device he had constructed for his workmen. The carving had begun.

The partially completed head of Lee was unveiled on his birthday, January 19, 1924. The ceremony was preceded by a lavish Georgia breakfast. Borglum was host. He seated his distinguished guests at tables set on Lee's massive shoulder. This was a publicity gesture — and a knockout. Not every layman

could take in the artistic scope of the project. But to the dullest imaginations the spectacle of a human figure so huge that a group could dine comfortably on its shoulder was sensational. The sheer audacity of the conception left them breathless.

The unveiling was staged later in the day. With it came the first dissension in the ranks of the memorial's sponsors. The late Dr. Plato Durham unwittingly provided it. This son of a Confederate soldier, an educator and a college professor, delivered the address. He spread himself on Lee and the Lost Cause, but he also eulogized Lincoln. He presented him as a co-partner, as one of the great twin figures of the War Between the States. This did not sit well with certain ladies of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. This, they contended, was a Southern memorial honoring Southern heroes exclusively. Lincoln was an outsider and a Yankee — an enemy Yankee at that.

Rogers Winter, a young Atlanta newspaperman, was put in charge of the memorial's publicity. That he did a good job and earned his salary no one, regardless of his stand in the various feuds that were to follow, will now deny. His publicity was given such a national coverage that the whole country adopted the memorial as a national as well as a sectional enterprise. In fact, Congress so officially adopted it. President Coolidge approved a measure authorizing the minting of five million half dollars in commemoration of the monument. The resolution was introduced by Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania in the House and by Senator Reed Smoot of Utah in the Senate, both Republicans. This was hailed as a bury-the-bloody-shirt manifestation.

The memorial coins bore a vignette of the sculptor's design on one side and portraits of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson on the other. The association was permitted to sell them at a dollar and they were to be minted as required. The half-dollar profit was intended to go toward paying for the monument. Here developed another difference of opinion. A promotional expert was brought down from New York to suggest a sales plan. He was opposed to such a large issue of coins at such

a small price. It would be better, he argued, to restrict the issue to a hundred thousand and sell them up to ten dollars apiece. The offering of too many half dollars at only a dollar each would vastly increase the overhead expense of handling them. As there would be so many, collectors would not be so eager to buy them. He was overruled. The price was set at a dollar, with five million the limit if the demand justified it.

G. F. Willis, a patent-medicine manufacturer extraordinary and an ace salesman, later a real-estate developer, was put in charge of the coin campaign. He had made his reputation with the sale of Tanlac, a physic; even Peruna and Swamp Root in their palmiest days had not approached Tanlac in volume of consumption. Legends, inspired no doubt by the astute Willis, were spun around Tanlac. One was about the motorist who started from home one morning without gasoline. He poured a bottle of Tanlac in his Ford tank and by the time he got to the street he was riding in a Cadillac.

Borglum's contract with the association called for the execution of five figures in the first group, for which he would be paid \$250,000, the carving to be completed within three years. In the event the contract for any reason was not carried out, the working models were to become the property of the association. On this basis Borglum went to work.

By the end of 1924 the association became impatient over the slow progress the sculptor was making. Its officers claimed that a large portion of the \$250,000 agreed on had been advanced to Borglum and he had not produced more than five per cent of the work. In February 1925 the association canceled its contract with him. In a fit of temper he destroyed his models. For this he was indicted by a grand jury. He got into his car and beat the sheriff into North Carolina. The Governor of that state refused to issue extradition papers for his return to Georgia. He could not, the Governor said, associate a man of Borglum's importance with a criminal proceeding. The association may have decided that it had acted too hastily. At any rate, the warrant was withdrawn.

A committee of the association then conferred with Daniel

Chester French, the sculptor, and others, including J. Pierpont Morgan, on the selection of a new artist to carry on. On their recommendation Augustus Lukeman was engaged for the work. He produced a layout different from his predecessor's. He argued that Borglum's design could not be used because of the surface of the mountain. His contract called for the payment of \$25,000 for his design plus a salary of \$10,000 a year.

The association invited bids on the carving. All were rejected; one was in excess of a million dollars. The contract was finally let on a cost-plus basis.

Lukeman scraped off Borglum's partially completed figures and finished the carving of Lee down to his saddle and roughed out the torso of Davis. His progress was about the same as Borglum's. The new memorial design was unveiled on April 9, 1928 on the anniversary of Appomattox. The selection of the date was unfortunate; it quickly brought another protest from the U.D.C. Why pick the anniversary of the Confederacy's defeat? In midsummer of the following year the association's funds gave out and the project was suspended. Then came the big panic. It was decided to wait for better times to go on with the work. Lukeman died not long afterwards. The deed of gift reverted to the Venables.

So much for the general history of the memorial. Its administration was fraught with controversies. The late Clark Howell, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, demanded editorially that Hollins Randolph, a Randolph of Virginia and president of the association, authorize the publication of the official audit of the memorial's cost of operation. On Randolph's failure to do this, an old-fashioned Georgia newspaper broil ensued. A duel of words followed. A year or two later Randolph resigned and went to Washington. He died a few years afterwards.

Several audits were made. No summary of any kind, so far as I know, has been published in a newspaper or magazine. I could find only one audit.¹ It covered the first phase of the enterprise up to March 31, 1925, at the time that Borglum was connected with it. That report showed that \$313,389.90 had

¹ By Peat, Marwick, Mitchell and Company.

been raised for the memorial. Borglum was paid \$113,922.61, of which \$34,674 was in cash; the rest was for labor and material. He was also reimbursed \$23,341.45 which he had advanced from his own funds. The association paid \$20,410.91 for a studio building.

During this period a total of \$157,674.97 was spent on actual work on the mountain. For administration and general overhead expenses \$155,714.93 was expended. Included in the amount raised were notes for nearly \$100,000 which had discounted subscriptions, some of which were never paid.

Walter C. Hill, president of the Retail Credit Company of Atlanta, wrote an article about the memorial which was printed in the *Atlanta Journal*. He estimated roughly that \$1,195,000 had been raised and spent in the second phase of work on the monument — after Borglum's departure. With this as a basis, the total amount raised came close to \$1,500,000. Mr. Hill estimated that 3,500,000 coins of the issue authorized never were minted. That would indicate 1,500,000 had been sold.

These figures may be technically correct but they are misleading. Most of the money raised in the second period came from the coins. If a million were sold — this is doubtful — the association's gross income would have been \$1,000,000. It really would have received only \$500,000, for it had to pay the government fifty cents for each coin. The sale was uphill work. The banks acted as selling agents and bought the coins at face value. When sales were light they grew restive over holding so much idle money. They either passed it out at its face value or returned it to the Federal Reserve Bank at Atlanta.

That institution was the general distributor. Getting the half dollars to the member banks involved a heavy expense in bookkeeping, handling, and express. Expensive selling campaigns were put on, high-pressure salesmen employed. It was estimated that it took thirty-three cents to sell a coin. This left the association with a net profit of only seventeen cents, or \$170,000 if a million coins had been sold. This amount, plus subscriptions, dues from the honor roll, and sales of souvenirs, went into the actual work on the mountain. The total expendi-

ture for the carving, after the government was paid for the coins, was in the neighborhood of \$600,000.

The expense items were varied. Some were for banquets and barbecues. Oratory is a necessary accompaniment of anything connected with the Lost Cause. And oratory in turn calls for food and drink. Traveling expenses were also listed; the memorial's publicity covered a wide territory. Printing, expensive half-tone work, telegraph tolls, overhead office expense and equipment, all liberally priced, added to the total spent.

No one questioned Borglum's ability as an artist; disappointment was everywhere felt over his displacement. There is undoubtedly a question as to his practical judgment. For one thing he underestimated the difficulty of the plan. Granite is the toughest of sculptural mediums. Borglum undertook the work, without a precedent to guide him, for only \$250,000. The lowest bid from a contractor when Lukeman was in charge was for more than a million.

Borglum insisted that the figures of Lee and the others should come spontaneously out of the contour of the mountain and not out of a flat surface. From an artistic standpoint he was right. But Sam Venable, one of the mountain's owners, cautioned him against the variable quality of the surface granite. It had soft pockets; it would not endure. Statues made from it would be eroded in a century.

"What we want," Venable insisted, "is a monument that will last for all time, not for a mere century."

Borglum was criticized for his slow progress. He explained that most of his time was spent in preliminary organization, that he had tried to save money for the association. Instead of having a company install an expensive elevator for the use of workmen, he constructed a stairway out of inexpensive Georgia material; he built his own scaffolding. Moreover, he trained native Georgians to do the carving. This money-saving of course took time. He claimed that his organization had been completed and was at work when his contract was so suddenly

canceled. If he could have gone on from there, he insisted, he could have finished his job without a hitch.

It must be considered that the project was a vast one and without a precedent, as I have said. Everybody was new to the job, even Borglum. Time, money, and patience were lost in fruitless experimentation and bickering. The only paid member of the association was Rogers Winter. In the last stages of the work he served as secretary as well as press agent. He managed to withstand the crossfire of the contending factions. And he certainly earned his salary.

After many spasmodic efforts to revive the memorial, a new association was formed in 1941 to carry it on. Julian Harris, an Atlanta sculptor who is less temperamental than Borglum and as talented, has been designated to do the carving. The federal government and a committee of the Georgia legislature have worked out a plan for governmental aid in the form of a loan. This loan would be secured by tolls on roads leading into a memorial park surrounding the mountain. Defense preparations have delayed the loan so far. Thus Borglum's dream may come true. He left Atlanta to work on the memorial at Rushmore, South Dakota, and died before its completion.

*A Tour through the Familiar Red Hills of Unfinished
Georgia and a Detour into the Deep South—The
Georgia Vernacular as Impulsively and Charmingly
Spoken at a Soda Inn*



SOON I WAS IN the open country, out among the familiar red hills of Georgia. When an exiled Georgian thinks of his native state he recalls the clay soil of the upper half above the fall line, the boundary between the Piedmont plateau and the coastal plain. If he had been with me he would have seen this soil in its old-time beauty—a rich pattern of deep chocolate color, red, yellow, and gray. Some of the fields I passed were freshly plowed, others apparently were abandoned; last year's brown cotton stalks were still standing. Now the pattern glowed under the sunlight, now it was subdued in the shadow of a cloud.

The only strange sight for the Georgian exile would have been the paved highway. Few new houses have replaced the old ones, the two-story houses worn by the elements into the shade and texture of a wasp's nest, with chimneys on the gable ends. These old Georgia houses had a setting of bare yards and dilapidated fences; abandoned farm implements were strewn about in the weeds. He would still see decrepit gin-houses on crutches, as Tom Watson pictured them, barns and cribs with sagging roofs, cracks in the weatherboarding, all in the final

stages of decay. Negro cabins, the kind that are boarded up and down, supported precariously by rock and mud pillars, wooden outhouses in the rear leaning perilously from their moorings like Towers of Pisa. This part of the Georgia countryside hasn't changed.

I passed a country church with a wooden steeple and a bell, a square building set close to the ground, with red-mud stains up as high as the window sills; a graveyard off to the side. Then I came to a crossroads settlement apparently abandoned. A sign on the railroad depot gave its name, its distances from Atlanta and Augusta. A spur track, rusty and partly hidden by weeds, supported three freight cars. One car was open, smeared inside with flour. Across the track was an empty store building, its business a victim of the big panic. It was plastered with signs announcing chill tonic, plug tobacco, snuff, Coca-Cola and Ne-Hi. You wondered why trains ever had stopped here, and if they still do. Only one person was visible in what had once been a flourishing community. A defeated elderly man with a long yellow face sat on the station platform, his legs dangling. He was boring into his ear with a matchstick, his expression rapt and intent.

All about the town of Lithonia where I drove I saw ledges of granite cropping up from the ground. This is a granite country with many quarries. It was the latter part of April and farm operations were not far advanced. This accounted somewhat for the general air of abandonment. Sherman took this direction on his march from Atlanta to the sea, and the property he destroyed has never been entirely replaced. The devastation he brought about has been carried on by the boll weevil ruining the cotton fields, and completed by the post World War boom, which drew many farmers to Atlanta and other cities.

Migration to points outside of the state has kept the state's population stationary at about three millions. Only a high birth-rate prevented an actual loss. At that, three million people is a large population, but so is Georgia's area, fifty-nine thousand square miles. That gives the state an average population of fifty persons to the square mile, compared with five

hundred in most New England communities. No wonder, with such a diffusion of human beings, my route seemed to be through a wilderness, even though its rolling terrain was attractive and seemed to be fertile in places. It left me with a feeling of starvation amid plenty. This is characteristic of a considerable portion of the northern half of rural Georgia, where areas are still stunned by forces that were beyond their control. It all seemed poised between the old and the new order — the latter just beginning — of agriculture and industry. The war and the industrial and social upheaval that followed halted the state's progress and left it unfinished. Now it is taking up where it left off.

The next morning was Sunday. I entered by mistake an unpaved road that led toward Eatonton, which took me through Monticello instead of Madison, and into a stretch of scenery which in my boyhood was typical of rural Georgia. There was not even a pavement to remind me that this was 1936, not 1892.¹

I saw only three farmhouses and one man for twenty miles or so. Back on the paved highway I came into Eatonton, a lively town in the midst of the dairy industry. Beyond Eatonton the land was flat, green with pecan groves and peach orchards, varied by grain fields and other forms of diversified farming. A brick bungalow here and there replaced the familiar farmhouse type. Milledgeville, an old state capital, was the next important town. General Lafayette visited Milledgeville once. He was a guest at a barbecue spread on tables in front of the Capitol, and was given his first taste of Georgia barbecue and Georgia oratory.

There is hardly a town among the older ones of Georgia which at one time or another did not entertain George Washington, General Lafayette, and Aaron Burr. You are shown the houses where they spent the night, the beds upon which they slept. I doubt if there is an antique bedstead in the state upon which at least one of these notables had not slept at one time or

¹ Now paved.

another. This is especially true of Burr. He came to Georgia after his successful duel with Alexander Hamilton and established himself on an island plantation off the Georgia coast. He took time out to visit other Georgia spots, and many houses and beds took him in for the night.

From Milledgeville on, the crossroads settlements looked better; the buildings were newer and freshly painted, the atmosphere livelier. I was almost out of the red-clay area; the streams I crossed were clear and inviting. I was hungry and had looked in vain for signs of Southern cooking. Occasional road-houses advertised fried chicken, but roadhouse chickens are adults and have been in the morgue for a long time. I sniffed the air for a whiff of country ham, but there was none. I knew by experience that the hotels in small Georgia towns had long since abandoned the big seventy-five-cent midday dinner, where you might founder yourself on three meats, all the vegetables, three or more varieties of hot bread, your choice of desserts, of sweet milk or buttermilk, coffee or iced tea, with cake and pickles, preserves and relishes tossed in for variety. A woman in a small town once said to me: "I like to go to Atlanta; the stores have such delicious food." She was right. If you want variety of food you must go to the cities, not to the country.

So, before I got to Louisville, I halted at a combination filling station and soft-drink inn and in the midst of plenty ordered a clammy sandwich and a Coca-Cola. The radio was on. A lady no longer young sat beside it listening apathetically; a youth, apparently a student, bent over a counter reading a comic supplement. The place was hot and depressing. But not for long. A girl, the personification of feminine youth, burst unheralded through the door. Immediately the rest of us renewed our interest in life. She bounced in and included us all in a friendly gesture. Then she rattled into conversation.

"Haveyouall anything t'eat?" she demanded cheerily. "Idecla' I'mpos'tively pe'ished 'n' abouttobu'niup with the 'eat. IthinkI'll jes' take a peanutbuttahsan'wich 'n' a dope."

This is Georgia vernacular phonetically rendered. Like most

phonetic dialect it does an injustice to its user. Our young miss dropped her *r*'s, slurred her vowels, and ran her words together, but her pronunciation and accent were in the main correct, her inflection properly pitched, if exaggerated, and her voice was music. The youth at the counter dropped his comic supplement. Even our disillusioned hostess lost her apathy.

"Oh, you needn' bothah, I'll get it myself," the newcomer said to the clerk. She lightly tripped over to him, scooped up her sandwich and drink, and brought them to my table. I stood up ceremoniously, deeply flattered, and attempted heavy, middle-aged gallantry.

"You don' mind, do you?" she addressed me, and quickly included the rest in a glance as she rattled on. "I'm waitin' for my brothah. He lives neah heah out in the country. I don' live heah myself. I live in Gainesville, up in nawth Geo'gia. I'm a hillbilly, I am."

She wore her white jacket and skirt with a city air. Her eyes were brown with a golden fleck in them and matched her hair. Her lips were full and red, her dimples were active. She must have been made up, but it was done skillfully — her lips were not too red, there were no smudges of powder and rouge. A small pancake hat threatened to slide down into her eyes.

"Are you in school in Gainesville?" I managed to say.

She laughed musically. "Oh, no, I'm not that young'n'uns'-phisticated."

Then I noticed her wedding ring. She talked on, munching her sandwich between sentences. I shall try to minimize her dialect.

"I'm an old married woman, been married two years," she said. "My husband, he was a football coach but he sells automobiles now. He's athletic — you know how we women fall for athletes. We both work and we're partners — I mean we don't try to boss each other. I was a teacher at first — graduated from the State Normal. But teachers don't get much pay and aren't sure of that. Pshaw, I says, me for sump'n steady. So I

took a course in beauty culture and got a job as an operator in Gainesville."

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, yeah, I'll say I do. But it's long hours — I mean we have to stay late in the afternoon on account of the girls that work and can't get off earlier. We always give them the first choice. Sometimes a society girl comes into the shop late. I always tell her: 'No, I can't take you now. You been playin' bridge or goin' to the movies all day. These girls have been at work.' And they always say: 'Well, deary, I guess you're right. We should 'a' come sooner.' We have a few men customers too, but we put 'em in private booths. Which is all right; I mean I like to see a man take care of his hands. Only I hate to see a man let you put too much polish on his nails; I mean that's sissy. And if he wants polish I try to persuade him not to use too much — you know, in a nice way. Of course it's none of my business really, but I'm like that — I mean I'm frank. I guess I'm too frank sometimes.

"I came down to Atlanta to the beauticians' convention — took my vacation for it — and decided while I was at it I'd come on down here to see my family. There were some New York operators at the convention. We learned a lot from them; they gave demonstrations. One day they made a subject out of me. Then they took one woman that was downright plain — I don't mean that I'm so beautiful — I mean that this woman was worse than plain, she was real ugly. When they got through with her she was almost beautiful, believe it or not. I declare I don't believe I can eat all this sandwich. Don't some of you all want it?"

She offered it to each of us, but we declined it.

"My name is —" I never caught her name. She rushed on. "What's your name?" she asked of me. "And yours?" She turned to the proprietress. "And say, you over behind the counter — what's yours?" She finished her drink. "I hope I haven't bored you all. I'm such a rattle-brain and chatterbox. I declare I don't know what's keeping my brother. Oh, there's his car now."

She picked up her pocketbook and started energetically toward the door.

"Good-by," she waved. "Enjoyed meetin' y'all — sure did. Be seein' you."

The proprietress, a quiet woman, pretended to be shocked.

"Did you ever hear such a talker? In all your born days did you ever hear a woman rattle on like she did?"

The clerk nodded in agreement. I think we really liked the girl. I did. I never think of her without wishing her well.

I went out to my car and drove into Louisville, another former state capital. Georgia has had several capitals in her war-ridden existence. The town is dreamy and historical and tourists love it. Here are the fluted columns, balconies, magnolia trees, and boxwood hedges they are looking for. These and an abandoned slave market in the public square remind them of the ante-bellum South. Personally I could dispense with the slave market. It brings up a sore and controversial subject.

I had business in Louisville the next day, so I went to the hotel and spent the night there.

*REA in the Old Homestead—Fond Recollections of
Georgia Cooking, Its Quality and Quantity—A Country
Gentleman Foresees the Repopulation of a Rural State*

MY BUSINESS IN Louisville kept me longer than I had expected and it was late the next afternoon before I had finished with it. I was ready to leave when I met an old school-mate, whom I shall call Cummings, in the lobby. Cummings had lived in a small town about thirty miles from Louisville and was in Louisville on business. He told me he had recently moved back to the old farm where he was born.

“It’s only twenty miles or so from here,” he said. “I want you to come out and spend the night with me and meet my wife and children. You ain’t so rushed so’s you can’t stay over until tomorrow.”

Cummings’s use of slovenly English was an affectation. He was college-bred, as were his father and grandfather before him. Socially he would have been at home anywhere. He could have hung up his hat in any club from New York to San Francisco. One explanation of this free and easy speech of Southerners is that they picked it up in childhood from the colored help. It goes deeper than that. Southerners are by nature politicians, either actively for themselves or for their friends. Or they practice politics for business or professional reasons, especially in

small towns where patronage is given largely through personal regard. Thus a doctor or lawyer or small business man uses the patois of his less literate constituents.

I insisted that I had to leave. We compromised on dinner at his house. Afterwards I would come back to the hotel for the night.

"Then I'll call up my wife and tell her we're coming," Cummings said. "When we got rural electrification a few months ago, we decided we'd go back to the farm. Our line serves two hundred farmers. Two hundred families will throw away their oil lamps, turn on the juice, listen to the radio, and take an extra bath in the middle of the week. Most of them will install plumbing too. It's the greatest achievement of the New Deal — the greatest revolution in rural life since the coming of rural free delivery."

Cummings telephoned to his wife and a few minutes later we were headed toward his farm, his car in front, mine behind. We drew up before a place which was like plenty of others you see from Georgia highways. It had the air of having been a home site for several generations. The oaks around it had grown old with the house and the generations who had lived in it. In the yard were two of the largest magnolias I had ever seen. The house itself had been streamlined. The old porches had been taken away and a modern entrance substituted. Green blinds contrasted with wide white weatherboarding. A picket fence enclosed the yard, and winter grass, such as they grow in towns, was green on the lawn.

"This," I said, "is not the regulation Georgia farmhouse. At least it's not like the one I was born in."

"No, I guess not," Cummings agreed. "I was born in this one, but it has been changed since then. My daughter gave it the modern touch. The main part is nearly a century old. My father and grandfather were born in it."

We went into the house. The high ceilings and old-fashioned molding, the graceful stairway and fine carpentry attested its age and solidity. My host took my hat and waved me to a modern davenport, a coffee table in front of it.

"Look out for the table," he warned. "You'll skin your shins on it when you get up if you're not careful. That's some more of my daughter's work. She's not only taking all the vocational education the high school offers, but she's also studying interior decoration. When I leave in the morning I never know how the place is going to look when I get back. She's done over my room at least three times since we installed electricity. I can't keep her out of it. I liked the old arrangement; I knew where everything was. Good thing I'm no drinking man. I'd never find the bed."

He excused himself to go out and find his family.

"The stork visited the barn last night," he explained. "I expect my wife and children are out looking at the new calf."

They all came back presently and Cummings introduced me to Mrs. Cummings and a boy and girl of high-school age. Mrs. Cummings was on the borderline of forty. She had the placid look of a woman with few cares. Tom, the boy, was shy and phlegmatic. His sister, Eloise, was as alive and vibrant as her brother was stolid.

We sat down and the colored maid brought in tomato-juice cocktails with hors-d'œuvres. Southerners are good at small talk. I told them about our friends in Atlanta and the time passed quickly and easily until the maid announced dinner. I suspected with the arrival of the soup — an excellent blend of tomatoes and peas dashed with sherry — that I was settling down to no old-fashioned Southern cooking. I was left with no doubt of this when they brought on a filet mignon beautifully done, with stuffed Irish potatoes, broccoli with hollandaise sauce, iceberg lettuce with Roquefort cheese, and strawberry shortcake. Coffee was not served with the meal; that would come later in the living-room.

"Where are the biscuits?" Cummings plaintively demanded. "Why do we have to eat light bread?"

"Oh, Daddy," Eloise protested, "you know very well we don't serve biscuits any more. Bread isn't served at all at really swell dinners. Didn't you know that? Southern cooking is out of date. It's too starchy and heavy and greasy. I'm giving you

all the vitamins in a balanced ration." (She pronounced it "raytion"; her father would have called it "rashun.")

"Maybe you're right," Cummings sighed. "At least there's nothing I can do about it. Being streamlined by your children is a penalty we parents pay for our old age. I kind o' hanker for the good old Southern victuals. It's hard to find 'em these days. There is, or was, a hotel at Thomson where they served the old bountiful meals. And one at Jonesboro too — the town where they fought the big battle. At Jonesboro they'd pile the food on the table and you'd sit down to it and take your choice. Then there was the Drummers' Home at Sparta. It had everything."

"The sight of so much food would kill my appetite," Mrs. Cummings objected.

"Not that meal; only you never knew where to begin — and end. Boy, I can see it now." He grew lyrical. "There'd be chicken of course — fried mostly — and chicken pie. When you gashed into that pie the creamy stock would ooze all over the brownish-yellow pastry. As meat courses you had your choice of baked smokehouse ham, steak fried country style, and spare-ribs in season. I'll never forget the candied yams, with the sugar glistening on 'em; and the sweet-potato pie, corn in the ear in season bathed in liquid butter; fresh greens, fried eggplant, squash, sliced tomatoes. All the vegetables, mind you, were cooked a long time with meat, and were not watery and stringy as they are in restaurants. To sorter tease your appetite they'd serve pickles and relishes galore. And there'd be plenty of bread. The home-made light bread was especially fine. With butter it tasted like cake and you got thick slices —"

"Not thick slices, Daddy, surely," Eloise protested.

"Yeah, thick slices, and that's the way I like it, especially the ends of the loaf with the crusts on 'em. If you liked hot bread better — most did — you had biscuits as big as young moons; plain corn bread, cornsticks, hot rolls with butter oozing out of the cracks. And when I say hot bread, I mean it was hot — it was red-hot. Coffee was served with the meal in big cups — mustache cups for the men in the old days; or iced tea in sea-

son; sweet and butter milk at all times. You'd top all this off with frozen boiled custard which was rich and soft. They used plenty of eggs and cream in those days. With it there'd be at least three kinds of cake — pound cake, yellow as old gold with a dark brown crust, and chocolate and lemon layer cake.

"Now, around Thanksgiving and Christmas the hotel would really spread itself. For dessert you'd be given sillabub. In case you've forgotten, sillabub was pure cream churned into a lather and dashed with wine, preferably sherry. I'll bet you couldn't find a dozen sillabub churns in Georgia today. You couldn't even find 'em in a Sears-Roebuck catalogue. All this gorgeous meal I'm telling you about was home-raised and home-made — no canned stuff or ready-to-serve substitutes were tolerated. It was prepared by a two-hundred-pound black cook who'd done nothing else for thirty years."

"How perfectly terrible it must have been!" Eloise laughed.

"Nothing terrible about that meal — I'd like to tackle it again." Cummings was really warming to his subject. "I remember meals almost as bountiful in this house, the breakfasts especially. They were served on a table with a revolving circular leaf. The dishes were set around the edge. In the middle there were canisters for the pepper and salt. If you wanted a dish across the table from you, all you had to do was to give the leaf a twirl and it would come around to you. We boys used to have a lot of fun with that leaf.

"Now about breakfast. It was a real, man-sized meal in those days, not just orange juice or coffee and roll. It started off with oatmeal. Then you had bacon or ham and eggs and meat, mostly steak. These were followed by relays of red-hot waffles or corn or buckwheat cakes in tiers soaking in butter, topped off by Georgia cane syrup. When my mother wasn't looking I'd sneak a big, fat biscuit, bore a hole in it with my finger, and fill it full of syrup and let it soak until the biscuit was soft and mellow. That was my dessert."

"I don't see how you survived," Eloise said. "Would you enjoy such awful meals?" she asked me.

As a matter of fact, those meals rather appealed to me; they had their good points. But I told Eloise that on the whole I preferred the modern cookery.

"Did you plan this dinner?" I asked her.

"She certainly did," Mrs. Cummings put in. "She plans all our meals. Not only that, she makes her clothes and some of mine. She —"

Eloise frowned and shrugged.

"Mother, Mother," she protested, "please don't brag like that."

"It isn't bragging, daughter," Cummings said. "You not only can cook and sew, but you also decorate, to my sorrow sometimes. Why, Carter, she even carries on farm operations. But I mustn't neglect my son. Tell him, Tom, about the steer you raised that got first place at Statesboro."

"That was all there was to it, I guess," young Cummings admitted. "I raised a steer and it was lucky enough to win."

"And the four bales of cotton you raised on five acres of ground — you might add that to your list. You see, Carter, it's part of their common-school course. The schools are different from what they were when you and I attended them. They teach farming and give vocational education generally as well as reading and writing. They believe in keeping our boys and girls on the farms, where they belong, instead of sending them to the cities to complicate the relief problem."

"And they have their 4-H clubs too," Mrs. Cummings prompted. "The schools teach theory, the clubs practice it."

"That's the system — study and application," Cummings agreed. "I'm proud of my children. My son might have gone to the university as I did, and joined the Chi Phi fraternity and learned about everything but the simple and necessary art of making a decent living. He's going to the university all right, but he's going to put in most of his time in the Agricultural College. He's not going to study law like his father, and he's not going up to Atlanta afterwards to become a cog in some big law firm. He's following his own destiny; he'll farm in the modern way."

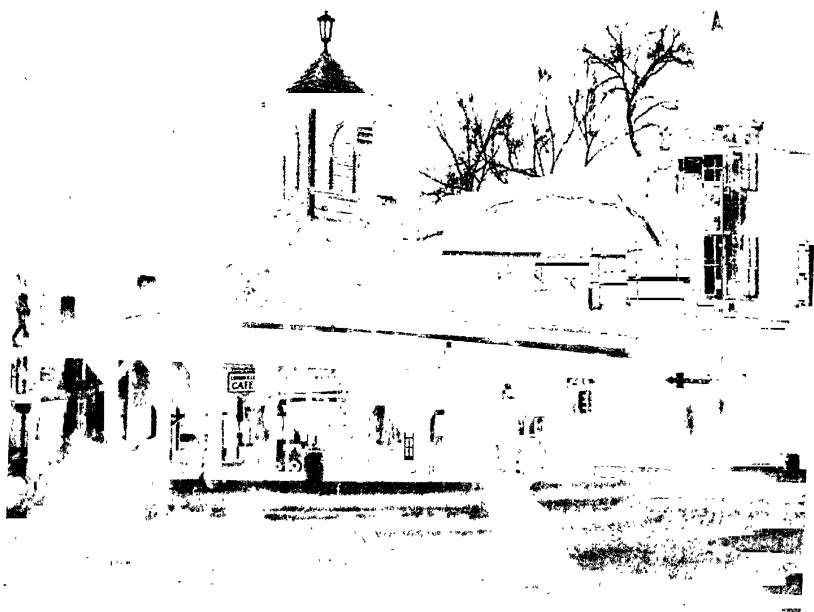


Photo by Kenneth Rogers

The old slave market still stands at Louisville

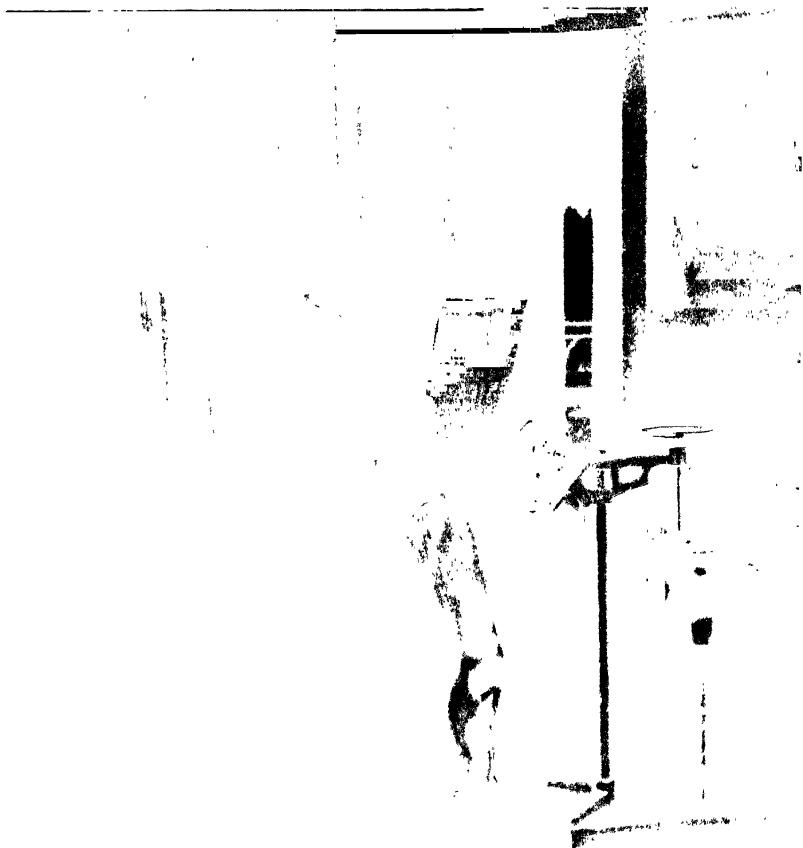


Photo by Kenneth Roge

REA does the churning now, and grandfather takes it easy with the paper

"My girl might have followed in her mother's footsteps. She might have gone to a finishing school somewhere up East and, like her mother, made a brilliant marriage." Cummings winked in my direction. "But after she gets through high school she's going to the university and major in sociology and special farm subjects."

Mrs. Cummings signaled to her husband. We went back to the living-room for our coffee.

Up to this point the children had been bored listeners for the most part. Now I questioned them about vocational education and the 4-H clubs of which they were members. My information on both was sketchy.

In agricultural areas vocational training begins even in the grammar schools. Tom told me that at twelve he had raised a pig. At fourteen he had carried on a wheat project. Later he assisted the county agent in drainage and terracing as a part of his soil-conservation study. Eloise had taken on home work — sewing, cooking, dressmaking, canning. She had also tended vegetable and flower gardens, had even raised bees.

The 4-H clubs — head, heart, health, and hand — are composed of the best-rated boys and girls in the vocational courses. They are assigned projects which they carry out under the supervision of the county agent, who is a graduate of the State Agricultural College. The girls are under the supervision of a woman, the home demonstration agent. The agents travel through the county directing the boys and girls, as well as the adults, in their operations.

This study is carried on through the high school, after which the 4-H members are eligible to join the Future Farmers of America. This organization holds conventions, exhibits its livestock and other products, and assists in judging professional exhibits in the various shows. After this the youngsters enter the Agricultural College. There they take four years in agriculture, including two in the academic courses. They serve an apprenticeship even longer than that of doctors, but are ready to hang up their shingles earlier. They should graduate, fully equipped, at or before twenty-two. Then they are ready to farm,

to serve as foresters, superintendents, livestock operators, and in many allied callings.

"Do you intend to farm?" I asked Tom.

"I sure do — that is, if Daddy'll back me."

"And what about you?" I asked Eloise.

"I don't know yet. I love farm life but I also like sociology. I listen to the forums and discussions about erosion and sharecroppers and migrant farm workers. Whenever I can, I take part in them."

"Maybe you'll marry a farmer," I suggested.

"I should," she assured me with charming gravity, "if he was all right in every other way."

The youngsters excused themselves early; they were going to a neighborhood party. We elders were left by ourselves; and while Mrs. Cummings crocheted, Cummings and I talked. He soon launched into his obsession. This was the eventual repopulation of rural Georgia, and, for that matter, of rural America.

"Only in the past year were we able to install electricity in this house," he said. "It was only ten miles from a line, but it might have been a thousand as far as the power company was concerned. To run a line out, we country people were asked to put up five hundred dollars apiece to pay for poles and wire. That shows you how far short private enterprise falls of public service. It seems incredible that thousands of people in the most progressive country on earth should live almost in sight of electricity and yet have no more home conveniences than their ancestors had back in the 1830's. I don't mean sharecroppers alone. Thousands in good circumstances, with cultural tastes, still do without electricity and plumbing. But the government is taking care of that. Soon a farmhouse without current will be as rare as a city home without it."

He then explained how the Rural Electrification Authority (REA) operates. A group of farmers wanting electricity forms an association, each member agreeing to use current. The government installs poles and wires. The association buys the current from a power company at wholesale rates. It sells it to the

members at retail. The profits are used to pay the government for the equipment. The government allows twenty years for this, at a low interest rate. After the loan is paid, the equipment becomes the property of the association. Members may also borrow from the government to install plumbing, refrigerators, and other equipment.

"You'd be surprised," Cummings added, "how fast these lines are being set up throughout the state. It's high time they were. The delay has cost rural America the best part of its population. The young people didn't flock to the cities for opportunity alone. They went there to see the bright lights, to enjoy themselves after dark.

"My father was a thin-lipped, frugal farmer — or planter, as we elegantly call it. He made a virtue of hardship. He went to bed every night at eight thirty and got up before daylight. He thought he was practicing self-denial. He wasn't; he had nothing else to do, nowhere to go after dark. He forgot boredom in sleep. He got up early because he could sleep no longer. All of us were required to suffer the same hardships. On many a winter morning I have broken the ice in a pitcher in my room. For days during the rainy season we couldn't venture out because of the mud. Do you wonder then that all my father's children pitched out to town when they were grown?

"And yet, in spite of the loneliness and drudgery, I can remember when rural life had charm and security. Nobody had much money, but comparatively few of us went hungry. There was no poorhouse in our county, and the jail was empty half the time. Everything to eat was raised at home. We had our social diversions too. The young people had house parties, or went to town for the club dances. We gave fish fries and barbecues and hunted foxes and possums. The sharecroppers had their fun too. They had their square dances and went rabbit-hunting. They indulged their deeper emotions at Sam Jones revival meetings. Saturday was a big day. Then the farmer went to town and took his family too — if he couldn't manage to leave them behind. The men gossiped with the merchants, or got comfortably tight, and the women shopped.

"The professional man made a living and a reputation and still lived on his farm. Lawyers had their offices in the villages and followed the circuit courts. They handled estates and were also real-estate agents. I had an uncle who got his medical training in Philadelphia and then took post-graduate work in Germany. He was equipped for practice in any large city. But he loved country life. He owned horses and went hunting and fishing, so he came back to south Georgia to hang out his shingle. As a consultant he was in demand in various parts of the state.

"There were sidelines for the small farmers and tenants too. There was a carpenter, a millwright, a mechanic in every community. In laying-by time he did chores for his neighbors; he repaired houses, serviced grist and cane mills, sharpened plows, and even tinkered with stoves and clocks.

"We are coming back to that old neighborly manner of living, but we are making a scientific approach to it. Cities are being decentralized. The birth-rate in the crowded industrial sections of the North and East is sinking. That is a pronounced symptom of the overcrowding of cities. The wealthy are leaving the towns. Most of them are doing this to escape taxes, but of course not in all cases. It is the urge to go out after the fresh air and scenery, to get away even for a night from the merciless competition in the towns. And to find security. You'd be surprised to know how many rich men are beginning to worry about their security — and securities.

"The trend is here. The government encourages it with electrification. It also makes loans to tenant farmers which enable them to buy land, build houses, and pay for them in twenty to forty years at low interest rates. A condition is that they must farm under the general supervision of the county agents. Last year there were fifteen thousand applications for these loans in Georgia. There was money enough for only five hundred. The government should expand this activity, use its vast gold supply for credit if necessary, and keep people in the country. The loans are being paid back with surprising regularity. Rural housing is also getting a fine response.

"With his own house and land, with electricity and radio,

with movies in easy driving distance, what does a young farmer lack that a bank teller or a filling-station attendant enjoys in Macon or Columbus? Take my own family. We have radio and movies. For variety we motor to Atlanta for grand opera and concerts and occasional stage shows. We are in reach of the mountains and the coast. Florida is near by. Now and then I slip my block and run down to Savannah. There they really enjoy life."

He winked in the direction of his wife and I chuckled over that old Georgia expression: "slip my block." On every Georgia farm there was a hound that sucked eggs, chased chickens, or otherwise went on a loose end. Such hounds were given a chain and block. The dog still had his liberty, but he could not run. A resourceful cur, however, could wiggle out of his noose, and this was called slipping his block. When a man evaded his family to go on a loose end, he slipped his block.

"There's something more to farming than making a living," Cummings resumed. "I maintain that farming is creative and scientific work. What could be more creative than converting eroded hillsides into pine forests, or covering a worn-out field with red clover? Or producing a rotation of growing things and watching them from infancy to maturity? What more scientific than the study of soil and trees, or germination? Why should a sharecropper be forced to leave health and security to become a doorman in the city?

"Take the case of my own children. Under the old order they would leave the farm. My son would go into competitive city work for which he had no training. My girl would become a secretary. If she married she would probably continue to work and would be childless. Maybe they will change their minds about staying on the farm. What if they do? By the time they are twenty-one they will have accomplished what few people accomplish in a lifetime. They will have learned a technique. Their basic health and training and discipline would fit them for work in any city occupation directly or indirectly concerned with farming."

Cummings paused to relight his cigar, and his wife picked up

the conversation. She told me about a Negro family who had been granted a government loan for the construction of a house. The loan did not quite cover the cost. Everybody from the county agent to the white and black croppers helped with the building. One hauled rock for the foundation, another did the masonry. A carpenter gave his services on Saturday afternoons. The family did the painting. Neighborly co-operation resulted in a completed house.

I left the Cummings home with regret. I felt as I drove away that I had found a solution of the agrarian problem. But it was not so easy as all that. I remembered hearing an economist say that vocational education might be overdone. I knew that the Negro colleges which had taken the lead in teaching trades had virtually abandoned some of their courses. They turned to such practical subjects as catering, a new field for the employment of their graduates.

I still think that government loans to farmers are feasible. The borrowers are at least enabled to stay on the land and make a living. The increased use of labor-saving machinery would help them. With it every member of the family could do some work.

*The Festive Air of Coastal Georgia — Europe in Georgia —
Savannah Is the Product of a Colonial Engineer, and Not
of Real Estate Speculation and Industrialism*

OUT ON THE HIGHWAY the next morning the spring sunshine was hot — hotter, I imagined, than in north Georgia — and the glare from the sandy land was strong. I came to Swainsboro, another modern growing town, and I saw the first palm trees. I experienced a feeling of relaxation, of pleasant diversion, in a part of Georgia that was different in atmosphere and appearance. For an inlander there was something festive and sportive in this coastal area. Farther on I passed country darkies on their way to a religious meeting. Some were piled in incredibly old automobiles bearing Governor Talmadge's three-dollar tags, others were packed in wagons, one couple was in a buggy, the rest trudged alone on foot. The women wore violent blues, chrome yellow, and purple, the men blue pants and celluloid collars. They were blacker than the Negroes in Atlanta. They seemed to be much happier.

Now I was fully on the coastal plain. On each side of me were pine trees tapped for turpentine. Iron receptacles were suspended below the gashes in the bark to catch the sap. I crossed clear streams, passed swampy places where liveoaks and cypress trees grew. Stumps emerged from lagoons filled with blackish

water. Spanish moss draped the woods like smoke wreaths. I began to realize what infinite climatic and botanical variety Georgia has.

On every side of me I saw evidences of what may be Georgia's destiny in agriculture. Cattle were numerous not only on the highway but also in the pastures visible from it. At the edge of the road I saw stacks of pine logs cut in short lengths. Trucks would roll along soon and take the wood to a paper mill at Brunswick. Cattle and timber, in the opinion of many observers, may be Georgia's newest industries to replace cotton.

The change is being brought about by economic necessity like that which came to England in the nineteenth century when its farmers turned to livestock and forests. When the panic struck Georgia in full force in 1930, it completed the devastation started by Sherman, the boll weevil, and the migration of farmers to the cities. The remaining tenants went broke and with them the country storekeepers who had provided them with a meager and usurious credit. The landowner was left with a farm on his hands and debts his sharecroppers could not pay.

For a while he abandoned his land to broom sedge and pine saplings, or only partially cultivated it. Along came the New Deal and the AAA. The landowner found that he could make more in benefit payments without planting cotton than he could by planting it. Still later the state, with New Deal money and encouragement, showed its agrarians how to conserve their soil and preserve their timber.

Farmers were shown that most of their land was eroded, some past recovery. Hardly any was fit even for cotton. The bare, washed hillsides could be planted in trees, especially pines. Seedlings were supplied by the state. The more productive fields could be turned into pastures for cattle, leaving enough for the raising of foodstuffs.

The northern half of Georgia is a rolling terrain not altogether suited to tractor cultivation. Cotton calls for labor, has a long working season, and is expensive to raise when machinery cannot be used. This is another argument in favor of the abandonment of a cotton crop. The landowner took heart. He

would rent to no more tenants nor engage sharecroppers. He would save the advance in money and provisions he had formerly made and did not always recoup at harvest time. Where formerly he had had a dozen families on his place, he would now need only three or four men. One could look after the timber, watch out for disastrous fires, supervise cutting operations and replanting. The others could look after the cattle.

The livestock business is growing fast in Georgia. Sales barns are being built all over the state. The packers have opened branch plants. Pedigreed stock is being raised. The planting of trees, pastures, and cover crops is building up the soil, so sadly depleted by generations of plodding cotton-growers. Timber and cattle and hogs are the new cash crops. During the course of this change the sharecroppers and farm hands who know nothing but cotton are having a hard time. Many have become migrants and tramps.

Yellow jack-in-the-pulpits brightened the swamps and low places, and along the roadside were wild verbena, red clover, and a reddish grass. I saw signs: "Look out for cattle." Not only cattle, but also pigs and goats. I was convinced now that Georgia's destiny is livestock. The pigs rooted in the dirt on the edge of the road, the goats trotted along with their kids in the gutters. The cows were the most dangerous. I slowed up for one. She stood at the edge of the pavement, her neck stretched out over it, eyes straight ahead, chewing her cud. I made a detour around her. She never moved or batted her eyes, although my car almost brushed her nose. There are no fence laws in most of the southern half of Georgia. Fences have long been a local political and editorial issue; many fence-law elections have been held without apparent effect on the cattle. As it is, a farmer with only an acre of ground may engage in the livestock business, using his neighbors' lands for pasturage with impunity.

Statesboro was the last important town I passed through. It was newer, brighter, and cleaner than most Georgia towns. It

is the center of rich farming, lumber, and livestock activities. I entered Savannah at dusk through an old industrial section, passing Negro hovels in the last stages of decay. I drove straight to the hotel and turned in early.

Savannah is European in appearance, with a festive, cosmopolitan air as befits a seaport with international contacts. Easy-going, yet alive with trading activity. It is hospitable, but also a trifle reserved and cynical. I went out early the next morning and walked south along Bull Street. A half dozen or more squares or parks in a row break the monotony of street intersections. In these, statues and shafts commemorating the city's statesmen and warriors rear themselves under the liveoaks, while office buildings tower above them, looking down contemptuously on the old order. Seeing people seated on the benches, you are reminded of the old squares in New York and Boston.

Tradition and the Chamber of Commerce oddly mingle here. You wonder for the moment if this is really a Georgia city, or, for that matter, an American city. Then you recall that it is among the most Georgian and American of them all. As I walked through these oases in city monotony, planned originally as refuges from Indian attacks, and came into the old residential area, I realized that this was essentially a Georgia city. It lacked the brash newness of younger cities. In places there was decay around the edges; you felt everywhere the slow, indolent life of the South.

Across one of the squares I saw an old lady seated on the second-floor stoop of an old house. She was dressed ceremoniously in the mode of the 1880's. A young woman in 1936 sport clothes talked to her through an ear-trumpet. Down on the sidewalk two darky hucksters were crying their wares. They walked gracefully, this Geechee man and woman, baskets perfectly balanced on their heads, others on their arms. "Shrimp, crob, buy-al" they chanted.

As I walked back I noticed parks on every side as far as I could see, and was impressed by the symmetry of this Georgia

coast city. One of Oglethorpe's first acts on landing was to plan it. For his raw material he had a pine wilderness on the edge of the Savannah River eighteen miles from the beach. He employed Colonel William Bull, crown surveyor of South Carolina, to make the design which prevails today. Savannah was fortunate to be laid off from scratch. Other American cities just happened; real-estate speculators and industrialists built them without plan. The task of straightening out the original crazy-quilt scheme was left to future generations, and they were too indifferent and too inept to do much about it. Oglethorpe was an artist, humanitarian, and realistic soldier. No wonder counties, cities, parks, monuments, and highways all over Georgia commemorate him.

My business in Savannah was with a man who had turpentine interests, whom I shall call Leslie. I knew his address, but couldn't find the building in which he had his office. I accosted a policeman who was talking to an acquaintance. He turned quickly and affably to me.

"Yes, sir, I'll show it to you," he said. "It's right around the corner, but I'll be glad to take you to it."

He left his beat and walked around the corner with me in spite of my protest.

"There it is, sir."

They affect the ceremonious "sir" in Savannah; and I imagine that the old-fashioned "esquire" is still used in correspondence. Good manners prevail in the coast country. I contrasted this policeman's greeting with the one I should have received from an Atlanta cop. He too would have been polite, but in a familiar, rustic style. "Yeah, brother," he would have said, "yo' buildin's right around the corner — if it had 'a' been a snake it'd 'a' bit you."

Leslie was still reading his morning newspaper when I entered his office. He put it down and greeted me with easy, unaffected cordiality. He was verging on fifty, had heavy features and a weather-beaten skin. We discussed generalities — the trip down, conditions in Atlanta, and politics. Then he summoned his office manager and introduced me to him.

From then to two o'clock I worked steadily. Leslie, his hat on, then came over to my desk.

"Come on to lunch with me," he suggested. "Generally I go home and get a nap. Today I had some extra work that held me."

We walked over to the De Soto Hotel, which was erected in the days before the tourists really discovered Florida, and which has been modernized. We went around to the side through a patio, in which there was a swimming pool, and entered the Tavern, a grotto-like place in which there was a bar. In front of it, perched on stools, young women were sipping cocktails. Georgia, including Savannah, was then still legally dry except for the sale of wine and beer. The list which the waiter brought to us contained a fine assortment of rye, bourbon, and Scotch, as well as liqueurs and mixed drinks. Leslie recommended the clam soup.

"I see Savannah is still wet," I observed.

"You're right," Leslie smiled. "The state of Chatham (Chatham is the county) has never been dry. We closed the saloons during national prohibition, although you could always get what you wanted. In a way I'm old-fashioned. God knows I'm no prohibitionist; but I don't like to see young women drinking at bars, or old or young women tight. It don't set well with me at all. In my time, drinking was exclusively a man's vice."

I said that Atlanta was also wet actually, but did not sell hard liquor openly.

"It's a funny situation in Georgia," Leslie replied. "You may not know it, but Georgia was originally chartered as a dry state; also as a non-slavery state. Wine and beer were legal in Oglethorpe's time, but not whisky. Then as now, speakeasies sprung up. Later Georgia permitted the sale of liquor also. For years light wine and beer, liquor and prohibition have been issues in Georgia politics. Here we are back to the Oglethorpe status. The state went dry in the repeal election by less than five hundred votes, but permitted beer and wine. Now you have those two sold legally, liquor on the sly except in Savannah, where everything goes."

Leslie added that the Scotchmen at New Inverness, now Darien, and the Germans at Ebenezer, were hotly opposed to slavery.

The luncheon was a substantial one; it was past three o'clock before we started back to the office. Leslie showed me some of the downtown area, including Johnson Square. He identified some of the statues with which Savannah abounds.

"They were all dedicated to native sons, not only the statues but also the parks and buildings," he explained.

Then he pointed out Christ Church.

"Was He too a native son?" I asked.

John Wesley preached in this old church. The building was almost a model of the Temple of Theseus. The stucco façade was cracked and peeling. A sign offered free pews.

"You know there was some scandal about Wesley," Leslie reminded me. "Neither he nor his brother Charles, who preached at St. Simon's Island, were popular. They didn't care for us either."

During the afternoon Leslie's wife, a young and animated woman, came to the office to see him. He called me over and introduced me to her. It was plain that he was proud of her, prouder still of his ability at middle age to win her. His manner seemed to say: "I may be getting old, but I can still interest a young woman."

Aloud he said to me: "Put up your books, old man. You've worked hard enough for one day. The missus and I are going to ride you around a bit and show you the sights. Then you are coming out to dinner with us."

I glanced at my watch. It was then barely four o'clock, and we had taken more than an hour for lunch. Much of a working day remained.

"Come on," Leslie insisted. "I'm not going to dock you."

"Of course you'll come," Julia put in. "This is not Atlanta. We don't punch the clock here, especially at this time of the year."

Julia reminded me superficially of the girl in the soda inn near Louisville, except that Julia was older, more mature and

poised, and of a more assured social order. Like the other she bubbled over with good nature and friendliness — those qualities seemed to ripple over her. She was a little less than medium height, a brunette with gray eyes.

I accepted their invitation. Soon we were driving out through Victory Drive toward Tybee Island, now called Savannah Beach. Wide, with a long parkway in the center, Victory Drive is lined with palm trees and faced by pretentious modern houses, but it was not Savannah. Missing were the liveoaks and the moss and the traditions. In their place was synthetic culture on a bare plain.

We drove through the marshes over a causeway to the beach. On our way back we paused at Thunderbolt, the Isle of Hope, and the Terrapin Farm. But these were coast resorts and were not unlike coast resorts everywhere. We took in Bonaventure Cemetery, and this is pre-eminent among burial grounds. Centuries-old liveoaks hung with moss formed arches over the driveways, and the late afternoon sun shot long, yellow shafts through the leaves. Most cemeteries are as depressing in their immaculate landscaping and mathematically set shrubbery as they are in their association with death. The development in Bonaventure is natural and untrained; the ground is agreeably rolling and slopes beautifully to the river's edge. Many eras are recorded on the tombstones. Death being inevitable, you felt that one was lucky to be buried here.

Back in the city again, I rediscovered that Savannah is most impressive in its downtown area, in which it is unlike most American cities. Leaving it, you encounter decay and slovenliness in the outlying residential spots, imported suburbia in the new sections. We made a tour of the interior squares and parks, each with a monument or marker. We paused at each and Leslie and Julia, especially Julia, interpreted their historical significance for me. I liked Johnson Square and the monument to General Nathanael Greene, who was commander of the southeastern department during the Revolution, and who was buried beneath it. I was shown the granite seat where Oglethorpe and his paupers and debtors spent their first night after

arriving in the New World, and his monument in Chippewa Square. Then we saw in quick succession the hotel where Thackeray spent what he said was his most restful period in the most comfortable and civilized city in America; the old houses that were headquarters of Washington and Sherman, and those where President Monroe and General Lafayette were entertained while in Savannah. We did not see the beds upon which these gentlemen slept.

"Sherman had to pay for his quarters," Julia reminded me with satisfaction. "The house was owned by an Englishman, and old Sherman couldn't sponge on an Englishman."

Colonial Park interested me most of all. Formerly a walled-in colonial cemetery, its walls were removed by the city, and now it is a public square near the business district. People walk through it and see, without noticing particularly, the ancient vaults and rounded tombstones with colonial lettering on them. One slab bore the inscription: "He fell by the hand of a man who a short time before would have been friendless but for him."

William Dean Howells, who spent his winters in Savannah, said that this to him was the most poignant of all the sad epitaphs he had seen in Savannah's cemeteries.

"The fellow who was double-crossed was a duelist," Leslie said. "These graveyards are full of duelists. I guess this was once the fightiest ground in the United States. I imagine the hot climate had something to do with it — the climate and the celebrated artillery punch combined. I've got a book on Savannah duels that gives a complete history of the most celebrated ones. I'll lend it to you."

We paused in the old streets, like Gaston and Gordon, on the edge of the business district. Here Julia became the tour's conductor.

"We intend to build," she said, "and I'm collecting wrought-iron ornament and balustrades. Whenever I hear of a filling station being built on a landmark, I rush to the wrecker for the spoils."

"My father's place is now occupied by chain stores," Leslie

said. "These houses, you understand, are not colonial. I doubt if there are half a dozen colonial houses still standing in Savannah. You have to go to Charleston for real colonials.¹ Charleston was rich and settled before the Revolution. Those people up there regard us as upstarts."

The houses were set close to the sidewalk; the back yards were walled in as in some old spots in New York and Boston. Most of the buildings were of three stories, built in the days when families were large, connections numerous, hospitality wide open. One landmark entranced Julia; she said she would design her house like it. The ground floor was really the basement, which, coast style, served as the dining-room. The main entrance was through a small porch on the second floor, and you walked up to this by a double stairway. Small upstairs balconies, enclosed by wrought-iron railings, were set beneath the windows. An iron picket fence extended across the front.

We went next to see the Old Pink House, a colonial relic built in 1771, now a tea room. It was two stories high, built of pink stone, and had dormer windows. Aside from its age it was not noteworthy.

Leslie lived in a modern apartment in a pretentious new locality where we went after we had seen the sights. Julia left us in the living-room while she busied herself elsewhere in the apartment. Soon a grave colored maid came in, followed by her mistress. She carried a small bucket in one hand and balanced a tray and glasses on the other. Leslie laughed.

"It's my wife's splurge with the old well bucket," he snickered.

"Don't be an ass," she squelched him. "Won't you have water?" she asked me.

"Yes, have a glass, old man," Leslie insisted, still facetious. "We'll have something with a kick in it later."

I regarded the bucket curiously; Julia explained that it was

¹ Many of Charleston's colonial buildings were burned and razed during the Civil War. See Douglas S. Freeman: *R. E. Lee: A Biography* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 1934-5).

a family heirloom. It was carved out of cedar to resemble an ordinary well bucket, but was smaller and had a silver handle and silver bands instead of iron. The maid dipped the water up with a dipper, also of silver. I noticed that the bowl was delicately embossed and around its rim was a heavier ornament with a crest on it. The handle was part silver, part cedar. I turned to Leslie.

"I don't blame your wife for showing the bucket," I said in a tone of rebuke. "It's an exquisite thing."

Leslie nodded indifferently. Until I saw the heirloom and the family crest, it had not occurred to me that Leslie was a coast aristocrat. I should sooner have chosen Julia for the role.

"You come of an old and distinguished family, don't you?" I said to him.

"Oh, it's an old family all right," he shrugged. "I wouldn't say distinguished though. I really don't pay much attention to such things. I'm too busy making a living, making enough money to buy wrought-iron balconies for my wife."

Julia entered a protest.

"It is a distinguished family," she insisted. "I'm not going to let Leslie belittle his ancestry. You know Savannah is full of old families; you can't turn around without bumping into their scions. In Atlanta — I used to live there — it's different. You could stand on the terrace-porch of the Capital City Club, spray a machine gun up and down Peachtree Street, and not so much as wound an aristocrat. Unless he happened to be transplanted from Savannah, Washington, or Louisville, or Charleston."

"Some of our best families are on their uppers now," Leslie said. "You'll find 'em running filling stations, tea rooms, antique-shops, or wasting the taxpayers' money on boondoggling. The depression got them."

After we drank from the cedar bucket, the maid took it away. She came back soon with a cocktail for Julia, Scotch and soda for Leslie and me. On the table in front of the divan I noticed other heirlooms — candles in candlesticks enclosed in what seemed to be lamp chimneys.

"They are hurricane shades," Julia explained fondly, following my eyes as I regarded them. "The shades were used to keep the wind from blowing out the flame."

They were delicately etched and were imported, Julia said, from a celebrated glassworks in England. The candlesticks were silver, of colonial design. But Julia's favorite antique stood over in a corner. It was a Sheraton writing-desk, dating back to the 1700's, probably about 1720. A leaf folded down over four drawers; above it was the bookshelf, with glass front.

"I adore the carved wood mullions between the divisions," Julia commented expertly.

"We've got some more junk in storage," Leslie said. "No room for it here."

"We'll put it in our house," Julia promised. "You see, these old things appeal to me. I guess it's because, being no old-familyite, they're so novel to me. I was born up near the mountains of honest, hillbilly strain. These lovely antiques, and the lives of the people who used to own them, thrill me to death."

We dined later off other antiques, using silver of massive design. Some of this, unlike the others, was not so appealing. Not everything old is beautiful.

"In our new house," Julia announced, "we'll dine in the cellar. I love a cellar dining-room. I remember one in the country at my grandmother's."

Leslie and Julia offered to drive me to my hotel, but I wanted to walk in the cool relaxing night air of the coast, in which there was a scent of salt marshes. In my hand I carried the book on Savannah duels which Leslie had lent to me. It was written by Thomas Gamble, Esquire, the present Mayor of Savannah, who has held that office for many years and will, I believe, continue to hold it for many more. His opus is a good job of patient research.

*Savannah Duels and Duelists—A Duel to Lift Coventry,
the Last Fatal Duel, and a Court of Honor to End Duels—
Joe Johnston the Conciliator¹*

MAYOR GAMBLE'S BOOK gives Savannah's dueling history from 1733 to 1889. The last fatal duel was fought in Savannah in 1870. A few people living in the city today can recall it. The last challenge was in 1877; the last bloodless encounter in the state of Georgia occurred in 1889.

The most significant challenge during the Revolutionary period was sent to General Nathanael Greene by Captain James Gunn, an officer in Greene's command. Greene had charged Gunn with taking an army horse without paying for it. A court martial exonerated the captain, but his superior officer appealed the verdict to Congress and was sustained. Gunn smarted under the humiliation. After the general returned to Savannah, Gunn sent him a cartel. Greene ignored it. Gunn sent a second challenge. Still Greene ignored it.

But "to refuse satisfaction rendered one subject to the charge of cowardice—the unforgivable sin—and probably loss of public esteem." Greene's bravery was unquestioned and his standing as a soldier exalted. On his return to Georgia after

¹ This chapter is based upon *Savannah Duels and Duellists*, by Thomas Gamble (Savannah: Review Publishing and Printing Company; 1923).

the Revolution, the state presented him with an island plantation, and he was accorded high social honors. Portraits of him show a man of almost feminine beauty. But in spite of all this he smarted under Gunn's challenge and his imputation of cowardice. He argued that Gunn had been found guilty of a crime, and that he, as a superior officer, was not subject to challenge from him. Still the reproach was there. He was determined not to give Gunn satisfaction, yet wished to be publicly exonerated of cowardice.

He wrote to George Washington, then in retirement at Mount Vernon, stated his case, and asked the general for an opinion on it. Washington replied promptly. He told Greene not only that he had acted properly in ignoring the challenge, "but that your prudence and judgment would have been condemned by accepting it; because if a commanding officer is amenable to private calls for the discharge of his public duty, he has always a dagger at his heart."

Washington's word was law in Savannah as everywhere else; Greene felt no further reproach. But it took Washington's approval to bolster his moral courage. Challengers used pressure on challengees who ignored their cartels. The Vendue House stood where the City Hall now stands. On it were posted various notices, including denunciations of persons who refused to give satisfaction when challenged.

"I pronounce William Plowden a coward and a liar. Gaston Backler." "I hold Francis H. Welman a coward, liar and poltroon. John Moorhead." There was apparently no libel law in force. "Wounding a man's honor by seducing his wife or slandering his integrity was not an offense to be disposed of by damage suits."

There were several famous duels and near duels in Georgia. General Lachlan McIntosh, grandson of the pioneer John Mohr McIntosh, killed Button Gwinnett, Governor of Georgia and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. McIntosh was wounded, but recovered and was tried and acquitted. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, challenged Benjamin H. Hill, United States Senator. They were

the ablest statesmen of the Confederacy. Hill refused to fight; he justified himself in a reply to Stephens that is included in all Georgia histories.

Two Savannah duels stand out from the past in poignant relief.

A Duel to Lift Coventry

In 1819 Dennis Cottineau of Savannah, a midshipman in the United States Navy, was ordered to join the U. S. corvette *John Adams* at Charleston. There he met an old friend and Savannah schoolmate, Midshipman Pierson. His pleasure in renewing an old association was dampened by misgivings. Pierson was evasive, seemed under a cloud. Cottineau made tactful inquiries. Pierson, it seemed, had committed an offense which had put him in Coventry with the other officers. He was ignored by his fellows on the ship. He was spoken to only in the line of duty. He had been put under a boycott to break his spirit.

There was nothing for Cottineau to do but join the boycott. He was young and generous; he felt that the punishment was too cruel. One night near Havana the young men met furtively on deck. Cottineau, in violation of the code of Coventry, greeted his old friend.

"Old man," he whispered, "I'm sorry you are in this fix. I want you to know that I have nothing against you. Is there anything I can do?"

The other shook his head.

"Thanks, Dennis," he replied, "but there's nothing you can do. They've got it in for me. It's terrible, Dennis. You don't know what it is to be ignored like this. If we were not all on the same ship it wouldn't be so bad. There's no escape from it."

"Why don't you challenge them?"

"That's where they've got me. I can't challenge them. Officers are not subject to challenge from anybody in Coventry. If my challenge were accepted I would be released from Coventry."

"It's an outrage," Cottineau exclaimed. "It's cowardly and unmanly. I don't know what you're charged with and shan't

ask you. Whatever it is, I say it's an outrage to —"

He interrupted himself and laid his hand impulsively on his friend's arm.

"I have an idea," he suggested. "The others won't accept a challenge from you. All right, you may challenge me — I'll accept the challenge. That would release you."

They shook hands warmly. Pierson issued the challenge and Cottineau accepted it. The two went ashore on the following night at Havana. At daylight the next morning they met on the outskirts of the city. Cottineau, as a matter of form, chose pistols. They faced each other at twenty paces. The seconds and two doctors stood by, expecting a formality. The men raised their pistols; the command to fire was given. Cottineau lowered his pistol, fired into the ground in front of him. Pierson kept his level. He fired.

Cottineau gave his friend a look which changed swiftly from surprise and disillusion to hatred, then stepped forward. His arms dropped to his side, he fell to his knees. The seconds stood petrified. The doctors hurried to the wounded man. He had been shot through the heart and died a moment later.

The ship's log contained this notation:

"Saturday, April 3, 1819. At 5 a.m. duel took place between Midshipmen Cottineau and Pierson in which former was killed. From 4 to 6, carpenters employed in making a coffin. Sunday, April 4, at 1/2 past 9, the funeral of Midshipman Cottineau."

Little else was known except that Pierson was ostracized and driven from the navy. He died later in Savannah. Charles Spalding Wyllie, the coast historian, recalled having seen Pierson in the Pulaski House bar shortly before his death. He characterized him as a supernumerary in life.

The Last Fatal Duel

In 1870 the leading sportsmen in Savannah held a sailboat race in the harbor. It was an important sporting event. Yachts, sailboats, and other craft stood by, a great crowd gathered on shore. The race seemed to be between two entrants. One was Ludlow Cohen, a fertilizer dealer in the early thirties, and the

other was Richardson Aiken, a rice-planter and sportsman, a dead shot. The race was close; Cohen's boat won.

Although victorious, he was sore. He told his friends that Aiken had used unfair tactics. Aiken heard about this. He sent word to Cohen to know if what he had heard was true.

"I said it, I meant it, and I'll say it again," Cohen replied.

Aiken challenged him to a duel. Friends went to both and tried to settle the dispute without a duel. They asked Cohen if he would withdraw his charge, or qualify it. Cohen would do neither — he repeated it. He accepted the challenge, seconds and surgeons were selected. The men met one morning at daylight on the Brampton plantation near Savannah. Twenty paces were measured off and the duelists faced each other.

Cohen, a poor shot, was pale but nervy. He showed no sign of backing down before a man nearly twice as old as he, known along the coast as an experienced duelist, cool and not disposed to be generous. Pistols were raised and the command to fire was given. Both shots missed.

The seconds went to the principals and asked if they were satisfied, if there was any good reason why the contest should go on. Aiken coolly disclaimed any intention of quitting, Cohen was equally stubborn. They again took their positions, again fired without results, and again the seconds conferred with them, this time more earnestly. Neither principal would give in. A third and fourth exchange of shots was made, also without results, without yielding on either side.

As they faced each other for the fifth exchange, Cohen seemed pale and nervous. The strain was telling on his inexperience, but he was still game. Aiken was apparently unruffled. They raised their pistols and fired. Cohen grew rigid, his pistol dropped from his hand. He staggered forward and crumpled to the ground. He died, a bullet in his side, before the doctors could get him to Savannah.

Aiken was arrested, charged with murder, and released on a twenty-thousand-dollar bond pending his trial.

The duel created a sensation. The newspapers gave much space to it; not to the duel so much as to the fine legal points

involved. What would Aiken's defense be? What would be the outcome of the trial?

The duel was discussed in clubs, saloons, and other meeting-places. One night a group of young men noisily debated it over the bar of the Pulaski Hotel. What some could not understand was why two men, one an expert duelist, should take five shots. It was argued that when more than two shots were fired it was plain evidence of a murderous desire to kill and nothing else. If murder was not intended, then it was an amateurish proceeding which, if not discouraged, would discredit dueling.

Judge R. T. Gibson, a local authority, was asked for his interpretation.

"My God!" he exclaimed, when the facts of the duel were put before him. "You say they exchanged five shots? Didn't they know that one, or two shots at the most, amply satisfy a man's honor?"

The final authority of course was the dueling code written by Governor Lyde Wilson of South Carolina in 1838. One portion of this code apparently applied to the present duel.

This held that after an exchange of shots, neither principal being hit: "It is the duty of the second of the challengee to approach the second of the challenger and say, 'Our friends have exchanged shots; are you satisfied, or is there any cause why this contest should be continued?'

"If the meeting be of no serious cause of complaint, where the party complaining has in no way been deeply injured, or grossly insulted, the second of the party challenging should say, 'The point of honor being settled, there can, I conceive, be no objection to a reconciliation, and I propose that our principals meet in middle ground, shake hands and be friends.'

"If this be acceded to by the second of the challengee, the second of the party challenging says, 'We have agreed that the present duel shall cease, the honor of each of you is preserved, and you will meet in middle ground, shake hands and be reconciled.'

"If the insult be of a serious character, it will be the duty of the second of the challenger to say, in reply to the second of

the challengee, 'We have been deeply wronged, and if you are not disposed to repair the injury, the contest must continue.' And if the challengee offers nothing in the way of reparation, the fight continues until one or the other of the principals is hit."

The Governor of South Carolina spread himself on his piece, but the stilted, flowery words were plain. The decision left no loop-hole. In a duel you fired until somebody was hit, or until your ammunition gave out.

Aiken was tried and acquitted on a plea of self-defense. The duel roused public sentiment. Even as late as 1870 dueling persisted. A court of honor was set up to discourage it. It was composed of General Joseph E. Johnston, the distinguished Confederate officer, and other leaders. It was the business of the court to settle challenges by diplomacy. Many encounters were forestalled; sometimes the negotiations in a single case lasted for weeks. Even so, duels were fought, but they were painless after 1870. Some were solemn formalities, others were farces. A young man took his girl to a dance at a club and was refused admission. He challenged the entire board of governors. This case was settled without a shot.

One morning at daybreak Dr. Benjamin S. Purse and Dr. John D. Fish, Savannah surgeons, left their buggies at the edge of the Brampton plantation and walked toward the spot where two young bloods of the city were about to satisfy their honor.

"I don't like it," Dr. Purse said. "This thing ought to be adjusted. There's no sense in these boys shooting at each other. One of them might get hit. I'd hate to be the one to tell his family."

"Don't worry," Dr. Fish laughed. "I've been called to ten duels; I've never seen anyone hurt yet. You and I might as well have left our instruments at home."

The youthful principals met and solemnly faced each other. One shot above the other's head, the other into the ground.

"They were a much relieved pair of boys," Dr. Purse said afterwards. "So was I."

The last duel was fought in Savannah in 1877, the last be-

tween Georgians in 1889 when Patrick Calhoun, son of Senator J. C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and J. R. Williamson agreed to fight. At that time duels were not lightly condoned. The principals had trouble in meeting — sheriffs were on the lookout for them. As a consequence, their duel became peripatetic. The newspapers heralded their movements, ridiculing them in the manner of the personal journalism of that period.

Finally they managed to meet in Alabama, the precise spot not recorded in dueling history. Williamson fired five times in succession, Calhoun only once.

“Captain Williamson,” Calhoun said, “I have four bullets left. I demand that you retract the insult you offered me.”

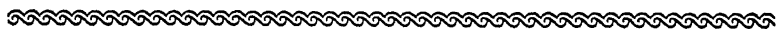
“I have no shot left, you have four,” was the reply. “You will have to fire them.”

Calhoun hesitated, then fired four times in the air.

“It was not my intention to reflect upon you in my comments,” he said.

The seconds conferred. Williamson withdrew his words, and formal dueling between Georgians ended for all time.

*Wormsloe Gardens, Estate of the Noble Jones Dynasty,
in Which, in Two Hundred Years, There have Been No
Shirt-sleeves—Its Valuable Records*



LESLIE AND JULIA and I became close friends. Now I was their guest, now they were mine, and together we saw everything in Savannah. But, Julia reminded me, I had not yet seen the whole of the coast country, and I should on no account miss it. There were two or three plantations she particularly wished to show me.

“That’s right,” Leslie agreed. “He hasn’t met David Washington either — Dave and Chaa’lotte.”

They, he explained, were a Geechee couple. Dave was a small farmer and professional fisherman, a story-teller in the manner of Uncle Remus. He and Charlotte lived near Darien. Leslie owned a shack near by. It would be fine, Leslie suggested, if we could all go down there for a few days, make side trips to the islands and inland spots, and go fishing with Dave between times.

The prospect was fascinating, but, I said, my work in Savannah was nearly over; soon I must return to Atlanta. Fate intervened the next day with a letter from the office. A job had unexpectedly turned up in Brunswick. Could I run over there and take care of it while I was in the vicinity?

"Splendid," the enthusiastic Julia cried when I informed her of the Brunswick commission that night. "Leslie can take at least part of his vacation now. You can, can't you, dear?"

"Sure; we've already arranged for it."

"Then we'll go to the shack," Julia decided. "You can make your headquarters there and go back and forth to Brunswick — it's not far. It'll be pretty rough though — oil lamps and all that — and you'll have to learn how to use the pump." She didn't wait for my answer, but stepped over briskly to her Sheraton desk. "I'll write Katy to have everything ready for us. She's our colored neighbor — looks after the shack while we are away and cooks for us when we are there. When shall I tell her we are coming?"

We agreed on the following night as the time of our arrival. When we started in our cars the next afternoon, Julia was reminded that I had not seen Wormsloe Gardens. It was on the way to the shack, wouldn't take much time, and really I shouldn't miss it.

We took Victory Drive again, turned off, and entered the Wormsloe estate through a mile-long lane. This was lined with liveoaks and moss which formed an arch over us. We passed a slaves' graveyard and a few slave cabins, then came to the entrance to the gardens. A post surmounted by a bell stood at the gate. I tapped the bell and two beautiful children responded, a boy of twelve and a younger girl. He explained that he was acting for the regular gatekeeper who was temporarily off duty, and took my fee. He felt his responsibility and showed it.

"What about taking me through the gardens?" I suggested, turning to the children.

"No, thanks," the boy responded. "I have to stay here and watch the gate. A guide will show you through."

His manner and speech were English. The girl said nothing, but was smiling and happy. Leslie and Julia said they would stay in their car — they had seen the gardens.

"Who are the children?" I asked.

"Aren't they darlings?" Julia replied. "They're the seventh

generation of the Noble Jones family, the children of the present owner."

A very black Negro took me in tow and led me through the entrance into a colonial cabin. Copper pans, kettles, and other colonial and pre-colonial wares were displayed on the mantel above a large fireplace. On a wall was a colored map of the eight hundred acres comprising the estate. The Negro lecturer set himself resolutely in the middle of the floor and launched into a discourse which, in the height of the season, he repeats as often as a hundred times a day. He pointed to the map with a ruler, indicated the historic spots, which included Fort Wymberly, one of the oldest on the continent.

My narrator spoke with a do-it-or-bust air without flourishes, finished abruptly, and then whistled peremptorily. A Negro youth came in hurriedly and took me in charge. He also was black, his manner grave and courteous beyond his years, and he spoke precisely correct high-school English with a suggestion of an English manner and accent. His parents probably spoke Geechee. By now I was accustomed to the reserve and dignity of Georgia coast people whether white or black, of high or low degree.

I was led through pathways between cultivated plants and shrubbery, beneath great liveoaks with heavy, sagging limbs which, my youthful cicerone told me, were from four to nine hundred years old. He pointed out the deutzia, a white flower; the English dogwood, which was more delicate than our north Georgia species; the pomegranate, both edible and flowering. He paused to explain that the Spanish moss, a parasite, is used in upholstery and also has food value for livestock. Algerian ivy, he added, covered the ground in place of grass. It had been imported by Noble Jones two centuries ago. Next I was shown a patch of Japanese bamboo, a big *Nunia* vine with purple flowers; an old-fashioned rose garden planted by the grandmother of the present owner; double wisteria growing on tall, twin pines; camellia japonicas, azaleas of various types. All together there were nearly a hundred varieties of trees, plants, and shrubbery in the gardens.

We came to the Jones River and smelled the outlying marshes. Many find the salt-and-grass odor offensive; to me it was delightful. Then we entered a library building of brick and stone. Built in 1907, it offered the sole modern touch. The walls were lined with books, including old histories, records, documents and rare editions,¹ these oddly mixed with Chamber of Commerce pamphlets and government reports. Hung on the walls and standing on easels were oil portraits, some done amateurishly, of the men and women of the Noble Jones dynasty. These provided a pictorial record of coiffures, neck pieces, plumes and other accessories of costumes — to say nothing of poses and attitudes — since 1733. A long glass case at the entrance disclosed colonial relics, including the dance regulations of a Savannah social club.

The present owner of Wormsloe Gardens, the sixth of the Noble Jones line, is a Savannah realtor; there was no portrait of him in the library building. The fourth owner took his mother's name, which was De Renne, and this now prevails. I rather regretted this; some motive of sentiment probably prompted the change. I should have preferred Jones straight on down. The name isn't glorified often; when it is, it should be perpetuated.

We proceeded to the original plantation house where the present generation lives. This was of three stories and had been added to. The entrance was on the second floor, with a double stairway leading up to it, as in the old Savannah houses. Galleries on each floor extended across the front. More galleries at the back of the house looked down on a formal garden planted by the present mistress. There was also a pool containing mosquito minnows, and a colonial well, the well-house still standing.

When I came back to Leslie and Julia, I said I was more interested in the family than the gardens. I regretted that the present generation, with the exception of the children, were

¹ This collection was subsequently sold to the University of Georgia for \$100,000.

not at home. Otherwise Leslie would have introduced me to them.

"It's a remarkable family all right," Leslie agreed. "There's an old expression: 'From shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations.' The first generation shucks its coat, if it has one, and makes the money for the second to spend. The third returns to shirt-sleeves, dead broke. There have never been any shirt-sleeves in the Noble Jones line. They kept their coats on for two centuries. Not only their coats, but their shirts too. There have been but few American families who have lived for two hundred years on one piece of ground."²

King George II of England made this grant of eight hundred acres to Noble Wymberly Jones I in 1733 to encourage the silk industry in Georgia. The first part of the name, "worm," is self-explanatory. "Loe" is old English for low-lying ground, which is necessary for the culture of silkworms.

Noble Jones I was cut out for a destiny more important than the culture of silkworms. He was Oglethorpe's chief aide at the Battle of Bloody Marsh, and distinguished himself as a statesman in Georgia's pre-Revolutionary period and afterwards. His portrait shows a fine, thoughtful face, that of an intellectual rather than a warrior, but he was both. He reminds you somewhat of Thomas Jefferson; in action he was like Andrew Jackson. The early Joneses were kept pretty busy fighting the Indians, the Spaniards, and the British. Their successors fought the Yankees, the Spaniards again, and the Germans. In between, they lived lives of gentlemanly leisure on their plantation, or engaged in business in Savannah. Wormsloe Gardens, I imagine, is profitable. As many as four hundred tourists a day see it during the season.

We drove back through the lane of liveoaks and turned off into a narrow road once paved with crushed oyster shells. This pioneer Georgia highway to Darien was built by Ogle-

² Wormsloe subsequently changed hands, but is still owned by one of the De Renne family.

thorpe. We proceeded through stretches of arched oaks, varied here and there by swamps and jungle growth, and then came into a flat, open country whose soil was the color of old iron. Cabins appeared in the scrub-pine woods. These almost without exception were freshly whitewashed, trimmed in red and blue, and flowers bloomed about them. Occasionally a horse and buggy or an ox team passed us. After several miles on the Savannah-Brunswick highway we paused at Midway, half-way between those points, and saw old Midway Church, founded by Calvinists, and its graveyard. The building was well preserved and is still in use.

Thenceforth the road took us between marshes. The now familiar odor was commingled with that of sulphur—the water hereabouts is heavily charged with it. Signs announced: "Drinking Water Ahead." We saw it gushing from standpipes along the roadside—the overflow from artesian wells. Tourists stop here to refresh themselves.

We went to Darien for gasoline, passed the great oak where Sherman's soldiers once rested, then turned back on a narrow road leading through Ridgeville. We stopped in front of two Negro cabins and Julia called: "Katy, oh, Katy!"

"Yes, um," a woman's voice answered. A colored woman of thirty came out to the car.

"Is everything ready?"

"Yes, um, it's all ready. I'll be right over, Miss Julia."

Katy opened the gate for us and we drove through the yard to the cabin, which had a wide porch and was spick and span with whitewash. A hallway from front to back, which divided two bedrooms from the dining-room and kitchen, was characteristic of Georgia farmhouses. Leslie designated my room and I left my bag there. Then I followed him out into the back yard, which was enclosed by thick, jungle-like growth. The pump was under the kitchen window. I tried to work it.

"Wait a minute," Leslie cautioned me. "You have to prime a pump first. You, a Roosevelt man, and didn't know that!"

At dark we assembled the oil lamps, placed them in the

dining-room, and dined on crab meat, the most delicious I ever tasted. Afterwards we sat on the porch in the moonlight. Although it was late in April, the air was pleasantly cool. In the soft radiance of the night the shacks across the way were sublimated into the dignity of small manor houses. I remarked on the fact that the cabins I had seen on our way down were all freshly whitewashed, trim, and picturesque. I missed the decay of rural north Georgia.

"Many of the coast Negroes own their homes," Julia explained. "That's why they take such care of them. Every Saturday you can see our neighbors busy scrubbing their houses."

"There are not many rich people near us," Leslie added, "but there's next to no poverty. A Negro who owns a patch of ground and a cabin is secure at least. He raises vegetables and corn for his own use and fishes and hunts for more solid food. Or he has a boat like Dave Washington, takes visitors fishing, and sells crabs and oysters for enough to trade at the store. Consequently there are virtually no loafers, white or black, no jobless Communists, and next to no crime. The authorities had so little use for the county jail they rented it to a family."

"It seems so funny," Julia added, "to see flowerpots in cells."

Conversation died, and a sensation of languor and relaxation stole upon us. Business, radio, newspapers, plans for the future, seemed superfluous—we wondered why we had considered them necessary. I felt as if I were under the influence of morphine. In that state of mind you still feel the pain, but are indifferent to it. In my present state of languor I still remembered my day-to-day responsibilities, worries and doubts about my future, but they seemed remote, intangible, and unimportant. I was conscious of my futility and insignificance, but was not depressed by them.

A tall tree garlanded with moss stood in front of the shack. In the moonlight it resembled great ink blots splashed against the sky. I was presently conscious of a natural swing-music

symphony in the jungle around us. Frogs gave a steady, metallic undertone to it. This persistent beat was varied in another key by a chorus of whippoorwills and fitful arias of mockingbirds.

We sat on, reluctant to go inside and shut out a lovely night.

*Driftwood, the Garnett Plantation, Its Marshes and Rivers—
David Washington's Chronicles: Dat Summons Preacher
Strickland; Treasure-Seekers and the Pot of Gold;
Tell Emma —*



I DROVE OVER TO Brunswick the next morning, passed through Darien, which is two hundred years old and now is something of a tourists' mecca, and crossed the Altamaha River and Butler's Island, in many respects the most tragic and momentous of all the coast spots. Brunswick's public square with its impressive oaks and its palm trees was subtropical in appearance. The town has the lively air of a prosperous seaport.

I paused in my work early in the afternoon to lunch with a friend who knew his coast history. He told me about Fanny Kemble, of whom I, although a native Georgian, had never heard until a year ago.

On my return to the shack, Leslie and Julia informed me that we were going to Driftwood for an oyster roast.

"It's a bit early for it," Julia said, "but you might like to go over and look around before dark."

This plantation adjoined Leslie's property, and the house was within easy walking distance. But, as we had to take some of our rations with us — Julia reminded me that the road was sandy, bad for low shoes — we started in my car. We turned into a narrow lane between thick jungle growth, opened two

gates which were shut to keep out the ubiquitous cattle, and came out into an open space cleared of undergrowth. We were now beneath the largest liveoaks I had seen. Their massive limbs, gnarled and ungainly, elbowed their way up, or were borne down almost to the ground by their weight, yet managed to attain symmetry.

We pulled up before the house. It was two stories high, built probably in the 1880's, and was enclosed by a paling fence. Mrs. Garnett, mistress of Driftwood, came out to greet us. She was slim and active and alive. She wore knickers.

"I dress like this on the farm," she said. "On my own place, in pants, I feel as good as anybody. When I leave my reservation, go to Savannah or some other place, and have to put on a frock, I lose confidence in my individuality."

We chatted, the women doing most of the chatting. Mrs. Garnett excused herself presently; she had chores to finish, but she promised to meet us on the point in time for the roast. Leslie led us to a tree on the edge of the river, and at his suggestion we climbed a ladder to a lookout high up in its branches. From that elevation we could almost see the breakers six miles away. We saw Sapelo Island, Doboy Sound, and beyond it Blackbeard's Island, where Edward Teach, the infamous pirate, known as Blackbeard because of his whiskers, hid his gold. The island was also used as a sailors' graveyard by ships plying in the lumber trade.

"Think of having a deed to a view like that!" Julia exclaimed. "Mrs. Garnett owns five thousand acres of these marshes, to say nothing of the rivers and islands."

The Pease River, which was but little wider than a creek, flowed around the point below us and joined the White Shell River, which emptied into Doboy Sound. The late-afternoon sun threw long shadows over the marshes, in which cattle stood up to their bellies. The grass was brown, mixed with light and dark shades of green, making an almost gay pattern through which streams and inlets meandered. Again, as on the night before, the rest of the world seemed remote and trivial. Now as then I felt my futility before a view which stretched out like

endless time, but I did not reproach myself with my inferiority.

We came down from the lookout and walked slowly under the oaks toward the point. The ground was level, elevated above the marshes. Now we walked beneath giant cedar and magnolia trees, the latter in bloom.

"What I like about it," Julia said with an embracing sweep of her hand, "is its naturalness. No freak shrubbery, no exotic flowers to startle you. Everything comes up out of the ground of its own accord. The place is given just enough attention to enhance its simple beauty."

We reached the point and the bend of the river. A wooden table was set for the oysters. A man was placing driftwood under a piece of steel sheeting on the river's edge and had started the fire. Now he placed the oysters in their shells on the sheeting. A portly and quiet woman with a bronze-colored skin and a city air sat on the bank and looked on. The man glanced up and removed his old hat.

"Greetings, David and Charlotte," Julia hailed them. "We are ready for the roast."

"All right, mom," Dave smiled. He was chunky and black, middle-aged; his eyes shone brightly. His pants were patched back and front, he wore brogans and a sweater.

"Dave, ain't you too hot in a sweater?" Leslie asked.

"Yes, suh, pretty waarm; but I wears hit to keep me shirt clean."

"De oysters is gittin' too hot," Charlotte warned.

I told her how glad I was to be there at this season.

"You're right to come down heah now," she assured me. "Only de fishin' ain't so peart. Water's too red, I guess."

There had been floods recently, and Georgia's red mud from the uplands had been washed down into the salt water. Mrs. Garnett now appeared and the oysters were served. I remarked on the fine flavor. Mrs. Garnett informed us that oysters lose their finest taste immediately they touch ice—they must be served fresh from the salt water. She knew her fishing and the movements of the tides. She said the northeast wind made them higher, west wind lower. The tides were governed by the moon.

High water came in when it set, receded when it was straight up. High tide was against good fishing; it was best at half ebb, half flood, or low water.

"The colored people tell the time by the tides," she added, "and plant their crops on the changes of the moon. How about that, David?"

"Yes, mom, dey does, but I goes by my almanac too."

The moon had risen; the streams shone under its radiance, the marshes were dark. The stars were dim in a grayish sky. We ate by firelight and buttoned our coats, for the air was cool. Having finished our meal, we waited expectantly. Julia spoke.

"David," she said, "tell us about the ha'nts."

Nothing could have been more inept, tactless, and ill-timed. It was as if at a social gathering you had asked Helen Hayes to recite a piece. Never, never call on an artist point-blank like that; a studied approach is necessary. You remember the Uncle Remus tales. When the little boy went down to the cabin to hear them, the old raconteur never granted his request offhand. He put the boy off, whetted his curiosity, egged on his impatience. Dave hemmed and hawed like a schoolboy.

"I don' know nothin' 'bout no ha'nts," he protested.

Mrs. Garnett knew the technique. She told Julia about a friend who was a hypochondriac and the queer fancies this friend had, how eventually she was cured of her vagaries. I noticed that Charlotte listened closely.

"Dave," she reminded him, "dat's like Preacher Strickland 'n' Dat. Tell 'em about Preacher Strickland 'n' Dat."

"Dat" is Geechee for death. I shall not attempt to render Dave's dialect faithfully. It would be unintelligible to any but a coast native. He stood up, walked over to the table, bent over it, and rested his chin in his hand. He wrinkled his brow and began.

Dat Summons Preacher Strickland

"Oncet there was a preacher what lived up near Midway. He taken sick and stayed sick a long time. He stayed sick so long till he'n his wife give up, and nobody else expected to see

Preacher Strickland rise from his bed. He laid dar in his house waitin' to pass away. De neighbors come in to look at him for the last time. His wife seen to his coffin, and they called in another preacher to pray for him.

"A mischeevous boy around there figured he'd play a prank on de preacher.

"One night Preacher Strickland laid on his bed moanin', his wife settin' by, waitin' for death to come. Somebody knocked on the do'. Tap, tap tap." Dave tapped on the table and cocked his head as though listening. "'Who's that?' the preacher say. 'Who's knockin' on the do'?' 'I dunno,' his wife say. 'I dunno who's knockin' on the do'. You lay quiet whilst I go see.' She goes to the do' and cracks it a little and she say: 'Who's that knockin' on the do'?' A voice outside say: 'Open the do'. It's death — it's death come to take yo' husband away.' 'You say it's death, and you come to take my husband away?' 'It's death, I tell you,' the fellow say. 'I've come to fetch yo' husband.'

"She cracked the do' a little and peeped out. Then she drewed back.

"'All right,' she say, 'you bide a bit, and I'll tell him you done come to fetch him.'

"She went back to de bed where Preacher Strickland laid and he say: 'Who was that knockin'?' and she say: 'Listen to me, honey, it's death. Death's been knockin' on the do' and he say he come to take you with him.'

"'Who, me?' the preacher say. His voice was so low you could skasely hear him. 'You say he come to take me with him?'

"'He sutly did, honey. I seen death standin' there. Death's a beautiful man, all dressed in white, and he gwine take you home to glory.'

"The preacher ain't said nothin', but laid there quiet like he was dead. Then he say, kinder soft to his wife: 'Honey, does you want me to leave you?'

"'Cou'se I does,' she say. 'Git up and lef' from here. I'se ti'ed settin' up with you day in and day out.'

"Death knocked again — tap, tap, tap.

“ ‘ You heah that? ’ the wife say. ‘ Death’s waitin’ for you — waitin’ to take you to glory. Heah, git yo’ breeches and yo’ coat and lef’ from here. ’

“ He got up kinder slow, put on his clothes and started to de do’. He cracked it easy and peeped out. He seen the boy in a sheet. He never stopped to say hello or nothin’. He busted through the back do’ and out into a corn field. Death followed right behind him. He run twixt the rows, death behind him. He run up and down the rows, death pushin’ him. Then he turned and run by the house. ‘ Open the God-durned do’, ’ he yells to his wife. But she didn’t hear him and wouldn’t open the do’. He run around the house, death still behind him. They run round and round, till at last death was so ti’ed he fall down and rest. When the preacher seen death fall, he pitched out into the woods by hisself. He ain’t never been sick again.”

Dave paused and we waited expectantly. Leslie stepped into the breach. He pointed across the marshes to the blurred form of Blackbeard’s Island.

“ You can hardly see it now,” he said, “ but gold is buried on Blackbeard’s Island. People have tried to find it. I don’t know if they had any luck, but some wild tales have been told about it.”

“ There’s gold on that island,” Dave promptly assured him. “ I taken some men over there oncet.”

He began:

Treasure-Seekers and the Pot of Gold

“ I was fishin’ there one day.” He pointed to the Pease River. “ Some mens come up. The leader was all dressed up and had on patent-leather shoes. He never noticed me. He lef’ the others and walked out into the maa’shes in his new shoes. He ain’t gone far befo’ he bogged up. He got hisself out, come on back, and say to me: ‘ Uncle, I got to get over to that island. How about you gettin’ us a boat and rowin’ us over? ’

“ I got me boat, we all got in, and I rowed over to Blackbeard’s Island what you see yonder. Over there is whar the pirates buried dey gold in the old days, whar the sailors that

come to the island buried their dead and their gold. The pirates buried the gold in pots. The sailors' gold was put in their coffins wid 'em, and when the coffins and the flesh and the clothes rotted, the gold sunk down into the yearth.

"Well, suh, we landed on the island. The leader walked around with a rod. He helt it up and it would nod." Dave held up his hand, squinted at it. "He walked all around with his rod. Then he seen it nod sharp. He stopped and it kept noddin'. 'Here's where the gold is,' the leader say. He looked down and seed two ends of a chain stickin' up out'n the ground. 'Gimme the drill,' he say, and another fellow give him the drill, and another swung a sledge hammer, bim, bim. Pretty soon it went scrunch, scrunch, like it had done hit sump'n hard.

"'That's the gold,' the leader say. They took shovels and began to dig. 'Listen, you boys,' the leader say. 'There can't be no talkin' now except in the way of pa'ables or signs.' You see, he knowed that when the mens buried the gold, they put a sailor over it as a guard. Then they killed the guard and buried him in the pot so his sperit could go on guardin'.

"They dug fast and soon they seen the pot. The other fellows forgot theirselves and begun to talk. 'I'se gwine to buy a car,' one says. 'I'm gwine get me a house,' another say. They ain't mo'n said it befo' the chains begun to slip. The pot slid and slid down in the ground. The men reached down." Dave reached down. "But it was gone—the pot had done sunk down out o' sight.

"'Mus' we follow it?' one of the men say.

"'No, God durn it,' the leader say. 'I told you not to talk.'

"They lef' from there, cussin' to theirselves, and started on back to the boat. As they was gittin' in, the leader helt back. 'Boys,' he says, 'le's we be gittin' back. I'm bound to get that gold yet.'

"They went on back and the leader raised his rod. It nodded and p'inted to whar it had befo'. They begun to dig again. But befo' they could get down deep, a cycloon blowed over from Doboy and it turned pitch-black dark. We runned back to the boat and lef' from there without gittin' the gold."

The talk turned to fishing then. Dave told us about taking a man mullet-fishing one night; how the fish, attracted by a light, leapt up at it and fell into the boat helplessly. He told of seeing porpoises in the rivers, how they swam far up into the inlets, and the queer capers they cut. He said:

Tell Emma —

“One day a man named Tobe Banks and some others was fishing in boats in the river near Doboy. Tobe paddled off from the others whar the water was quiet and stretched hisself out in his boat and took a nap. Befo’ he done that, he tied one end of his line to his toe, so’s if a fish bit he’d wake up and pull him in.

“They was all quiet till t’rectly one of the other men says: ‘Looky yonder, boys. What’s that Tobe’s doin’ in his boat?’ The others looked too and one say: ‘I dunno what Tobe’s up to. Seems like he got a fish or sump’n. Look at him! Looks like he done got caught in his line.’ They kept their eyes on Tobe.” Dave shaded his eyes with his hand and peered across the marshes. “They seen a powerful confusion where Tobe was. ‘Look at him,’ somebody say. ‘He’s pullin’ at the line, and there’s a big, black sump’n slushin’ in the water. Seems like he tangled up too.’

“‘It’s a porp’is,’ one fellow says. ‘God durn it, it’s a porp’is. He’s done got caught in Tobe’s line. Boys, he gwine pull Tobe out’n his boat.’

“Then all of a suddent they seen Tobe in the water. He and the porp’is done got tangled up in the line, and Tobe can’t loose his toe from it. The porp’is dove down deep, then he come up to blow, and when he come up and blowed they seen Tobe on his back, straddled on him same as a hoss. The porp’is moved off from the boat, Tobe still on his back. Then he dove again, slush, slush.” Dave illustrated this with a diving move of his body. “Then he come up again and blowed and moved on, Tobe on his back and wavin’ his arms.

“‘Tell Emma —’ Tobe yelled. Emma was his wife and Tobe was trying to get word to her. But befo’ he could finish

what he wanted to tell Emma, the porp'is dove again, slush, slush, and carried Tobe down with him. When he come up and blowed again, Tobe was still wavin' his arms. 'Tell Emma —' he yelled, but couldn't get no further because the porp'is dove again.

"The men couldn't do nothing. All they could see was the porp'is diving and coming up to blow. All they could hear was Tobe yellin' back: 'Tell Emma —' but they never could make out what it was Tobe wanted to tell Emma, because the porp'is wouldn't let him finish. The men watched until they could hardly see Tobe, and could skasely hear him. Tobe and the porp'is was gittin' out to sea and all the men could see was a speck on the water.

"Tobe's voice was fainter and more fainter. 'Tell Emma —' 'Tell Em — Tell —' And then they couldn't hear nothin' at all, and couldn't see nothin', because the porp'is had done took Tobe out into the ocean and never would let him finish what he wanted to tell Emma."

It was late, too chilly for comfort. We got in the car and proceeded back home. The headlight made the undergrowth and trees seem fanciful, like stage scenery. A rabbit ran across the road in front of us. As we paused to open the gate we heard the nightly chorus of frogs, whippoorwills, and mockingbirds.

*Old Slaves on Exhibition — A Once Thriving Seaport That
Disappeared — The King Plantation and Its Mistress*

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SIGNS ALONG THE HIGHWAY invited you to see and hear the old slaves. I asked Leslie what they meant.

"It's a side-show exhibition near Darien," he explained. "Two old slaves are exhibited and do stunts. They are old all right, and they were slaves, but I doubt if they are a hundred and seven and a hundred and fourteen years old, as they claim. These old darkies haven't much idea of time."

Leslie added that they were all things to all tourists. Tell them that you are from Biloxi, Mississippi, and they will give you a rosy view of the old plantations, gilded in the manner of Thomas Nelson Page and Stark Young. If you are from Boston, Massachusetts, they will re-enact for you the depressing if restrained realism of Fanny Kemble. You will hear the overseer's lash, the cries of women and children as they were sold down the river. You pay your money and you take your choice between *So Red the Rose* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The old things have a routine, including songs and the rowing motion — the motion of slaves rowing boats on the Altamaha.

We decided to see the old slaves. Julia was to impersonate a Mississippian, I a Yankee Abolitionist a few generations re-

moved. We would go in separately and compare notes afterwards. We approached the rigged-up slave quarters on a sandy road near Darien and stopped before a boarded enclosure in which there was a ticket window, and there separated.

A personable young woman of eighteen or so behind the window sold me my admission ticket, then disappeared to open a gate and take it up. I followed her inside to an old cabin shaded by a mulberry tree, then into a whitewashed interior with a fireplace. An ancient Negro sat in a bamboo chair and held a walking-stick with a palsied hand. He was Pierce Butler, once the property of the hereditary owner of near-by Butler's Island — better known in history as the husband of Fanny Kemble. The slave took his master's name; but a man named Hazard, a Butler kinsman, once took him to Liverpool to visit relatives. There Pierce Butler, colored, acquired something of an English air. On his return to Butler's Island he was a marked man among his fellows. They dubbed him Liverpool Hazard; by that name he was introduced to me.

The old slave was tall and gaunt, his hair and mustache gray, his eyes dull and old. He said he was one hundred and seven years old. I hadn't the heart to practice a sham on him. It would have been futile; this old darky would know I was a Georgia cracker. For my benefit he went through the motion of rowing, as Negroes used to row across the Altamaha River when they took their moss and produce to Darien to sell. He even tried to sing the rowing songs. He answered my questions perfunctorily. Liverpool Hazard was feeble and tired; being a museum piece had got on his nerves.

He told me that Lady Alice Butler, daughter of Mrs. Leigh and granddaughter of Fanny Kemble and Pierce Butler, had visited Butler's Island a year before and had given a banquet for the living Butler slaves and their descendants. She conferred a high honor on Liverpool Hazard by pinning a flower on the lapel of his overalls. He wore it there until it faded, then replaced it with an artificial flower, which he now indicated with a shaking finger.

I turned from age and disillusion to youth and expectation,

from 1836 to 1936, from a hundred and seven to eighteen. My juvenile ticket-seller and gatekeeper doubled in brass as a narrator. Now she was poised in the middle of the floor, primed for elocution, with Liverpool Hazard and myself her only listeners. She seemed even more fresh and youthful against her background; it was as if a flower had grown up and was blooming in the decay of the old cabin. In her musical coast accent she pitched into her piece, looked at me, at the walls, at Liverpool Hazard, up at the ceiling, and down on the floor. Butler's Island, she said, was bought by Major Pierce Butler of the British Army in 1795. Although he had fought the Americans in the Revolution, he decided to settle in the New World, so gave up his commission. For his island empire in Georgia he prescribed ceremony in the form of a bell to announce visitors at the boat landing, and a vedette to meet them and escort them to the house. He imposed military discipline, drew up a code of punishment, specified in it how many lashes a driver, a head driver, and an overseer should be permitted to inflict on the slaves.

The plantation was inherited by Pierce Butler, a grandson who lived in Philadelphia. He met and fell in love with Fanny Kemble, the internationally known English actress, who then, at twenty-three, fresh from her triumphs at Covent Garden, was on an American tour. They were married and moved to Butler's Island in 1838. There Fanny Kemble saw slavery in the raw and abhorred it with youthful ardor. She poured out moving protests against it in letters to an Abolitionist friend in New England. Those letters were kept; later they were printed in a book <sup>1</sup> at the height of the War Between the States. It created a sensation both in America and in Europe. John Bright, the English statesman, read it and was moved by it. He held it aloft in the House of Commons, and in a burning speech opposed a proposed loan to the Confederacy. The loan was blocked. Otherwise the Civil War might have been prolonged.

The young woman's narrative was historically correct except

<sup>1</sup> Frances Anne Kemble: *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-9* (New York: Harper & Brothers; 1863).

in the matter of John Bright. He never waved the Kemble book in the House of Commons or anywhere else. In all his letters I have failed to find even a mention of Fanny Kemble. Like all other legends, this one has been hard to down and still persists on the Georgia coast. Anyhow the narrator went through her recital without a bobble. All of us, including Liverpool Hazard, were relieved when she finished. She took me over to the guests' book and showed me the recent signatures of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford—he owns a plantation near Savannah—and a camera picture of them.

I crossed the road to the twin exhibit, another enclosed cabin. Leslie and Julia stopped to talk to Jane Lewis, a small, shriveled woman who wore a cloth cap. She had never been a Butler slave. Nervous and excitable, she told us in a Geechee dialect hard to follow that as a slave she was never whipped, but that others were—with a leather strap. She digressed into a present grievance and became incoherent. We left; the atmosphere was sordid and depressing, the glare from the sand hot and enervating.

We took the highway to Midway, turned east on a narrow, sandy road, and started toward Sunbury. We drove through a wilderness of stunted pines and burned-up palmettos, varied by swamps and jungle. We passed darky stragglers and presently saw automobiles in front of a small church. A Negro funeral was in progress. I remarked on the fact that I had seen no piney-woods people, or po' white trash, and few white farmers of the middle and lower strata.

"Don't you have them on the coast?" I asked Leslie.

"Oh, they are here, scattered about in the woods," he said. "But for the most part they were bought out by the big plantation-owners and moved inland to find land. The cotton gin was responsible for the migration. The gin was the beginning of the machine age and mass production and of slavery in a big way. It drove the little farmers who couldn't afford slaves to the backwoods and kept them there. By absorbing most available capital for the purchase of slaves, it kept the South from



becoming the industrial section it otherwise would have been. The cotton gin made it a one-crop section."

That invention, as everyone knows, was made by a New England Yankee. Its mainspring, the device that made it workable, Leslie told us, was supplied by a lady of high station who was concerned mainly with the domestic and social duties of a plantation chatelaine.

"Eli Whitney," Leslie said, "was visiting a tutor in the family of General Nathanael Greene at Dungenness on Cumberland Island when he got his revolutionary idea. He saw the slaves picking cotton with forks — according to the legend — and wondered if this could be done by machinery. He made a cylinder with spikes on it which could be turned by hand. This separated the lint from the seed all right, but some of the lint stuck to the cylinder and gummed it up. Whitney was discouraged. Mrs. Greene came to the rescue.

"‘Here,’ she said, ‘take this clothes-brush and brush it off.’

"This solved the problem. Whitney added a brush to his contraption, then perfected his machine and patented it. He set up gin-houses, but others infringed on his patent. He never made much out of it. But he made the South the biggest producer of cotton in the world and he definitely established slavery. Without this invention, slavery would gradually have been abandoned as it was in the North."

We proceeded through a crooked trail and emerged without warning atop a bluff. A river flowed at our feet; we looked out across a long stretch of marshes to wooded islands. The air was salty. Two small houses were the only evidences of habitation. A farmer strolled up to us.

"Where are we?" Leslie asked.

The farmer smiled. "You're in Sunbury — leastways this is where Sunbury used to be."

"Of course," Leslie remembered. "I might have known that. But, you see, I haven't been here since I was a boy. That's the Medway River — they spell it with an 'e' — and the island directly in front of us is Ossabaw, with Catherine and Colonel's Islands off to the side. The ocean is about ten miles out."

This was the site of one of the forgotten Georgia towns. Once it rivaled Savannah in commerce; it was a bustling town with several thousand people when Savannah was a sprawling village. Its harbor at low tide was thirty feet deep. There were banks, stores, public buildings of a kind, and houses. How does a town so completely vanish?

The two dwellings we had seen were of comparatively recent construction. We looked in vain for a stone foundation, a remnant of cobblestone paving, that had belonged to Sunbury. There was not even a battered house where Washington, Lafayette, and Burr had once spent the night, not even a graveyard to mark the passing of the town. Where once there had been a public square, a slave market, and a livery stable, to say nothing of dwellings and churches, there was only farmland.

Mark Twain described a Western mining town that vanished and, when he last saw it, was swallowed up in a new forest. That was understandable. The life of a gold mine was limited. When its ore had been taken out, its camp followers deserted it. The gamblers, bandits, and prostitutes went on to a new mine. The wooden shacks they left behind were destroyed by fire and the elements, and the site was overtaken and submerged by the lush growth of the wilderness.

But Sunbury was no boom town, no flash in the pan. It grew naturally and substantially because it was a port, because it was in the midst of a prosperous lumber, naval-stores and farming activity. It thrived on the trade of the countryside as well as on foreign commerce. Its growth was gradual and sure. Money was invested in it, enduring improvements were made. Yet it vanished as completely as a house of sand. Nothing was left in the peaceful landscape but the beauty of the setting.

On the following afternoon, at my suggestion, we turned off near Darien and drove toward the King plantation on the Altamaha River. A friend in Atlanta had told me about Miss Julia King, the present owner.

"You'll love her," Julia said. "She is the last survivor of an old coast family. She's as spry and enthusiastic as a woman of

forty. Drives a Ford, goes swimming, and is a county historian. She and her brother lived in the old house, but he died from a snake bite two years ago. Since then she has lived there alone with the exception of a few Negroes on the place."

"She lives by herself?" I asked. "At her age I should think it would be dangerous — to say nothing of the loneliness."

"Mrs. Garnett lives by herself," Julia reminded me, "and I know of others too. Really there isn't much danger. The colored people are friendly and harmless. Burglars would hardly go out of their way to enter a lonely house off the highway. I doubt if Miss King ever locks a door."

We drove west over sandy roads and trails for several miles, between jungle growth infested with rattlesnakes, one of which we nearly ran over. Presently we came to an arched wooden bridge with narrow runways now dilapidated, a bell on a post at the side. A wire dangled from a clapper to a rod which lay across the floor of the bridge. We drove over it slowly, the bell rang, and we paused on the other side.

"This is what you might call a lookout," Leslie said. "They used to send a servant out when the bell rang, but I doubt if they still do. Miss King will hear the signal and get ready for us."

We waited, but no vedette or modern butler appeared. We drove on down a gradual slope and drew up in front of a rambling white house with a piazza running almost around it. From it we looked out through an oak grove to the river — at this point it was almost lost in marshes. We knocked. No one answered, but presently we found a workman in the back. He informed us that Miss King had sold her place and that it was being renovated for the new owner, a Northerner. Miss King had moved away.

We walked beneath the oaks to a dilapidated pavilion and boat landing on the river's edge. The plantation was not as impressive as Driftwood, but its oaks were as large and extended along the side of the house as far as we could see. We took in the view, enjoyed the fresh breeze off the water. Then I told

Leslie and Julia about a conversation my friend in Atlanta had had with Miss King.

This friend described Miss King as being old, but in a technical sense only. She was virile and alive, and she received her visitor with a certain show of ceremoniousness. But she did not live in her past; she was very much occupied with the present. She was a county historian, and she also looked after a bird sanctuary for the government. She did tell about some of the old plantation customs. In those days travel through the country was difficult. Neighbors visited one another in the Venetian manner, in boats manned by slaves. They came from Darien, Brunswick, Savannah, and near-by plantations, part of the way at least by water, coming through rivers and inlets to the plantation boat landings.

She described parties that began with an oyster roast at noon and lasted until late at night. Imported orchestras played in the yard. A dinner and more dancing followed. There were gay house parties. Guests stayed on indefinitely. If they liked the place they might remain a year or two, in some cases even longer. But what Miss King recalled with even more pleasure than the old social life was the abundant sea food, the wonderful oysters and crabs, and how profitable the business of providing them was.

We gazed the place a last look and then drove on back to the shack.

*Fanny Kemble, Her Diary and Her Life on Butler's  
Island, Her Repentance—The Tragic Story of Her  
Romance with Pierce Butler*



HERE WAS NOTHING on Butler's Island, as seen from the bridge, to remind you specially of Fanny Kemble. A few slave cabins and a marker on the site of her house are the sole reminders of her life there. The island was now a stock and vegetable farm. On the south end you saw a calving barn with a sign: "Maternity Ward," upon it, this surrounded by a field of lettuce. On the north a two-story dwelling and water, for a recent flood had almost submerged the island. The only familiar sight was the two arms of the Altamaha River, which Fanny Kemble described as "brimming." When she first saw it all these streams were filled to the banks, and were so wide and deep that they seemed not to flow. The gorgeous jungle and strange birds she saw nearly a century ago were missing.

I drove into the island on a dike as far as the water would permit. It was on the dikes that Fanny Kemble used to walk in the evenings to "refresh my spirits," which had been dampened by the sordid atmosphere of a slave plantation. This was the only walk she could take, the river on one hand, "a poisonous looking swamp on the other, beyond which were low rice fields divided into monotonous squares."

Less is known about this woman, especially in the South, than any of the notable figures of the War Between the States. Yet her influence on it was considerable. When they think of anti-slavery propaganda, most Southerners think of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Few have heard of Fanny Kemble or read her moving diary, which sprung from a deeper emotion and a higher order of mentality than those of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

She wrote little about herself. Only one personal reference appears in the diary; she said that before her marriage to Pierce Butler she "literally coined money." For the facts in her life, a romance in itself, you must read the biographies of her.<sup>1</sup>

She came of a family of troupers as distinguished in England as the Barrymores later became in America. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble were her parents, Mrs. Sarah Siddons her aunt. She herself was a star at Covent Garden at nineteen, playing mainly in Shakespearean parts. She was received by Queen Victoria, and enjoyed a social standing quite independent of her stage fame.

When she came to New York on tour in 1832 she, at twenty-three, was internationally famous. Her success in New York was overwhelming. She danced with the Prince of Wales, then on an American visit. Walt Whitman, a lad of thirteen, climbed up to the theater balcony every night to see her. Her tour of Washington, Baltimore, Boston, and other cities was equally successful. In Washington she played before John Marshall, Dolly Madison, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and Justice Story. Young women adored her; they sported Fanny Kemble curls, Fanny Kemble bonnets, Fanny Kemble riding habits. The Harvard student body attended her performances in Boston. The critics eulogized her. Notables of finance and letters called on her. She met Washington Irving at Baltimore, at dinner sat next to John Quincy Adams, whose ideas on slavery depressed her, and was a guest of President Andrew Jackson at the White House.

<sup>1</sup> Dorothie Bobbé: *Fanny Kemble* (New York: Minton, Balch & Company; 1931); Leota S. Driver: *Fanny Kemble* (Chapel Hill, U. of N. C. Press; 1933),

Portraits of Fanny Kemble by Sully and Lawrence show a young woman of great beauty. Her neighbors on the Georgia coast described her as not beautiful, but little and dark. In all the portraits her great dark eyes hold you. Her upper lip was short, her nose long and well shaped, her mouth full and firm.

Admiring young men followed her everywhere. She met Pierce Butler in New York. He brought a letter of introduction to Charles Kemble from a member of the British Embassy. He was a young man about town and grandson of the first owner of Butler's Island. Described as blond, handsome, and accomplished — he played the flute well — in his portrait he appears as a foppish, rather sly and peevish person. Fanny danced and rode with him, he followed her on her tour. To be nearer to her, he joined the theater orchestras en route and played his flute. He followed her until she completed her season in Boston. There they rode on the near-by beaches and over the countryside. He proposed and she accepted him.

Although fitted for the stage by heredity and talent, Fanny Kemble had never liked it. This might have made her even more susceptible to Butler's wooing. Through him she would be assured of fortune and the protection of a distinguished name. Until then she had enjoyed no romance of her own; hers had all been make-believe. Lawrence, the painter, had shown more than a professional interest in her, but he was much older than she — he was more like a father than a suitor.

So she left the stage without a regret. She and Pierce Butler were married in New York and went to Philadelphia for her last stage appearance. He as usual played in the orchestra. At the last curtain he leaped up on the stage and embraced his bride before a great audience that filled the Chestnut Street Theater. A tumultuous ovation followed.

They went back to New York to bid farewell to her father, who was to return soon to England. To him she gave all her earnings from her American tour — they amounted to thirty thousand dollars. Then she moved with her husband to Philadelphia, and they settled down on the Butler estate near the city. She soon discovered that her husband had medieval ideas

about the management of wives. She wrote an article on slavery. He censored it and forbade her to write another.

He made annual visits to Butler's Island, which he and his brother owned, and she begged him to take her there. She dreamed of setting up a sort of Utopia for the slaves. Finally, in the autumn of 1838, they and their two small children moved to the Georgia plantation.

Her reception by the Butler slaves was warmly tumultuous; it almost convinced her that what her Abolitionist friends had said against slavery was wrong. Her vassals called her "missis," kissed her skirt, adored her children. She and Butler went to live in the overseer's house in the middle of the island. Thereafter she studied conditions on the plantation. Her findings were reported in a series of letters which later became her famous *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation*. The letters were written during long winter evenings to Elizabeth Dwight Sedgwick, an Abolitionist friend of New England. While she wrote, the slaves slipped in one by one and sat on their haunches before the fireplace like ebony idols, watching with gaping interest a young mistress with bare shoulders, for Fanny Kemble dressed for dinner even on Butler's Island. When she went out for her nightly walk, the slaves followed in the darkness. They crept up to her and silently and wonderingly touched her with their fingers.

In her first letter she commented on the unpleasant odor of the slaves, which she maintained was due to a lack of cleanliness and was not, as Southerners insisted, inherent in the race. Then she described the infirmary, which she visited soon after her arrival. It was a two-story building with four rooms. Half of the windows were glazed, the rest had merely shutters closed to keep out the cold. Sick women cowered about the chimney, some on wooden settles, some on the dirt floor, except those who were too ill to get up. They lay on the floor, without bed, mattress, or pillow, buried in tattered, filthy blankets.

"And here in their hour of sickness," she wrote, "lay those whose health was spent in unrequited labor for us, whose husbands, fathers, brothers and sons were at that hour sweating



over the earth, whose produce was to buy for us all the luxuries that health can revel in. Here lay women expecting the agonies of childbirth, others who had just brought their doomed offspring into the world. Here lay some burning with fever, others chilled with cold, aching with rheumatism, upon the hard, cold ground. Here they lay like brute beasts, absorbed in suffering. Take notice that this is the hospital of an estate where the owners are supposed to be humane, the overseer efficient and kind, the Negroes well cared for."

She complained to her husband and some improvement in the hospital was made. The next day she chided a slave for not taking better care of her children. The woman said she had no time. She had to leave at daybreak for the field and work there until sundown. She took her rations — Indian corn or hominy — with her and cooked them herself. Her other children brought her baby to her to be nursed. At night she was too tired for anything but bed.

Fanny reported this to her husband; the next day the complaining mother was flogged for her pains.

Between Fanny's bedroom and her husband's was his dressing-room and office. One morning she heard through the closed door a dialogue that filled her with terror. A slave was pleading in anguished dialect. Unable to restrain herself any longer, she threw open the door. Joe, husband of her maid Psyche, was the pleader.

"Don't make a fuss, Joe," Pierce Butler said. "Make up your mind there's no help for it. Keep quiet now — don't fret."

Fanny withdrew and began an investigation. Joe was about to be sold, separated from his family. Joe had heard of this and went to Butler to plead to be allowed to remain on the plantation. Fanny went to her husband with a bitter protest against this sordid separation of a family. He relented and Joe remained.

Fanny Kemble's Georgia neighbors said that she, a sincere and warm-hearted woman, was taken in by the slaves. They sensed her sympathy and colored their tales of hardship. She became the medium through which they brought their com-



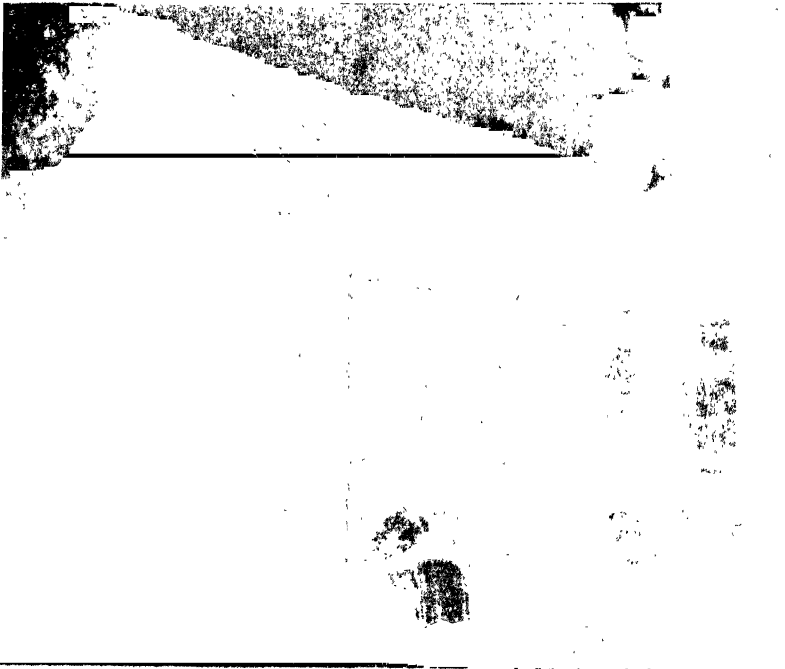
*Photo by Kenneth Rog*

Butler's Island under flood water, showing an old chimney of what was a rice mill in Fanny Kemble's time. The chimney is covered with ivy.



*Photo by Kenneth Rogers*

Fishermen poling their way through a "prairie" in the Okefenokee Swamp



*Photo by Kenneth Rogers*

Old slave cabin and its old mistress near Darien

plaints to the master. She listened to their stories of being made to work while pregnant, of floggings during which they were suspended by their thumbs, their toes touching the ground, so that their bodies would not give under the lash. A young slave woman came to her in a terrible dilemma. If she resented the advances of the white overseer he had her flogged. If she consented, the overseer's wife saw to her punishment.

She described a slave's funeral. The grave, dug in marshy ground, suddenly filled with water, to the consternation and lamentations of the mourners. She visited a retreat where the superannuated slaves were kept, and heard their petitions for medicine and food. She watched an old man die on the bare floor of the infirmary, with no one else present but herself, the flies buzzing around him, his mouth frothing.

Pierce Butler was so exasperated by his wife's solicitude that he ordered his slaves to make no more complaints to her. After that she suffered more than her slaves; she could no longer intercede for them. Her life at that time suggests in its tragic monotony the *Bolero* of Ravel. This piece consists of an unchanging undertone broken only by variations shifted from key to key. Both grow in intensity. The hearer is caught in a frenzy of monotony and carried on to a thunderous climax.

Fanny Kemble's undertone was slavery and her futile protest against it. Her variations were rowing in the river, visits by boat to Darien to shop, and to St. Simons Island and near-by plantations to visit her neighbors. She saw cotton-laden rafts floating down the Altamaha with the tide, passed boatloads of slaves going to Darien to sell their produce. Their singing beguiled her, their songs of Africa, Scotland, and France with their jumbled words. She sensed in their melody a new form of composition; unconscious of it, she listened to swing music in the raw. On Sundays the Negroes from Butler's cotton plantation on St. Simons came on visits, wearing gay colors, insisting on meeting the new mistress, who soon would visit their plantation.

When she went over to St. Simons in the following spring she wrote: "You cannot imagine anything so exquisite as the

perfect curtains of yellow jessamines with which the whole island is draped," but added: "I should like the wild, savage loneliness if it were not for slavery. It is impossible to conceive a more savage existence within the pale of civilization."

A visiting doctor entertained Fanny "with an account of the Darien society, its aristocracies and democracies, its little grandeurs and smaller pettinesses." She considered Darien the "abomination of desolation," loathed "the vapid conversation — with its slave slobber — of the women," accused the men of "pride, profligacy, idleness, cruelty, cowardice and ignorance. Drinking, gambling and debauchery are their sole recreations." She suggested an Abolition cartoon: "I think an elegant young Carolinian or Georgian gentleman, whip in hand, driving a gang of 'lusty' (pregnant) women, would be a pretty version of the 'Chivalry of the South.'" She wrote of the "sameness and stupidity of the conversation of my female neighbors," and "the stupid sameness of their most vapid existence, which would deaden any amount of intelligence."

No wonder Fanny Kemble was not revered on the Georgia coast. She did single out a few neighbors for her esteem. She was fond of old John Couper, whose fine garden and poultry yard she admired. She liked James Hamilton Couper, his brilliant son.

Her letters ended abruptly with her departure from Butler's Island. She never went back. She and her husband and children sailed for England and found diversion in London society. She heard of Butler's attentions to chorus girls and scolded him for his idleness and inattention to his business back in America. He returned to Philadelphia with the children and she traveled in Europe. Two years later he sued for divorce and was given the custody of the children for eleven months of the year. The hearing attracted world-wide attention. Afterwards she divided her time between Europe and America, and gave dramatic readings, with which she repeated her stage triumphs. She was a friend of Thackeray and of Henry James; she won new friends, retained old ones, as she grew older. She contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* and wrote several books, these in ad-

dition to the plays she had written and seen produced as a girl.

Her views softened with age. After the War Between the States she was as generous in victory as she had been impulsive and impetuous before it. Her warm sympathy turned now to the South and its devastation, to those who had been made the victims of a system. In 1890 James Dent of Hofwyl plantation near Savannah, and Mrs. Joseph Wilder of Savannah, were guests of Mrs. Leigh, daughter of Fanny Kemble, in England. Mrs. Kemble, as she was now called, was also a guest of the Leighs. In a letter to a friend Dent wrote: <sup>2</sup>

"I have your letter and take great pleasure in repeating Mrs. Kemble's remarks. They were a great surprise to me, and I have no doubt were sincere on her part. She had always interested me greatly. I had read her books and had always thought, though she was doubtless often misled by Negroes' tales, that she always told what she *believed* to be true, and if there were errors they were not hers.

"I was a visitor at a small village where Mrs. Leigh was spending the summer near London. I went down for dinner rather early, and found Mrs. Kemble in the drawing room, and entered into conversation with her. The Force Bill was being agitated and caused some excitement. She said she hoped the passing of the bill would not cause any violence in the South, and then added, 'I suppose the South will never forgive me for what I wrote about slavery.' I had to say something, so I said the South had come to realize the attitude of the world on this subject, which was the best I could do. Of course I knew she was not forgiven. Then she said what so interested and surprised me:

" 'I was a young and passionate woman. I have bitterly regretted many things I wrote in that book. I do not mean to say that my attitude on the subject of slavery has changed. That is the same. But when I think of the results of the war to those who were dear to me, I have much to be sorry for.' "

Mrs. Wilder wrote of the same visit:

<sup>2</sup> From *Golden Isles of Georgia*, by Caroline Couper Lovell (Boston: Little, Brown & Company; 1932).

"Mrs. Kemble called to take me to Westminster Abbey, and led me to where the tickets were given, saying she could have special cards from Dean Stanley, but that so many Americans asked for them she preferred to go with the crowd. While we stood waiting for our turn, she said, 'Will you follow a northern leader?'

" 'I will follow *you*, Mrs. Kemble,' I replied.

" 'Oh,' she answered, 'I wonder my husband had not strangled me — I was a fanatic.'

"I have never read her book. Mrs. Leigh, her daughter, said to me once that she had never read it. If she had she was afraid she would hate her mother. Her sympathies were with her father."

Her last portrait shows Fanny Kemble as an old lady in mittens, sitting in her daughter's garden near London, looking through sad old eyes back into her past. Active in old age — she wrote a novel at eighty — she withdrew gradually from a changing world, all but forgotten by the newer generations. She died at the Leighs' London house on January 15, 1893, at eighty-three. She had almost spanned a memorable century.

Pierce Butler had died twenty-six years before, in August 1867. He succumbed to fever and was alone in the overseer's cottage on the Butler's Island rice plantation when the end came. He had not been altogether happy either. A life of philandering, dueling, gambling, and some hard, steady drinking was followed by stock speculation in which he was enmeshed shortly before the Civil War. In this he lost a half-million dollars and was forced by his creditors to sell his estate. The auction, the largest of its kind ever held, took place in Savannah. Among its victims was poor Sikey<sup>3</sup> — spelled *Psyche* by Fanny Kemble. Once saved by her mistress from separation from her family, she lived long enough afterwards to be sold down the river. Butler went back to his plantation after the war and tried without success to operate it with free labor.

<sup>3</sup> Margaret Armstrong: *Fanny Kemble* (New York: The Macmillan Company; 1938).

Fanny Kemble's opinion of Georgia coast civilization was distorted by her lack of perspective. She compared its hard-drinking squires and languid, non-intellectual ladies, its odorous and ragged niggers, its isolation, with the products of the finished society of London and the Continent which she had known. She saw them through the eyes of a talented and traveled young woman, who had met distinguished people of the Old World and had seen and lived in world capitals.

In 1839 not only Georgia but all America was provincial. Charles Dickens saw pigs in the streets of New York. President Jackson and the members of the Supreme Court would not venture abroad in Washington after dark without lanterns; otherwise they would have fallen into mudholes. Traveling was hazardous, hotels terrible. Likewise the moral standards, not only of America but of Europe as well, were below those raised by the idealistic young troupers. Child labor was accepted as a matter of course; social justice was not even thought of. Labor conditions in mines and factories would today shock even a chamber of commerce.



*Modern Island Splendor Contrasted with the Luxury  
of the Old Plantations — The Holy City as Described  
by Frank L. Stanton, the Poet*

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ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT at dinner our guests were a local historian we called "Professor" and his nephew. The latter had recently visited a modern estate on a near-by island, and told us how far luxury and display had progressed since the time of Fanny Kemble.

"I never saw anything like it," he said. "In the house they have five bars, fully equipped and stocked. The fixtures in one bathroom cost two thousand dollars. There is a private airplane landing; even the beach has been made over. Now there is a depth for every bather from children and old ladies to expert swimmers."

"I hate to see it," the professor sighed. "I guess we must encourage outside capital. But I hope we'll be spared the blatant new rich and the racketeers you can't escape at Miami and Palm Beach. For my part, I'd like to see the government condemn and take over the Georgia coast — Florida can't touch it when it comes to beauty — make game preserves and parks, erect monuments, and put up signs: 'New millionaires, tincan tourists, stay out!'"

We decided to see the historic spots, including what was left

of the old feudal plantations. There are several Georgia islands, but St. Simons was the most interesting, in many respects the most beautiful. On the following afternoon we started over to it along the causeway at Brunswick. We passed the monument to Sidney Lanier, the Georgia poet who glorified the marshes of Glynn County, and the large oak under which he wrote the poem. We went through the island to Butler's and Cannon's Points. Butler's Point was the sea-island cotton plantation of the Butlers. Aaron Burr spent several weeks there recuperating from his duel with Alexander Hamilton. The Butlers were away at the time Burr was there, but they provided servants, wine, and boats for him, and he enjoyed himself. A few scattered ruins were all that remained of an empire with its farm, tannery, shoe-making shop, clothing and furniture plants.

Cannon's Point was the home of old John Couper. Mrs. Lovell in her *Golden Isles of Georgia*, pictured the hospitality of this plantation as well as the social activities of the coast's gentry. The table was spread with home-grown viands, the glasses filled with foreign wines and brandies. Whisky was unknown; rum punch topped off an evening's celebration. The men of that time were hard drinkers but carried their liquor well. If at their celebrations they were overcome by their heady wines and slid under the table, no disgrace followed. The St. Clair Club, a social organization, gave monthly dinners in rotation among its members. There was a penalty for those who sang no song, told no story; the offender declared himself a "middling."

We drove back to Frederica, where Oglethorpe and his garrison lived, a thriving town in its day, now almost as forgotten as Sunbury. We could count only ten houses. These faced Fort Frederica, which was well preserved. Then, through a jungle of evergreen oaks, palmetto, creepers, and bamboo, we proceeded to Christ Church and the great oak under which the Wesleys preached. Charles Wesley was the pastor of the church; his brother John stayed in Savannah, although he visited Frederica occasionally. Neither was popular; their austerity was not

liked by the sporting squires of the neighborhood. Charles ventured to lecture Oglethorpe for his patronage of two fast ladies. The general retorted with strong language.<sup>1</sup> Afterwards they made up. John Wesley was also rebuffed in Savannah. There he met Tomo Chici, the Indian chief to whom a monument stands in Savannah.

"Why talk Christian?" the chief demanded, according to coast legend, when Wesley tried to convert him. "Christian at Savannah, Christian at Frederica, Christian much drunk, Christian tell lies. Devil is a Christian; me no Christian."

Next we paused before the monument erected on the scene of the Battle of Bloody Marsh.

"That battle ended Spanish domination in America," the professor said.<sup>2</sup> "But there is one thing that has always puzzled me. No one has ever found the graves and skeletons of the Spaniards who were killed, and there were hundreds of them."

Sea Island, or Long Island as it used to be called, is a resort and an attractive one. We returned to the mainland and proceeded to Hopeton, the old plantation of James Hamilton Couper. Hopeton faces the Altamaha River a few miles northwest of Darien. It was once owned by the du Ponts, and is now the property of an Atlanta business man. We approached the house through a long lane, stunted jungle growth on each side of us.

The old part of the dwelling, a two-story building of tabby, is, with the exception of plumbing and other conveniences, exactly as it was when James Hamilton Couper lived in it. A caretaker showed us graceful stairways and large rooms with high, ornamented ceilings. Each room had a marble fireplace. The woodwork was beautifully finished.

Couper was an agriculturist, industrialist, horticulturist, and amateur geologist. He kept business hours on his plantation of forty-five hundred acres, upon which six hundred slaves worked. His days were spent in supervising his farm operations. Shortly before dinner he chatted with his guests. Afterwards he

<sup>1</sup> Caroline Couper Lovell: *Golden Isles of Georgia*.

<sup>2</sup> Spanish influence in America was first checked, however, in 1704.

excused himself and went to his study to read. He had distinguished visitors, including Sir Charles Lyell, the English geologist. He was profoundly interested in geology, and used to bore visiting young ladies with lectures on it.

One of his kinsmen told me confidentially that he doubted whether the old gentleman had much sense of humor. But he had. He was the hero of the wreck of the steamship *Pulaski*, which he described so graphically in a letter Mrs. Lovell included in her book. In those days Newport, Rhode Island, was a public resort much favored by Southerners. Couper and several neighbors were on their way there on the *Pulaski*. Her boiler exploded at sea. Couper took command as the ship began to sink, and got the passengers into lifeboats. He steered them to land after a night of hardship, and then went on to New York, where news of his exploit had preceded him. He was lionized as a hero.

I finished my work in Brunswick with regret and said good-by to Leslie and Julia. Then I turned my back on the coast region, and left a nook of America that is unlike the rest of the United States, and yet is one of its oldest and most American spots, a dreamy retreat as yet not standardized and tourist-ridden. Like other parts of Georgia this one was left unfinished by the war, but its ruins are more picturesque.

From Brunswick I drove through a flat country whose soil resembled cast iron and made you warm to look at it. A second-growth forest, mostly pine trees, struggled for survival upon it. Waycross, my first important town, showed the tourist influence in its spick-and-span and lively appearance. Waycross was once known as the Holy City. It probably still is religious — most Georgia towns are — but Florida visitors passing through lend it a more worldly atmosphere. Frank L. Stanton, the Georgia poet, found it intensely pious on a visit there several years ago. He wrote to his brother:

“For those who are of the world, worldly, Waycross is a very solemn place on Sunday — perhaps ‘quiet’ would be a better word. The people go to church there six days out of the

week, and six times on Sunday. They are enlisted for the war and they mean business.

"As the train rolled up to the depot, a solitary policeman was pacing the platform and singing in an undertone:

*'If you get there before I do,  
I'm bound for the promised land.  
Just tell the rest I'm coming too —  
I'm bound for the promised land.'*

"'Can you show me where the hotel is?' I asked him.

*'If you get there before I do,  
I'm bound for the promised land.'*

"By slow degrees he sung me toward it, where I met and shook hands with the hotel porter, who handed me a card on which was printed:

"'Are you ready to die? Sinner! This night may be your last!'

"I told him that three dollars was all I had, but to take that and spare my life. He seemed surprised, told me he would furnish me with a few tracts for breakfast and a good sermon for dinner.

"I then intimated that I should like to register. On being informed that the night clerk was holding a prayer meeting down at Blackshear, I ventured in. I scrawled my name on a page bearing the inscription, 'Make us wise unto salvation.' I followed the porter up the legended stairs and was shown into a room containing two testaments.

"I had scarcely closed my eyes when I was awakened by someone singing, 'Arise, my soul, arise!' Thinking that this was a warning that breakfast was ready, I got up and found that daylight was two hours ahead of me.

"Shortly afterwards a friend arrived to inform me that it was church time, and forthwith I was ushered into an old-time Methodist love feast. You must go to church if you go to Waycross — there is no doubt about that."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Used by permission of Mrs. Marcelle Stanton Megahee.

*The Okefenokee Swamp, Its Chaucerian and Shakespearean  
Aborigines, and Its Trembling Earth — The Considerate  
Black Bear — The Zoomer, a Bird That Flies Backwards*

W

AYCROSS DOES NOT have to depend on the Florida tourist. It has a tourist attraction of its own in the form of the Okefenokee Swamp, which is said to be the largest on the Atlantic seaboard, if not in the United States. Only a few miles from Waycross it lies in three counties, Clinch, Ware, and Charlton. Its vast morass of rivers, lakes, bays, and "prairies," with thick undergrowth and forest, covers close to seven hundred square miles or approximately seven hundred thousand acres. It is about sixty miles long and from eighteen to thirty miles wide.

For years it lay out in the Georgia domain, an unknown, mysterious and almost terrifying jungle peopled by Indians, alligators, wild animals and gorgeous birds, and a few white aborigines. The government once surveyed it with the idea of cutting a canal through it to connect the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, but nothing came of it. The members of the surveying party reported that they enjoyed remarkably good health in the swamp. This would bear out the assertion that the mosquitoes there, while plentiful and vicious, are not the malaria-bearing type.

In 1889 the state sold its swamp for twelve and a half cents an acre to a corporation which proposed to drain it and turn it into alluvial farmland. But the Okefenokee refused to be drained. The effort cost the promoters a million dollars. In 1908 the Hebard Lumber Company bought the swamp and proceeded to cut off its virgin cypress and pine timber. A town of six hundred people mushroomed on Billy's Island, named for Billy Bowlegs, who was chief of the Seminole Indians until they migrated to the Florida Everglades. Fifteen miles inside the swamp, the town had telephones, a church, stores, even a movie theater where lumberjacks could see but not hear the Talmadge sisters, Theda Bara and Mary Pickford.

The lumbermen stripped the swamp of its timber. Their activities, plus unbridled hunting and fishing, drove much of the wild life back into the bowels of the swamp, and some species became extinct. Finally in 1935 the lumber company sold the state three hundred and eighty thousand acres of cutover land, or about half of the Okefenokee. The state transferred the property to the federal government and it is now operated as a wild-life preserve. Gamekeepers and foresters are trying to coax back some of its wild life and to restore its magnificent forest. Hunting and fishing are permitted, but under restrictions.

The Okefenokee never attained national prominence until 1912. At that time Dr. W. D. Funkhouser and four other scientists from Cornell University visited it. On his way back home Dr. Funkhouser delivered a lecture at the University of Kentucky at Louisville, and afterwards in an interview told what he and his scientists had found in the Okefenokee during their summer's stay there. The interview was given considerable space in the newspapers, especially in Georgia.

Dr. Funkhouser said that the natives had a supernatural fear of the swamp, that even desperate and hard-pressed criminals were afraid to enter it. He and his companions went in with a compass to guide them. They had provisions and equipment sufficient for a long stay. They waded through water and vegetation waist to shoulder deep; they saw great cypress trees

draped with moss, and an impenetrable entanglement of underbrush and vines. This they had to cut with axes and they could advance barely a mile a day. They were assisted somewhat in their passage by alligator tunnels which the gators had bored through the morass. But wasps infested the tunnels, and progress for the scientists was difficult.

At the end of twenty days they came to a strip of dry land, of which there are several in the swamp. There they came upon a family of aborigines. In many ways, the doctor said, these people were like wild animals. There was an old woman, three sons, and two daughters. The children of these aborigines, he added, had intermarried and had eleven offspring of their own. All were characterized as degenerate weaklings, undernourished, full of hookworms. Tests showed that their blood was bad. A large graveyard near by was filled. The family's shelter was a crude lean-to built against a tree. The elders wore no clothing to speak of and the children were naked.

Their speech, Dr. Funkhouser reported, was unintelligible, but he and his associates made a dictionary of it. Consider their amazement when they discovered that many of the words the family used had come down to them from Spenser, Chaucer and Shakespeare. This revelation is borne out by the quaint old forms and words still used by Georgia mountaineers in isolation.

The aborigines had never heard of reading and writing and knew nothing of the world outside of their island. Was New York another island or a turpentine still? Only one of the men had ever been off the island. He had found the headwaters of the Suwannee River and had floated down it on a raft to a store where he swapped alligator skins and fur for food and other supplies. But they were religious persons and asked the scientists if they believed in a living God. Their senses were highly developed. They could smell rattlesnakes in the swamp and scent game like dogs. They saw things the scientists could not see, and they described animals and birds so accurately that the scientists could recognize them. They knew more about nature than he and his associates, Dr. Funkhouser had to admit.



The old woman refused to talk about her antecedents or tell anything about the family and how it happened to be in the swamp.

In 1926 A. S. McQueen and Hamp Mizell, two men living at Folkston, a town near the swamp, wrote a history of it.<sup>1</sup> In their foreword they described McQueen as the best lawyer in Charlton County, and the only lawyer there at that time. Mizell had been an employee of the Hebard Lumber Company and was also a sportsman. McQueen did the the writing and Mizell supplied the data.

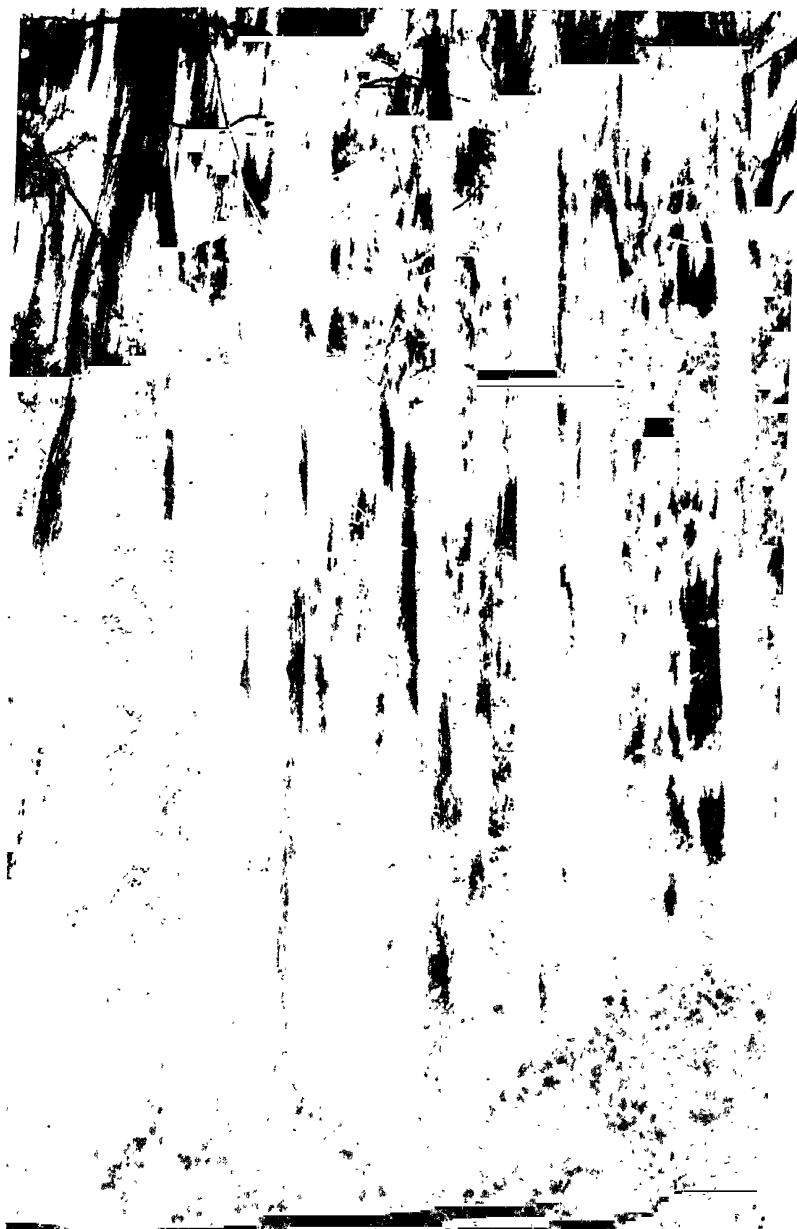
One of the first things the authors did was to denounce Dr. Funkhouser and his associates for their aspersions on a pioneer family. The scientists, the writers said, were a simple lot and had been "strung" by the natives around the swamp with fanciful tales. They named the pioneer family the scientists had met and insisted that they were robust, normal persons. The head of the family could both read and write and had taught his children. The latter had not intermarried. Some of them worked for the lumber company.

The name of the swamp is derived from an Indian word meaning "quivering earth." According to the legend — and it is not wholly a legend — you may strike the swamp's surface in places and the trees and bushes will wave from the impact. The whole morass, except its dry islands, is partly submerged by water. The vegetation in it is so insecurely moored that any disturbance of the surface causes it to move. But I doubt if a full-grown cypress tree could be so easily swayed.

The government survey showed that the swamp is eighty-seven and a half feet above the level of the surrounding dry land. This accounts for the rise of two rivers there — the St. Marys, the boundary line between Georgia and Florida, and the Suwannee, celebrated in song. One flows to the Atlantic Ocean, the other in the opposite direction through Georgia and Florida into the Gulf of Mexico.

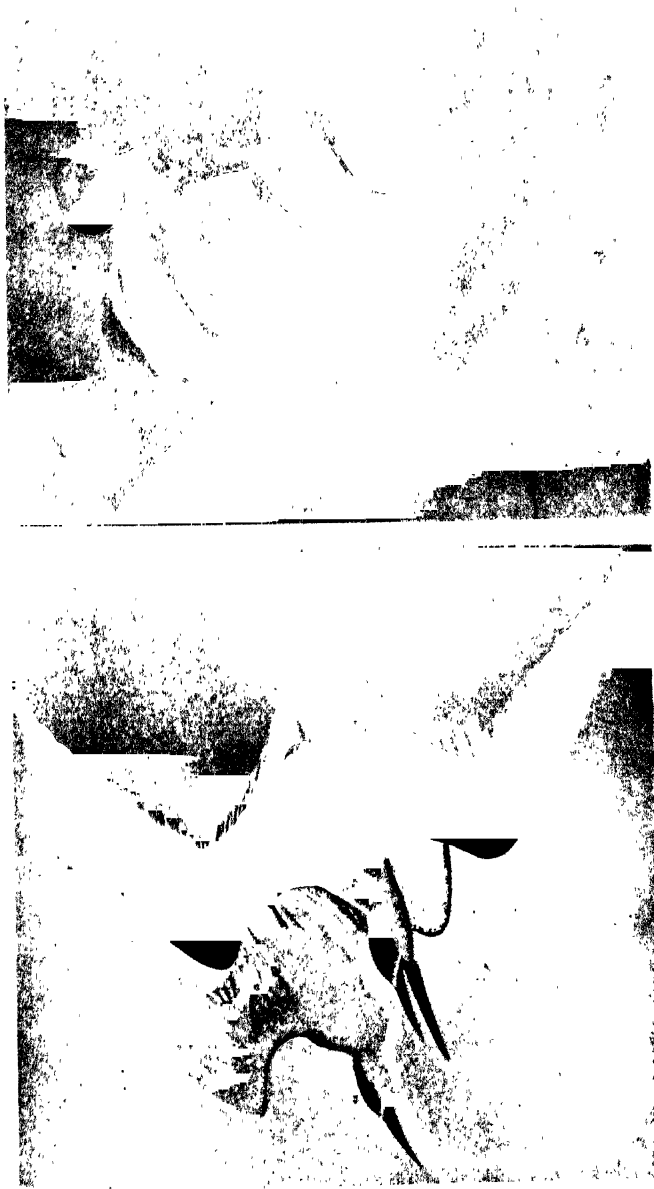
Much of the swamp's wild life and forests remains. There

<sup>1</sup> A. S. McQueen and Hamp Mizell: *History of the Okefenokee Swamp* (Clinton, S. C.: Jacobs & Company; 1926).



*Photo by Kenneth R*

Cypress trees in the Okefenokee Swamp



Black skimmer, a native of the Georgia coast

Bufflehead, a migratory duck

*These illustrations are from paintings by Athos Menaboni, who was born in Italy, but is Georgian by adoption. The birds are natives, or at least part-time residents. Menaboni gained national prominence when his paintings of birds, which he began only three years ago, were exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History, the National Audubon Society, and elsewhere.*

are dense bays with moss-covered trees and open prairies saturated with water and covered with lily pads. Hollywood has recognized the pictorial possibilities of the place and has produced a movie, *Swamp Water*, with the Okefenokee as its background. Alligators, reptiles, fish, and waterfowl, native and migratory, still thrive in the Okefenokee. Bird-lovers, botanists, sportsmen, even archæologists — for there are mounds of aborigines here — would each find his heaven in the Okefenokee. The ivory-billed woodpecker, now extinct, once lived there. There were — or are — egret and heron, deer, bears, bobcats, panthers, otter, mink, possums, raccoons. The swamp was once the center of a considerable fur industry. A sizable bee industry now thrives near by.

There were two varieties of eagles in the swamp, but the big black eagle is extinct. The water eagle survived and still nests there, or did in recent years. It seems that the eagles have a gentleman's agreement. Each has his own prairie and nests there — no other eagle would think of encroaching. Their nests are about four miles apart. As they are set high in the forks of dead trees they serve as compasses for hunters and trappers as to both direction and distance. Boatmen, unless they use motors, pole themselves through the tortuous lagoons; oars would be impossible in the dense growth.

There are also water turkeys, ducks including the migratory ones, kingfishers, and gannets. Deer and two species of bear, the large and small black ones, are the most important of the animal family. The large bear is pestered by mosquitoes and other swamp pests. To protect himself in summer when his hair is thin, he smears himself with rosin. He gnaws a hole high up on a pine tree, comes back later, stands under the hole and lets the sap drip down on him. Sometimes he comes to a tree that another bear had already tapped. Does he hog the sap? He does, but he obligingly gnaws a fresh hole for the other bear. This gallantry could be a legend.

The Okefenokee Swamp is not now the uncharted wilderness it was when Dr. Funkhouser discovered the aborigines. Guides

have pretty well trail-blazed it. This they accomplish by hacking the bark off trees as they push through the swamp. They even cut waterways through the lily pads on the prairies.

For three dollars a guide will take you through the swamp on a day's tour. He operates an outboard motor known as a "kicker" which can jump over logs as easily as a cat. Attached to this contraption as a trailer is a batteau for the passengers. It can go through incredibly narrow streams.

The guide knows and describes the strange birds and reptiles you see. Those you don't see he can also describe — probably more vividly than the others. You hear an alligator bellow off in the swamp. Your guide will remark casually: "Doggone, there's old Maizie. I'd wondered what had become of her."

Lem Griffith is one of the most picturesque of the guides. By his own confession he is the greatest prevaricator in the swamp. A certificate and a medal tacked up on the wall in his house attest to this distinction. He lives about twenty miles back in the swamp and knows it better than most other natives. He has a profound knowledge of the manners and customs of its wild life.

"But the damndest thing in the swamp is the Zoomer," he says. "The Zoomer is a bird that flies back'ards. The son of a gun don't care a damn where he's going. What he wants to find out is where he come from."

This exaggeration is an affectation on Lem's part, for tourists' consumption. Lem himself is studious and industrious. He taught himself to read by poring over the pages of the *National Geographic Magazine*. How that publication got to him back in the Okefenokee I don't know. Probably a tourist lent him a copy.

Lem, however, is not educating his children the hard way. He sends them to the public school at Fargo, a town on the edge of the swamp. There the boys major in scientific farming, the girls in home economics. I doubt if they know, or ever will know, as much about the earth's surface as their father learned by perusing the *Geographic*.

Georgia is heaven for many classes of sportsmen, for those hunting deer, duck, and quail, or partridges, especially. You might think that a deer would provide a sizable target and an easy one. If you believe that, try to hit one. Try to hit one running through Georgia swamps and piney woods — running literally for dear life, the hounds on his heels — and be disillusioned.

In no other dog is the hunting instinct so ferocious as in the deerhound. He will run until he drops, until the cushions of his feet are worn and cut to pieces. The owner of a pack spends most of his time after a hunt doctoring his hounds.

Field trials are held at Albany, Waynesboro, and other south Georgia towns. There the finest bird dogs are pitted against one another. The Georgia field trial inspired a movie, *Biscuit Eater*. Marsh hens on the coast and ducks on the rivers also provide sport.

I left Waycross and the Okefenokee and drove on through Valdosta, Quitman, and Thomasville. The Florida influence was now more pronounced in the colored stucco houses and the profusion of flowers in the yards. Near Thomasville are great pioneer estates created by wealthy Northerners with family background, the first to explore this winter-resort section, before Florida had become widely known as a playground. Miami was only a fishing village; only a few hardy tourists had pushed as far south as St. Augustine, Daytona, and Palm Beach. These pioneers in Georgia established great hunting preserves and built large houses. Some had made their money in oil, and it has been hinted that their estates were bought for their petroleum possibilities and only incidentally became hunting lodges.

South Georgia from the Florida line up to the middle of the state was virtually ignored by the common settler until after the War Between the States. It was regarded by migrating coast farmers as a wiregrass and swamp-ridden country, its sandy land unfit for cultivation, its summer heat unbearable and bilious.

During reconstruction after the war a period of lush development set in. Northerners as well as Georgians bought vast tracts of land for as little as twenty-five cents an acre. Cypress and pine forests were ruthlessly slashed, lumber mills and turpentine camps were set up. Railroads were built, towns laid out; cutover lands were opened to cultivation. Fitzgerald, one of the thriving south Georgia towns, was built by G.A.R. veterans. Tifton was the product of H. H. Tift, a Connecticut Yankee who bought timberland for only a few cents an acre, cut off the lumber, opened farms, and laid out city lots.

As I drove northward after leaving the extreme southern part of the state I crossed the Suwannee River. It was well that a marker identified it, for it was barely twenty feet wide where I saw it, and it did not suggest a popular song. A few years later I crossed it in Florida, and it wasn't much improved. They say that as it approaches the Gulf of Mexico it becomes impressive and at last is worthy of Stephen Foster.

*Plenty and a Georgia Products Dinner—Gene  
Talmadge Shells the Woods—Georgia's Procession  
of Governors Old and New*

**T**HE GEORGIA EXILE, if he had been with me in south Georgia, would have seen much to open his eyes. First, he would have felt the influence of the Florida tourist. Unless you travel by water or air you cannot avoid Georgia en route to eastern Florida. Most of the cars which passed me going north bore foreign license plates, including some from California. Yes, even the Californians like the Florida climate in winter. Filling stations and tourists' camps dotted the highway. Stands along the way offered pecans, including the large paper-shells which you can crack between your fingers. Peaches, plums, watermelons, and citrus fruits are displayed in season.

But the exile would be most interested, as I was, in the agricultural empire which stretched for miles to the horizon on each side. Modern and old-style methods were used side by side. Tractors, one-mule plows, oxen—the depression restored the ox to drudgery—were plowing the land. Wheat, oats, vetch, tobacco, cotton, and corn were up and growing, peanuts and vegetables were coming on. I was amazed again by the infinite variety and versatility of the state.



This area in the South seemed to be more modern and prosperous than the upper rural half of Georgia. No more swaying barns and dismantled gin-houses appeared here; in their places were new buildings constructed to meet new demands. Why, they were actually painted and had an unwonted appearance of style and efficiency. The dwellings were modern, most of them built of brick. They replaced the old two-story boxes of the 1870's that you see elsewhere in the state. Likewise the towns were new, growing, and vigorous, not at a lazy standstill, all but abandoned.

At noon I came to a town and saw a notice on a banner announcing a Georgia dinner in an auditorium. This auditorium, also the new school near by, a park, and a swimming pool, were products of PWA, later WPA. To appreciate the good in the far-reaching Roosevelt policies you must go to the farms and small towns. In the cities these benefits are to some extent hidden among larger activities, and in too many instances are devoted to the relief of misery. Here in the country they seem to contribute to celebration, sociability, and advancement as well as to the bare necessities.

At first I thought this was an old-fashioned Georgia products dinner, but remembered that this custom had apparently been abandoned. It was fostered originally by the late Mrs. W. L. Peel, a civic-minded woman of Atlanta, but spread to the rest of the state. I recalled one such dinner given several years ago in a south Georgia town. It was spread in a school building. The seats had been removed, their places taken by long tables loaded with food. I felt a tremendous appetite. A young man of the go-getting type welcomed me. He turned me over to a young woman, who for one dollar made me eligible to enjoy native food.

Girls of high-school age lined the walls, waiting to serve us. The women wore white and colored cotton frocks, the men white cotton suits, for it was a made-in-Georgia celebration. Finally the young man who had welcomed me gave a signal. The diners found standing room at the tables and paused. A clergyman offered a blessing and we set to.

The display of food was bewildering; you wondered what to eat first. A menu provided an orderly procedure:

*Cantaloupe*

|                                |                        |
|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| <i>Fried chicken</i>           | <i>Cream gravy</i>     |
| <i>Barbecued pork and lamb</i> | <i>Mint sauce</i>      |
| <i>Georgia fresh beef</i>      | <i>Smoke-cured ham</i> |
| <i>Crabs in shell</i>          | <i>Channel cat</i>     |

*Butterbeans*

*Snap beans, beets, asparagus, cucumbers, early Georgia peaches, Georgia dairy butter*

*Cornsticks*

*Tomatoes stuffed with cucumbers      French dressing*

*Beaten biscuit*

*Peaches and cream, frozen boiled custard, angel-food cake*

*Choice of*

*Sweet milk, buttermilk, iced tea*

I ate industriously, sampling everything, while the girls hovered around, eager to supply fresh wants. At the end the young man who seemed to be chairman motioned for attention. As soon as he began to speak, I was sensible of the passing of the old Georgia orator and his rounded periods. In his place was a radio personality, a radio voice, an impeccable diction.

"I'm sorry that the dinner could not be as complete as we would have liked," our speaker said. "We raise something like forty-five food products in this county. Some of the food you ate we had to import from the extreme southern part of the state. Others that were not in season were provided by our local canning plant. We had to go to the coast for the sea food; also for the sugar, which came from a Savannah refinery. I must admit we went clean out of Georgia for the black pepper and salt. We have never had much luck with them."

He went on to say that Georgia has seven of the nine climate belts, that every food necessity and most of the table luxuries are native. (The realistic government meteorologist at Atlanta would take issue with the speaker in the matter of the climate

belts. Actually, he maintains, there are only three or four in Georgia. Those who claim more include such extremes as the mountain tops of north Georgia and the sea-level marshes. None of these of course is of practical value.) In the old slave-plantation days, our master of ceremonies went on, the Coupers, the Spaldings, and the Butlers raised oranges, dates, and olives on their coast soil. Now satsuma oranges are raised in southern Georgia. Georgia peaches, with their rotation of varieties from early May to August, are famous; so are Georgia asparagus, peanuts, pecans, watermelons, and cantaloupes. Early tomato plants are shipped to Northern canning plants and soup factories and are there replanted. Georgia is now one of the leading tobacco states, and increasing areas are sown in wheat. Cattle-raising is coming into its own.

Industry is following in the wake of this modern agriculture, the speaker added. The state's textile industry now rivals that of New England. Great rayon plants have been established in northern Georgia. The speaker wound up with an endorsement of President Roosevelt and the New Deal.

I left the building with a feeling that Georgia's millennium was at hand. The dreamy coast and its history seemed remote and outmoded.

It was a political year in Georgia, with interest equally divided between national and local elections. Gene Talmadge, Governor of the state, was shelling the woods for the United States Senate. Everywhere I stopped I heard about it. I had followed that campaign both on the radio and at various political rallies.

I came presently to a town that was filled with automobiles, farmers, and city people, everybody imbued with the holiday spirit. I drove slowly through the unwonted traffic to a wooded spot on the outskirts where a platform had been built. Before it a crowd had already gathered. Some of the spectators wore overalls, others had a citified appearance. There were farm hands and croppers, owners of cattle ranches, cotton-growers and orchardists. Nearly all showed the deep tan of the country.

They were arguing and laughing, but looked expectantly toward the platform, glanced at their watches impatiently.

"Bring him on!" a hog-calling voice demanded. "We want to hear Gene Talmadge."

I walked from my car as far as I could in the crowd, which was already dense and becoming increasingly so. An emaciated man in a felt hat, with long, greasy hair and a stringy neck, his face deeply lined, was talking to a small group of farmers. He was tight; he made waving gestures and pointed an emphasizing, cigarette-stained finger.

"Boys," he said, "Gene Talmadge is as good as elected. They can't stop him. They've tried to head him off, but they ain't done it yet. They couldn't when he run for governor and beat eight other men. He said when he run that he was gonna give the people three-dollar automobile tags. He done it. He said he was gonna get the state out of debt. He done it. He said he was gonna reduce light and telephone bills. He done it. He told the power company and the telephone company where to get off. I ast you now, did you ever know any other governor to tell them boys where to get off?"

One of the listening farmers nodded his confirmation. "Now you call it to mind, Sid," he admitted, "I never did."

Sid clutched this man's arm, steadied himself, and went on.

"Talmadge said he was gonna reduce taxes. He done it—twicet. He said he was gonna run the state without an appropriation from the legislature. He done that. They tried to stop him in the cotes; he won out there. The Atlanta banks fought him; he told them babies where to get off. Yessuh, and he made them Atlanta banks put out—made 'em pay interest on the state's money. And did you ever know anybody that made an Atlanta bank put out for anything?"

Everybody guffawed.

"They abused him, they fought him, they tried to block him, but they couldn't budge him. You'n'me know who the nigger in the woodpile was."

Sid paused to roll a cigarette. He spilled the tobacco and gave it up as a bad job.

"We know who the nigger in the woodpile was," he repeated. "It was them sons-uh-bitches in Rooshia."

He squinted, rested his arms on the shoulders of two of his listeners, and drew them in closer.

"Boys," he continued, by way of peroration, "I'm gonna tell you like they used to tell it about Tom Watson. You farmers in Geo'gy ain't got but three friends in this round wide world, and they're Jesus Christ, Sears, Roebuck & Comp'ny, and Gene Talmadge."

Sid's tribute to a statesman was interrupted at this point by a great shout from the crowd.

"There he is," the hog-caller cried again. "God damn! Look at ole Gene drivin' them mules."

Gene came into view. He sat in a buggy and was driving two sleek Georgia mules. The crowd swelled around him. Four men emerged from the mass and lifted the Governor upon their shoulders as he stepped down from his buggy. They bore him up on the platform as the audience cheered, and put him down there. He waved to the crowd as he walked to his seat. When the shouting had quieted down, a stout, slow-spoken man went to the microphone to introduce the speaker who would introduce Talmadge. He finished and the other speaker came forward. He was thin and tall. He pitched his voice too high and seemed unable to bring it down. He cleared his throat frequently and went through his performance painfully. When he concluded, Talmadge stood up, moved over to the microphone, and raised his hand in salutation. The crowd went wild. He turned to the man who had introduced him.

"Here, Tom," he said, "take off yo' coat and put on these."

He handed Tom a pair of red suspenders, then took off his own coat and exposed another pair. Just what a pair of red galluses had to do with the issues—the New Deal and its spending, farm relief, the rights of the Supreme Court, taxes, and other things—was not quite clear. But red galluses seemed to be the Talmadge symbol. Anyhow, they raised a loud response.

"Wait a minute," Talmadge cried after a spurt of hand-

clapping. "Listen to this carefully now. Can you people out there on the edge of the crowd hear what I say? All right, then. (How much time I got, boys?) Now listen carefully. They said Talmadge couldn't do the things he did. They said Talmadge couldn't reduce the price of tags to three dollars. It'd bankrupt the state. Well, Talmadge did it. What happened? Listen now. After Talmadge had reduced the tags to three dollars, mo' gas, mo' tags, and mo' automobiles were sold in the state than ever befo'."

A tall, preacher-like man stood in the audience.

"Gov'nor," he asked, "what about the old-age pension?"

"Yeah," the Governor responded, "what about the old-age pension? Listen, my countrymen. I been studying the pension act. I find there's mo' niggers in Georgia that would get the pension than there are white folks. There's mo' niggers past sixty-five years old than there are white people. And listen to this: eve'y nigger that got his pension would be suppo'tin' a passle of young niggers able to work. The white people wouldn't get the pension, but they'd be taxed to pay the niggers. And listen to this — listen to this carefully. You wouldn't be able to hire a nigger plow hand, hoe hand, washwoman, or cook, because they'd all be living high on pensions."

The interlocutor nodded and sat down, apparently enlightened on this Georgia interpretation of social security.

"My opponent," Talmadge resumed, "says I had no business runnin' round the country making speeches against the New Deal. I had to do it; somebody had to do it. Somebody had to try and stop that waste up there in Washington. Boondogglin' that was wastin' the taxpayers' money. Boondogglin' that paid big wages to men to map the bottom of the Red Sea. Boondogglin' that sent squads of husky men into city parks to teach the ducks how to swim."

Talmadge's voice was firm, in its quieter moments musical. Frequently it took on the cadence of a backwoods preacher, especially when he quoted from the Bible. He was of medium height, youthful, slim, and vigorous in appearance. He let his hair tumble down on his forehead.

In spite of his ranting, his piney-woods language, his impossible promises, such as abolishing the federal income tax; his absurd threats, such as vacating half of the buildings in Washington; in spite of his blatant self-sufficiency, his exaggeration, he moved you with a certain power and an abounding energy.

I studied the crowd. I doubted if more than a tenth of these farmers paid any taxes at all. Those who did paid very little, for rural tax-collectors are indulgent toward the voters. Even fewer had electric lights or telephones and suffered from excessive utility rates. They were well fed, adequately clothed for the most part. I could not see that regimentation had hurt them any, that they had lost their liberties and constitutional rights, that government spending had put them in shackles, that the New Deal had even inconvenienced them.

But when old Gene said: "Boys, I reduced the farmers' taxes, I put money in his jeans," they raised the roof, or would have if there had been a roof over them. When he said: "My countrymen, I cut the utility rates," those who still burned oil lamps shouted with the others and felt the money jingling in their jeans.

Talmadge finished his speech and started to leave the platform. The four body-lifters rushed up to him, lifted him on their shoulders, and bore him triumphantly to his buggy.

Talmadge was defeated that year by his opponent, "Dick" Russell, junior United States Senator from Georgia. Later he ran against Walter F. George, the senior Senator, and again was defeated. But in 1940 he came back and was elected Governor. In the Governor's race he soft-pedaled his criticism of the New Deal. "I guess I should have let those fellows in Washington run the government," he said. He promised Georgians an economical administration and a safeguarding of the taxpayers' money.

Georgia had just had an extravagant regime at the state Capitol. The pendulum swung from Governor E. D. Rivers's New Dealish rule to the realistic promises of old Gene. Not only the business men, but also other voters who had objected



*Photo by Kenneth Ro*

University of Georgia boys hoist wax effigy of Governor Talmadge to the top of Watson's statue on the Capitol grounds in protest against the Governor's action in ousting Dean Cocking





*Photo by Turner Hi*

Gene Talmadge in his red suspenders, surrounded by patriarchs, is driving an ox team to a meeting at Griffin. Sometimes he drove oxen, sometimes mules.

to some of Rivers's policies rallied to the support of Talmadge. They respected Talmadge's personal honesty.

Soon after he took office he had one or two tilts with Washington officials. Later he heard that Dr. Walter D. Cocking, dean of the School of Education at the University of Georgia, had advocated the racial co-education of teachers. He called a meeting of the Board of Regents of the university and demanded that they oust Cocking. This the regents refused to do.

He forced the resignation of the objectors and appointed others in their places who were sympathetic to his ideas. The new board met and ousted the dean.

This act roused thoughtful public opinion, and nowhere was the protest stronger than on the university's campus. The students met and wrote to the Governor threatening him with their political opposition in his next campaign. Then a thousand or so of them got into automobiles and drove to the state Capitol to see the Governor. He was not there. The boys and girls mounted a wax effigy of their chief executive on the head of Tom Watson's statue on the Capitol lawn. Unwittingly Eugene Talmadge had started a formidable youth movement in Georgia. Much may come of that movement.

Eugene Talmadge is fairly typical of the campaign methods of Georgia politicians since reconstruction days. None, with two possible exceptions, have been men of distinction. Most of them have gone to the voters with the same issues, or lack of issues. They dealt in vituperation and appeals to prejudice against the Negro, and to what they thought were the ignorance and superstition of the Georgia farmer. They pictured him as a shackled victim whom they would rescue and restore to independence, power, and wealth.

Georgia of course is not alone among the states of the Union in the mediocrity of its executives. Try if you can to name as many as ten governors in these United States. Then try to list their accomplishments and see how few even of the select ten ever did anything exceptional. Yet it pays to be a good governor. Those who have distinguished themselves in that office have been rewarded. Most of our great presidents came from

state offices. Others have gone to the Senate or have held high administrative posts at Washington.

By the time 1872 rolled around, when the Yankee carpetbaggers turned Georgia back to state rule, Bob Toombs, Alexander H. Stephens, and Benjamin H. Hill were inactive for one cause or another, although Stephens served a term as Governor. They had been a liberal triumvirate, Toombs especially so. He was Tom Watson's idol and many of his ideas were embodied in the Populist platform later on. Afterwards in one form or another they were put into operation by the Roosevelt New Deal.

The influence of these leaders went out with the carpetbaggers. Their place was taken by another trio, a Tory one which came to be known as the Bourbon triumvirate.<sup>1</sup> In it were Joseph E. Brown, wartime Governor; Alfred H. Colquitt, soldier and wealthy landowner; and General John B. Gordon. The three monopolized state and senatorial offices until 1890. While one was Governor, at least one was a United States Senator. This rotation represented the vested interests of the time, and the men themselves were active in manufacturing and various business enterprises.

Brown has been represented as a backwoodsman who came to Atlanta from Union County, in extreme north Georgia, behind a team of oxen. This was probably a legend inspired by Brown himself. He drove oxen, Gene Talmadge chose mules and oxen. Although Brown affected the trappings of rusticity, he was anything but a hillbilly in temperament and practice. He had hard business sense. He could not have been of very humble origin, although he encouraged the voters to think he was. He had graduated from Yale in a day when the universities made little or no provision for poor, ambitious youths to obtain education. College training was then a luxury. On his return to Georgia he rose rapidly in business and politics. He was Gov-

<sup>1</sup> Data on Brown, Colquitt, and Gordon are based on Vann Woodward's biography: *Tom Watson, Agrarian Rebel* (New York: The Macmillan Company; 1938).

ernor before and during the War Between the States and during part of the reconstruction period. He was criticized for being too friendly to the carpetbaggers, for acquiring wealth when the rest of the South was poverty-stricken. For this you could hardly blame him. He was a puppet Governor for part of the time; in a small way he was Pétain and the Vichy government. He could have made money regardless of the stress of war and bayonet rule.

He was one of the lessees of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, a state property, during the closing days of the notorious Bullock carpetbag administration. The lease was attacked as fraudulent but never broken. Brown went extensively into the business of leasing convicts. The state was too poor to support them and leased them to individuals. Brown paid the state six cents a working day for each minion and worked them from ten to twelve hours a day in his mines and other enterprises. Later the legislature removed the twelve-hour restriction entirely and Brown could work his prisoners as long as there was daylight. Personally Brown was a churchman with an austere, pious, and deacon-like mien.

Colquitt was a graduate of Princeton and the son of a large landowner. He was also a distinguished Confederate general. In his political campaigns he made much of white supremacy, an issue which he handed down to a long succession of Georgia governors — that and Confederate pensions. As Governor he endorsed the bonds of the Northeastern Railroad. This procedure was investigated by the legislature. It brought impeachment proceedings against several state officials, but exonerated Governor Colquitt.<sup>2</sup>

General Gordon was the showman of the trio. Engaged in mining in north Georgia when hostilities started, he rushed down to Atlanta at the head of a hastily organized company of mountaineers. Because they wore fur caps they became known as the Raccoon Roughs. The youthful commander and his

<sup>2</sup> I. W. Avery: *History of the State of Georgia* (New York: Brown & Derby; 1881).

cohorts were not given a warm welcome by the army authorities, but they forced themselves in and went to battle with flying colors.

Whatever his other weaknesses were, General Gordon was no phony soldier. He came back to Atlanta after the war as a lieutenant general. Until his death he epitomized all that was gallant in the Confederate leader. He had served in the major Virginia campaigns, had sat at the council table with General Lee. Not only was he a great soldier, but he also looked the part. Monumental and impressive, he was also fluent and gracious. If anything, his good looks were enhanced by a scar on his face. This was the wound left by a Yankee saber.

Generals Grant and Gordon offer an analogy. Both were great soldiers, both were idols of the populace, one nationally, the other throughout the South. Both entered public life, Grant as President, Gordon as Governor and Senator. Both were swept into orgies of post-war industrial madness, both were unwittingly involved in questionable transactions. Gordon became the promoter of business enterprises. Collis P. Huntington in a letter referred to him as one of his men in the Gould-Huntington scandal.<sup>3</sup>

But these blemishes on a heroic figure had little effect on him at the time. He unveiled more monuments, spoke at more Confederate reunions, and was host at more barbecues than any other notable of his period. The tribute paid to him at his funeral in Atlanta will long be remembered.

The triumvirate had one fighting enemy in Georgia. He was Dr. William H. Felton of Cartersville, a member of Congress whose political doctrine was as liberal as that of the others was reactionary. His widow several years later served an appointive term in the United States Senate, the first woman United States Senator. Dr. Felton deplored the business hysteria, the wildcat corporation expansion of the lush 1880's. The state was wild on the subject. When Jay Gould bought an interest in an Augusta railroad and came down to see it, he was taken on a tour of the state and given an ovation.

<sup>3</sup> From the *Congressional Record*.

Everybody who was anybody was building and developing — railroads in the country; street-car lines, office buildings, and subdivisions in the cities. Stock promotions bloomed overnight. The agrarian ideals of Bob Toombs were forgotten. Industry must be Georgia's religion henceforth. Henry W. Grady, who was a better editor than business man, painted the typical journalist's grandiose pictures of industrial greatness. On one of his numerous "bury-the-bloody-shirt" visits north he sat in rapture in the gallery of the New York Stock Exchange. Later he lyricized: "It is a revelation to any provincial to enter the gallery of the stock exchange and gaze upon the floor below. The sight kindles the blood of the onlooker as a battle would." <sup>4</sup> That was in the days before the SEC.

These pyrotechnics of business expansion were effectively dampened by the panic of 1893. Railroads went into bankruptcy, hastily built cotton factories either closed down or operated only part time. Mill hands were paid thirty-six cents a day and died in epidemics of typhoid and starvation in the factory districts of the cities. White and black farmers walked along the country roads begging for food.

The governors of Georgia during the depression of 1893, and for a few years afterwards, had no distinguishing qualities, either good or bad. In the main they carried on the traditions of the Bourbon triumvirate. For the most part they were the conscious or subconscious tools of the lobbyists at the state Capitol and were put in office by the one-party machine and the "courthouse crowds." A few did protest against the existing order, but lacked the force and ability necessary to back their rebellion.

Meanwhile a new figure in Georgia politics was making his influence felt. Thomas E. Watson of Thomson, Georgia, began to take an active part in local elections. Previously he had been a leader in the Populist Party, had fought hard for agrarian reforms and had made more than a local reputation. The "Pops" finally gave up and Watson retired to Thomson to become a free-lance iconoclast in journalism and politics. He

edited a weekly paper and no man who wanted to become governor could hope to achieve that ambition without Watson's support. Watson took up where Dr. Felton had left off.

In his early career Watson had been a sincere friend of the farmer. He also befriended the Negro and demanded that the Negro be accorded his rights, including suffrage. In a politician this attitude was unusual then and afterwards. Watson reversed it later and degenerated into a rabid Negro-baiter. Indeed, he was never in his late years for or against anything permanently. He soured and died a prey to frustration and defeat.

Hoke Smith, whom Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, persistently called Hoax Myth, had been Secretary of the Interior under Grover Cleveland. At the end of Cleveland's term Smith came back to Atlanta to re-enter the practice of law and resume active control of the *Atlanta Journal*, in which he owned a controlling interest. In 1908 he entered the race for Governor against Clark Howell, editor of the *Constitution*.

His platform was startlingly liberal. Its planks were Populistic and caused their author to be compared with the elder LaFollette as a radical figure. Smith demanded the popular vote for United States senators, abolition of poll workers, the passage of a corrupt-practices act, the domestication of Georgia railroads, an elective railroad commission, and state ownership of railroads.

Since reconstruction the Negroes had voted in state elections. Smith's platform demanded the elimination of the black man from politics "by legal and constitutional methods, without disfranchising a single white man."

Smith was elected by a large majority. He was defeated for a second term by Joseph M. Brown, son of Georgia's war Governor, but in turn defeated Brown in the next election. After Smith came a procession of mediocre governors. The monotony was first broken by Eugene Talmadge, whom you have just heard vicariously.

The first Governor since 1908 to offer a liberal policy was E. D. (Ed) Rivers. He took up where Hoke Smith left off nearly thirty years before. He was frankly New Deal in his



*Photo by Kenneth F*

The Georgia country store. Highways and motor cars have almost extinguished it.





*Photo by Kenneth Rogers*

South Georgia empire. A field planted in pine seedlings with modern methods. These seedlings will stop erosion on Georgia's red hills and supply pulp to the paper mills.

ideas; in fact, created a Little New Deal in Georgia. He advocated federal aid and larger appropriations for such things as education and public health. As Governor he took the health department from a corner in the basement of the state capitol where it had been relegated and gave it larger quarters. He expanded the school system. He inaugurated a security program. He began to reform the prison system, installed a state police patrol, gave poor children free school-books, favored civil service — but never got it — allowed home-owners a tax exemption, opened a department of conservation, and instituted a system of state parks.

It looked like easy sailing at first, but the money wouldn't hold out. Even with federal aid there wasn't enough cash in the treasury. The schools got longer terms, but the teachers were not paid on time. Old-age pensions dwindled from an expectancy of thirty dollars a month to less than ten — and there was a waiting list. The state's payroll was top-heavy. There were complaints of waste.

As is the case where a candidate is without means and machine backing and must work on a shoestring, Rivers had to make many campaign promises. First as to ambitious reforms, second as to jobs. He overestimated the state's ability to finance a Little New Deal. As a result his projects could never be carried out completely. He was left with only a skeletonized organization. His administration went out under a cloud. Waste and graft were charged against it. The federal Justice Department started an investigation. Some underlings were indicted.<sup>5</sup>

But in spite of this, Rivers's projects got a start and were entrenched. It will be hard for ensuing administrations to eliminate them. Even in their unfinished state they show progress.

Rivers realized soon after he was installed as Governor that his program could not be carried out in its entirety. He resorted to various makeshifts to get money for his purpose. Then, as a healthier solution, he studied ways to increase the state's income. The South had always been discriminated

<sup>5</sup> Since this was written, Rivers himself was indicted following an investigation of his administration by a Fulton County grand jury.

against in the matter of freight rates. He headed a movement of Southern governors to bring about a parity. He was rewarded by a favorable decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Next he turned his attention to agriculture and encouraged research by the University of Georgia, with particular attention to livestock, soil-conservation, timber, improved methods of cultivation and marketing. This with a view of increasing production on the land and providing a better income for farmers. All of it is bearing fruit.

If the state's income increases, Rivers's successor may get the credit for his reforms and the difficult spade work he put in for them. Or the Little New Deal may be neglected. Another thirty years may lapse before progress sets in again. Whatever happens, Rivers may claim the distinction of having set up Georgia as a modern state.

*The Old Red Hills of Georgia and the Georgia  
Peach—Cotton Is Still King Although Robbed  
of Some of Its Dictatorship—A Sharecropper's  
Testament—The Textile Industry*



**I**L DROVE THROUGH PERRY, an old but rejuvenated and thriving town with the new, hopeful look of south Georgia. Thence through Fort Valley, a larger place, also old in years but youthfully modernistic. I was in the great peach belt of Georgia. The soil had turned red again; I felt that I was really in old Georgia. This clay is typical of the state. Exiles writing back to their home papers express a yearning for the sight of the red hills of Georgia. An English friend who visits us periodically never tires of the contemplation of them.

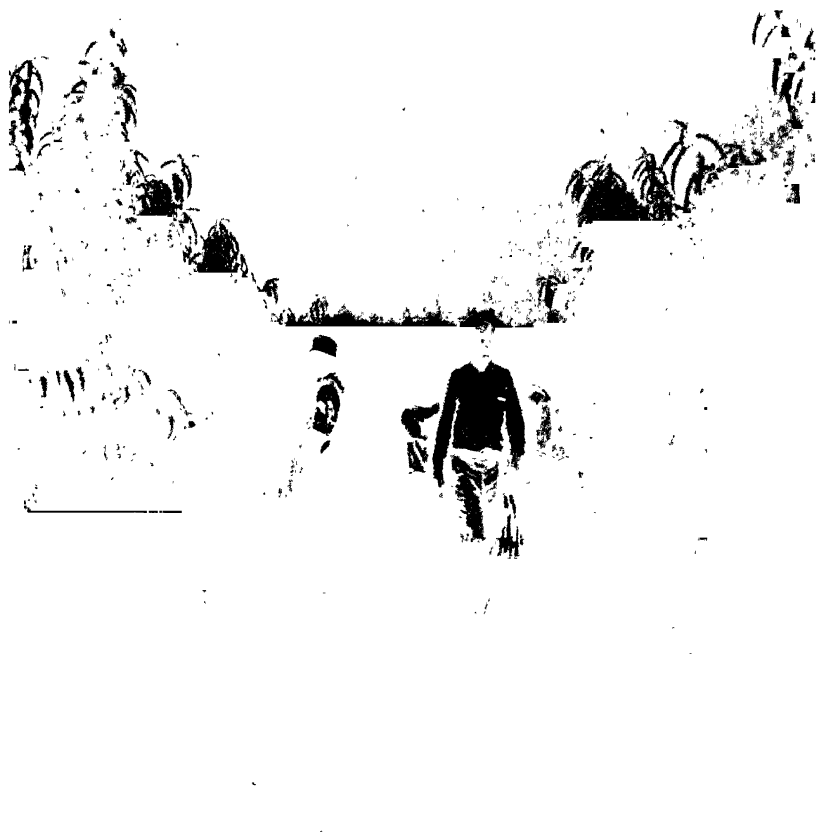
On the eroded embankments of the highway the clay was a vivid red. In the rich land with top soil it was chocolate-colored. The green peach orchards stretching away to the horizon contrasted with the colorful earth. Here also were pecan groves with grain fields intervening; other fields were already planted in cotton and corn and cover crops.

The peach is a symbolic Georgia product. It typifies bloom and perfection. Ty Cobb, a great baseball player, was called the Georgia peach—he was born near Augusta. Feminine loveliness is metaphorically a peach. Peach County is one of the largest peach-growing sections.

Here in Fort Valley and its environs an annual peach festival used to be held when the orchards were in full bloom and were a panorama of pink and purple as far as the eye could see. There were processions with elaborate floats headed by a king and queen. The rulers were young and good-looking in contrast to the honest-to-goodness kings and queens of the old countries. Too often the latter had weak chins, were either too fat or too thin, wore crowns of size  $6\frac{7}{8}$ , and were debilitated by too much inbreeding. The Fort Valley festivals and their royalties attracted tourists from distant states. Automobiles were so thick around Fort Valley that cops were borrowed from Macon and Atlanta to help untangle them and get them moving.

The peach industry is one of the oldest forms of diversified farming in Georgia. It was given its impetus as a commercial crop in the 1880's when Samuel H. Rumph, a grower of Marshallville, budded the Elberta. Large and showy, beautifully colored in red and yellow, it was crowned queen overnight, and is still queen after all these years. Other varieties such as the Hiley and Georgia Belles and the Carmen are also popular. The budded or grafted peach is a hybrid, its seed sterile, and for me at least it is flavorless. But it has size and beauty and can be bred to mature in rotation with other varieties. In all respects it is ideal as a salable fruit.

In my boyhood all peaches were seedlings and most farmers had small orchards for their own consumption and for canning and preserving. The seedling was a runt and not gorgeously beautiful like the hybrid. It was often a clingstone, and these clingstones, such as the White English variety, were juicy and sweet, not bitter and acid like the commercials. But they made a poor showing on the fruit-stands. Moreover, as Georgians used to say, the Yankees who bought the peaches didn't like the clingstones. Too much meat was left on the seed and wasted. So the really eatable Georgia peach became as extinct as the sillabub churn. So did the eatable Georgia apples such as the Shockley and the Yates. They too were runts although sweet. They gave way to the highly cultivated varieties which, like the Elberta peach, were large and gaudy, with a slick finish and a



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*Photo by Kenneth Rogers*

Gathering peaches in an orchard near the town of Gay, South Georgia



*Photo by Kenneth Rog*

Familiar autumn cotton scene in Georgia towns (here Milledgeville) when the farmer brings his cotton to market. The bales are dumped into the street and later removed to warehouses.

beauty-parlor glamour, but were as tasteless and stuffy as meal. Yet the north Georgia apple has won prizes at Pacific coast shows.

The peach industry — and probably the apple industry too — has been overdone and many orchards have been cut down. It is a hazardous business and requires capital and scientific attention. A late frost may wither a grower's prospects. Pests must be fought, trees replanted and carefully nursed. It is no occupation for a sharecropper. The dollar value of the yield is not great, averaging not more than \$8,000,000 a year. This figure is exceeded by that for peanuts and tobacco, other Georgia specialties — even by the mineral and gold output of north Georgia. For one orchardist who makes money, there are thousands who make a living, such as it is, on cotton.

For cotton is still king in Georgia, make no mistake about that. It is true that the king has been robbed of most of his despotic power and now rules as a sort of industrial puppet. In 1910 the value of Georgia's cotton and seed was \$146,326,000, in 1937 only \$79,238,000.<sup>1</sup> Livestock now brings more money into the state. The peanut yield in south Georgia is another important financial item. So are the apple orchards in north Georgia. South Georgia produces tobacco, which yields twice as much in money as peaches. Farmers in that area also plant tung-oil trees, whose nuts are used in making paint. They raise early tomato plants to be shipped north for transplanting. They supply the northern fringe of the United States and Canada with colonies of bees.

Partly accountable for the shrinkage of the cotton crop was the decline in farm population. In 1910, 63.3 per cent of the employed lived on farms and only 12.2 worked in industries. The 1930 census showed that 42.8 per cent of the state's population lived on the land, while 20.1 were engaged in the industries. The latter gain was really sensational. In 1910 the state's income from its industries was \$94,532,000; in 1937 it was

<sup>1</sup> Statistics and other technical information on textiles were taken from a paper written by Theo M. Forbes, secretary of the Cotton Manufacturers Association of Georgia.



\$708,052,000. During the same period the farm income remained virtually stationary at \$257,000,000, or only one third of the industrial income. This would indicate that Georgia is rapidly becoming an industrial state.

At a roadside gasoline station I stopped to fill my tank and was accosted by a Georgia farmer with a protruding gold tooth. He was dressed in worn overalls and a shirt with a ragged collar and he needed a shave badly. He was probably well under fifty, but looked twenty years older. His teeth and hair were almost gone, his cheeks sunken and his cow-like eyes had the feverish gleam of chronic debility. I wondered how long it had been since he had had a man-sized meal replete with the requisite vitamins. He asked me if he might ride a piece with me. He had to meet a fellow up the road, but was not definite at what point. He seemed harmless and I gave him a lift.

Like all simple persons he was voluble and self-revealing. He told me what I had already suspected, that he was just an average, run-of-the-mine fellow.

"I was never, as the fellow says, what you'd call a bull o' the woods," he confided after a mile or so. "I'm jes' another Geo'gy cracker. Me'n' my daddy and grandpappy befo' me was farmers, all gittin' po'rer while the rich was gittin' richer. Like all the rest I had a windfall now and then, specially when I was young, and thought I might set the woods afire, but never did. Well, I got married and wisht I hadn't, and raised a passle o' chillun, and got drunk now and then when they won't any money in the house and my old lady got on my neck. But I kep' saying to myself maybe sump'n'll turn up, which it never did.

"Yessuh, I've had my ups and downs, mos'ly downs of late, seein' how little you gits for cotton. You can allus tell how business is by the price o' cotton. When it's five cents a pound you'll see folks beggin' for bread, soup kitchens in town, sow-belly in the country. When it gets up above ten cents things is mo' peart. It swings back and fo'th. I've heard my grandpappy say cotton brung a dollar a pound in durin' of the war with the Yankees. I've sold it at forty cents in during of the World War.

But at the start of that war it was beggin' at five cents. That was when a fellow up in Atlanta said eve'body should buy a bale at ten cents a pound and start the price up. Some did and stacked their bales in sto' windows and in front of hotels. After that the price did shoot up, but not on account of that. And then in 1930 it dropped again. I couldn't sell my cotton at no price.

"But when cotton was sellin' at forty cents we was all livin' in clover. White and black alike had money to burn. They bought black wa'nut furnitoor, p'onographs and forty-dollar carpets for their shacks, and spo'ted silk shirts and gold teeth. You'd see black niggers walkin' along the road in ten-dollar red-silk shirts and fifteen-dollar patent-leather shoes, smokin' ten-cent seegars. Niggers, by God! You never see sech doods.

"Then the boll weevil swarmed down on us. They'd had it out in Texas and Miss'ippi and knowed how to fight it, but it caught us nappin'. In the spring of 1920 I was figurin' on forty bales. That fall I didn't git but five and the landlord got that. It was the same with eve'body. A lot of 'em dropped eve'thing they had and pitched out for the cities. There a farm hand could make five dollars a day at anything, a jackleg carpenter up to ten. Niggers pulled out for Chicago and Pittsburgh by the trainload. Yankee agents come down here lookin' for 'em, promisin' 'em anything. The sheriffs tried to stop 'em, but it didn't do no good. Soon the country was stripped; it was like a cycloon had hit it. It put me in mind of the plague o' locusts I used to read about in the Scriptures. It was a caution."

That debacle in the wake of the boll weevil, coupled with the movement of country people to the cities and the subsequent collapse of urban prosperity, was not the beginning of the agrarian disaster. The trouble had started many years before. But it was the first big push for land erosion, rural slums, sharecroppers' woes, disease, and ruin. All of which was to be dramatized later in *Tobacco Road* and *The Grapes of Wrath*. It was all in all the finest example of unbridled capitalism in American history. It produced a desolation almost as great as that of the War Between the States, a reconstruction era almost as painful.

Most of the 900,000 Georgians now living in the North were driven there during that period. Forty per cent of the patients in Atlanta's Grady Hospital are rural in origin and are being treated for the results of malnutrition. The same can be said for most of the inmates of the state insane asylum at Milledgeville.

My sharecropper and I drove along in silence for a few moments.

"It's pretty bad," I conceded. "But tell me this: why do you farmers keep on raising cotton year after year, when you know it doesn't pay?"

My companion leaned out of the car, spat between his fingers out on the pavement, and settled back in his seat.

"Brother," he replied, "they ain't nothin' else we can do. Cotton's all we know; it's our bread and meat, it's our stock in trade. Any fool can raise it; all he needs is forty acres o' ground and a mule and a passle o' children. Cotton is tough. All it needs is hot days and warm nights, and we got plenty o' them in Geo'gy. Nothin' can kill it, not even drought. It's the only thing you can borrow money on. S'posin' I was to say to myself: 'I'm done with cotton; I'm goin' to raise garden truck for a change.' S'posin' I was to go to the bank and tell the cashier what I was goin' to do and ast him to lend me a hund'ed dollars. D'you know what he'd say? He'd say God damn! and whistle for the bloodhounds.

"It's the same way with the landowners. They won't rent to you without you raise cotton. You've got a family to support and no money or supplies. You've got to get a landlord to stake you. He ain't goin' to stake you for much even if you do raise cotton, but it'll keep you from starvin'. Yo' roof will leak and yo' chimney'll smoke, but it beats lyin' out in the woods. All the rations you'll get will be cawn meal and sowbelly, but you can live on it. What else is a fellow to do?

"Then there's another thing; you can allus sell cotton. You can't allus sell beans and squashes. You can sto' cotton and wait for the price to rise; you can't sto' cabbages and berries. I used

to pile my cotton out in the weather and let the rain soak it until I got my price. And I got mo' weight too."

A few miles farther on, my companion signified that he must leave me. He got out in a little settlement, but was not sure that this was the right place.

"I think this was where the fellow said he'd meet me," he said uncertainly. He waved back to me as I drove off.

As I emerged from the south Georgia empire of diversification into the red-clay country, I saw continuing signs of devastation. On both sides of the highway were farms abandoned to pine saplings and broom sedge, their absentee owners indifferent to the erosion going on. The little towns were for the most part dried up and mud-stained, the victims of paved highways that take the shopper to the cities. The local merchant is left only the pitiful trade of those who have no automobiles and little else. The towns and cities showed the pathetic results of absentee ownership. Rows of stores — five-and-tens, groceries, small department stores, men's clothing stores — were links in national chains, their owners living far to the north and west. Some of these were the outlets for sweatshop products.

I passed through Barnesville and drove on to Griffin. Griffin used to be the butt of vaudevillians in the old Bijou and Forsyth theaters in Atlanta, but it is no longer so. It is a cotton-mill center of importance and one of the wealthiest small cities of middle Georgia.

The textile industry there is still the largest in the state. Like cotton, which supports it, the textile industry has fallen a little from its high estate. It still employs more people over a wider territory than any other industry. It consumes the entire Georgia cotton crop, and this is unique in itself. Formerly it bought its cotton outside the state. In recent years, thanks to the educational work of the state department of agriculture, the farmers were taught to raise a product meeting the requirements of modern manufacture.

Few new mills have been built in Georgia in the past few

years and there has been no addition to the number of spindles. When the NRA was imposed on the industry, an extra shift of workers was put on to maintain the shorter working hours. After the NRA was outlawed by the Supreme Court, the mills continued the extra shift and even added a third one in good times. Thus they produced more goods with the same number of spindles. Improved machinery further obviated the need of more spindles.

Contrary to popular belief, few new uses for cotton have been developed in the past few years. For this the industry blames itself for its lack of research. Old customers, including the automobile-makers, are going elsewhere for their material. They have replaced the cotton car top with steel. Upholstery is being made with other stuff. Now they are experimenting with rayon for tire fabric, a considerable outlet for textiles. Rayon is competing with the hosiery mills—and still more recently, nylon. All the mills are beginning to face labor troubles.

For years the Southern worker had been held up before Northern industrialists as a model of docility and simon-pure Americanism. He was represented as a rugged individualist too independent to be regimented in any union. He was almost a hundred-per-cent Anglo-Saxon and so was immune to foreign isms. Much was made of the fact that in the Eastern mills a simple sign: "No Smoking Allowed," must be printed in eight languages. In Georgia factories plain English was sufficient.

This dream of an industrial Utopia was shattered by an awakening proletariat. Even an Anglo-Saxon worm will turn. The C.I.O. first undertook the complete organization of Georgia's textile workers, until then only partially organized. This effort failed. Strikes were called, but the strikers were replaced by an ever increasing horde of dissatisfied farm hands.

Roving bands of guerrilla strikers were brought into the fight. Eugene Talmadge was Governor then. He claimed that the bands were trouble-makers and stirred up disorders and fights at every place they visited. He rounded them up with the state's militia and put them in a concentration camp. The pris-

oners were not abused, and they were well fed and housed in tents. The fear of God was put into their hearts and they were told to go home and sin no more. They went. The unions claimed that Talmadge was the political tool of the manufacturers.

Recently the A.F. of L. cast its eyes southward. It held a regional meeting in Atlanta attended by William Green and other officials. For most of them it was their first visit South. They visualized a virgin field for organization and announced that they would proceed with the unionization of textile workers. So the pure but underpaid Anglo-Saxon may no longer be the buffer of Georgia industrialists.

In spite of competition, loss of old markets, and prospective labor friction, the Georgia textile industry is still a sizable one. The state ranks third in the nation in the amount of cotton consumed by its mills. It is third in spindle activity and fourth in number of spindles in place. While there has been no appreciable increase in output, the business is holding its own fairly well. There were forty-nine yards per capita available in 1930 against sixty-seven in 1939, but part of the sixty-seven was not consumed. Some of it went into inventories.

The first successfully operated cotton mill in the South was built in Wilkes County, Georgia, in 1811. Like other Georgia "firsts" this one is disputed; North Carolina claims the distinction. Other factories were built up to the time of the War Between the States. Sherman destroyed most of them, but in 1880 the number increased sharply throughout the South. Today the South operates seventy-five per cent of the nation's active spindles and consumes more than eighty per cent of the cotton which all the mills of the country manufacture into yarn and cloth.

Georgia mills, according to their owners, pay more for their electric current than do those in Alabama, but they hope that TVA competition will lower the rate. They have also suffered from freight rates that discriminated in favor of Eastern shippers, but some of those rates have recently been reduced.

There are two hundred spinning, weaving, finishing and

knitting mills in Georgia. Mill men estimate that these and their allied activities, scattered throughout fifty-nine counties, support a sixth of the state's population. They have a total of 3,222,516 spindles. In the early stages of the industry, before so many Eastern mills moved South, the Southern mills produced only rough goods, sending them north to be processed. This condition still holds in some cases, although many factories put out finished cloth. The total value of the state's textile output is \$250,000,000.

I turned off the highway north of Griffin and headed southwest toward Warm Springs which is about seventy-five miles south of Atlanta.

*Warm Springs, a Nationally Famous Resort and Its Cheerful  
Polios — A Couple Finds Romance — Mysterious Hot and  
Cold Springs — Pine Mountain Resettlement Project*

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WARM SPRINGS is a nationally famous Georgia spot. It is known everywhere through its foundation for the study and treatment of infantile paralysis, for the Little White House where President Franklin D. Roosevelt stays on his visits during the Thanksgiving Day holidays. Here was a place for tourists if there ever was one, yet as I drove up to it I saw no blatant invitations to visitors, no welcoming signs, no hot-dog stands, no tourist camps. All I could see from the road was an ascending slope beautifully wooded, with winding roads and houses and buildings nestled against the hillside.

When Dr. Michael Hoke, a pioneer bone specialist of Atlanta, took charge at Warm Springs soon after the foundation was organized, he put his foot down on all forms of exploitation. Today you may drive all over the place and never see a patient unless you accidentally encounter one on his way to his exercises in a bus or a wheel chair. Unless you have a right to go into them, you will not be admitted to the buildings except during visitors' hours. Even the hotel is reserved for the families of patients or for those having special business in the place.

This applies also to the patients' swimming pool, which is separate from that used by the public.

The town of Warm Springs, which is not different from other old Georgia towns, and the swimming pools sit at the foot of Pine Mountain three miles down from its crest. I drove about half-way up the mountain and found myself in the village of the patients. All the houses were alike in one detail. None of them had steps, for steps are anathema to the polio. Ramps were substituted at every entrance. Here lived the families of the paralysis victims who had come from nearly every state in the Union and even from foreign countries. I drove on up to the Little White House, a frame cottage set on a knoll and facing a ravine. This was built by Mr. Roosevelt after his arrival at the springs in 1924. Between his visits there it was occupied by Dr. Hoke and his family until his retirement.

I was not permitted to visit the cottage. I went on to Georgia Hall, where the business of the foundation is carried on. In this building also is the craft shop. Children are taught to use their hands in wood-carving, weaving, sewing, and other things. Next I saw the new modern hotel and the playroom. The interior of the latter has been done over into a theater where free movies are shown several nights a week. They used to have parties there, but in recent years such celebrations have been held in the dining-room, including the President's famous Thanksgiving Day dinner. As I left I paused at the patients' pool. Here all the polios from the President of the United States down to the humblest charity patient bathe and take their exercises. No one knows except their families which ones pay and which do not. No favors are shown, no distinctions made.

The A.B.'s — the able bodied — lift the patients from their chairs and attend them from their houses to the pool. Some come under their own power, others are picked up by buses. In all the buildings electric eyes open the doors for them. The water has no medicinal property. There is no magic about it. It does have a peculiar buoyant quality. You almost float in it, and this suspension gives greater freedom to exercise. Massages

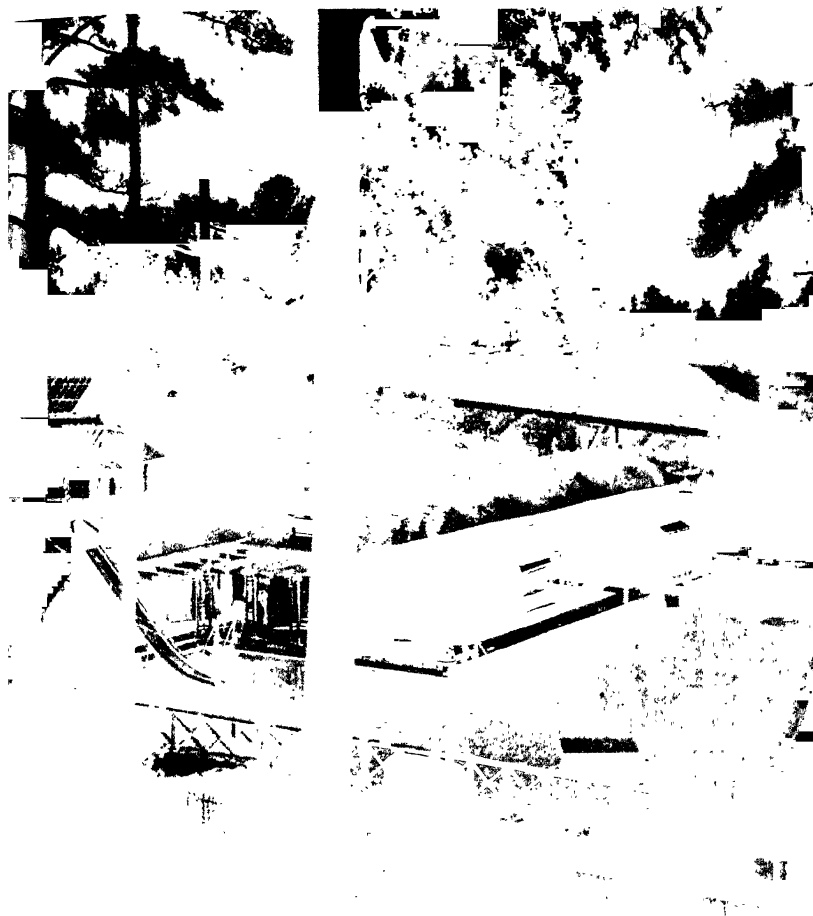


Photo by Kenneth Rogers

Public swimming pool at Warm Springs. The Ford solarium is at the left.



Photo by Kenneth Rogers

F. D. R. goes possum-hunting at Warm Springs, driving his
hand-manipulated old car

are given, also tedious courses of training for withered muscles and tendons. Patients are taught to stand and walk. Gradually the tissues are coaxed back to activity. No startling cures are made, but many who were helpless on arrival go away on crutches or with the aid of a cane. Where the attacks were not too violent some are enabled to walk unassisted.

I took away a feeling of the beauty of the place and the loving care bestowed upon it by its sponsors. It was cloistered, yet not depressingly so. Patients lose their despair soon after their arrival. They find others whose vital problem is the same as theirs. They meet on common ground and fall into common ways.

In fact, sensitiveness is not a characteristic of the polios. They take their condition lightly, even joke about it, and have their own publication devoted to their doings and humorous impressions. They suffer no mental or physical pain. They adjust themselves to their limitations, expect nothing outside of them; and so abnormality gradually becomes second nature to them. Particularly is this true in the case of the young.

I was told about an unusual couple there. The man walks on braces, but must also use crutches. He has almost lost his voice. The woman is paralyzed from the waist down. She goes about in a wheel chair, even tends a flower garden from it. Both have attendants. Both fortunately are well to do. Both found romance at Warm Springs.

You may see them any fine day on the golf course. The man plays, the woman follows him in their automobile. It is rigged up so that everything can be operated by hand. How the man manages to hit a ball and keep his balance I shall not attempt to explain. As the darkies say, he has the sleight. A newsreel made pictures of them on the course, but they were never shown. The couple did not object. Probably the foundation did. It frowns on any sort of exploitation of its charges.

The man and woman first met at the pool. They were in their early twenties when stricken. Their families brought them to Warm Springs for the treatment. They came with forebodings. They looked forward to a life of exile and frustration.

After they met, their lives brightened. They found themselves in a new world where existence went on as normally within its limitations as it had in the old one. Theirs was a common destiny; their big problem was the same. They were frequently together after their first meeting. They fell in love and were engaged to be married. Why not? They were normal in every respect except in their legs.

There are cold as well as hot springs at Warm Springs and the cold are as cold as the others are hot. What gives them their abnormal temperatures no one knows for certain. Geologists have advanced various theories, none conclusive. In the case of the warm spring it is known that the water runs down from Pine Mountain, height 1,200 feet. It seeps down 3,800 feet through rock crevices and accumulates and is heated to 99 degrees. Then it is forced up to the surface, where it cools off to 88 to 90 degrees.

Warm Springs has been a Georgia resort since the days of the Indians. The Cherokees and Seminoles, according to the legend, sent their wounded warriors there to be healed. As the whites settled the country, it became a stop for stagecoaches — one of these is now on exhibition at the foundation. It used to be a refuge for yellow-fever victims from Savannah and the coast. When a Sherman command came to near-by Greenville in 1864, it sent out a squad of bummers to ravage the countryside. They stumbled on Warm Springs and saw food possibilities in the hotel there. They were met at the door by one Tidmarsh, an English guest, according to the legend. He told the Yankees that he owned the property himself.

"If you trespass on it," he warned, "I shall take the matter up with Her Majesty's government."

The intruders were reminded of the Mason and Slidell incident, apologized and withdrew.

The property at one time came into the possession of Meriwether County, probably as a result of a sheriff's sale, and was for several years operated by it. Then it went into private ownership again. Thomas W. Loyless, an Augusta newspaper-

man, visited it in 1920, and later became its manager. He was enthusiastic over the place. He admired its beautiful setting and was impressed by the water's curative qualities. What gave him his faith was the effect of the water on one of the guests. This guest was a polio from Columbus who bathed in the pool and was benefited. Loyless told this to George Foster Peabody, the New York philanthropist, who was also a guest. Mr. Peabody was so impressed that he bought the property. He was a close friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been Assistant Secretary of the Navy and later a running mate of James M. Cox on the Democratic ticket. Young Roosevelt had just been stricken by infantile paralysis and was bedridden. On his return to New York Mr. Peabody called on Mr. Roosevelt and told him about Warm Springs. Mr. Roosevelt went down to the place in 1924. He was delighted with it. He too bathed in the pool. He found no magic cure in it then nor has he since, but bathing in it improved his condition.

He and Mr. Peabody formed the Warm Springs Foundation in 1927 and bought twelve hundred acres around the springs. What followed is current history, widely known because of the President's activity in it. The people of Georgia subscribed \$100,000 for the erection of Georgia Hall, the administration building, and Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Ford built a solarium, a glass enclosure for the patients' pool. Dr. Hoke retired and installed his assistant, Dr. Ed Irwin, as superintendent.

A national campaign for funds was opened and part of the proceeds of the Roosevelt birthday balls were given to it. Part of the money goes to the Warm Springs organization. Part is used for laboratory research — this is stressed — and the rest goes to the aid of indigent patients. In the latter case the funds raised in a community are used for patients living in it.

The foundation organization is not a large one. Dr. Hoke decided that it would be better to have fewer patients and give them better care. That policy still prevails although accommodations have been increased.

The President's visits are annual events. Informality is observed on both sides. The President drives his specially con-

trived automobile about the place and calls on his neighbors. At first he was subjected to petty annoyances. Certain church people in the surrounding countryside met him at the train and asked him for donations. They were discouraged by the residents. Now his privacy is respected.

Around Warm Springs you encounter activities mostly governmental and connected only indirectly with health. I drove into the Fernery Road, which extends from the mountain to President Roosevelt's farm. Native shrubbery and flowers on each side had been preserved and nurtured. In season wild violets of exceptional size cover the ground. Foresters take care of the native timber, but manage to keep everything in its wild state. There is no slicked-up appearance of a public park here.

I did not go to the President's farm. With other Georgia farmers he takes his chances with the hazards of weather and shares their ups and downs. It is doubtful if he is a howling success as an agriculturist; I was told privately that he is on the whole better adapted to his job in Washington. I took off in a southeasterly direction and drove about fifteen miles to the Pine Mountain Resettlement, an ambitious farm project of the Pine Mountain Valley Association. This was one of the first of the New Deal's agrarian experiments. The settlers were sharecroppers or ex-farmers marooned in the cities by hard times. The government sold them farms up to forty acres on easy terms, and built houses for them with city conveniences.

It impressed me at first sight as a glorified mill village, only it was more homelike. It lacked the bleak standardization and cramped appearance of the privately owned settlement, although its houses were standardized too. The difference was in the spaciousness of the farm homes in their setting of growing crops, with glimpses of cattle and poultry.

The early superintendents had their troubles with the yeomanry. The transplanted rustics were not used to plumbing and other conveniences. They stored cord wood and dirty clothes in their bathtubs, threw scraps in the toilets. There were malcontents too. When Tap Bennett, the present super-

intendent, took charge, he got rid of the radicals. He worked with the farmers; he had been one himself and knew their needs and limitations. He mapped out their work for them, showed them how to grade and market their products, how to buy their supplies co-operatively. When the first settlers came their children were in a deplorable state, suffering from the ailments of malnutrition. At a recent clinic they were all pronounced in fine condition.

I talked to a man who had left his farm during the early 1920's and gone to Atlanta. There he became a plumber's assistant.

"It was all right so long's the buildin' helt up," he told me. "Sometimes I'd make as much as ten dollars a day. But it seemed like I never did have no money. It all went for rent and sump'n t'eat. If I was sick or the weather was bad I never made nothin'. Then the big panic come on. There wasn't any mo' buildin'. I didn't have nobody to back me so's I could rent a farm like I used to. Then the gov'ment started this." He waved toward the development. "I got in on it and me'n' my fam'ly set up in a new house with a few acres.

"It was pretty tough at first, but we was all brought up on a farm and didn't expect to make much money. I don't make ten dollars a day — nothin' like it. I don't see much money. But I been here three years now. I got plenty o' chickens, a passle o' hogs, a sorghum patch, and a cow. My old lady and the girls have filled the house with canned goods, preserves, and dried fruit. We don't never go hungry now, which was mo'n I could say up in Atlanta."

These resettlement projects serve as proving grounds for the restoration of farm life. The worst land as well as the good is included in each allotment. The farmers are taught to control erosion and to plant a variation of crops in order to conserve the soil. They are also shown how to prepare their produce for market.

But the government is getting away from the resettlement idea as exemplified here. Its new plan is to finance farmers wherever they may happen to be and not herd them into com-

munities. Larger farms were found to be necessary, preferably a hundred acres or more. There the owner, in his native environment, works under the direction of the county and home demonstration agents.

After seeing the settlement I took the highway which goes through the Pine Mountain State Park, one of the park projects of the Rivers Little New Deal. This highway extends along the crest of one of the highest ridges in Georgia. On each side were cabins and signs of tourists. Everything is supplied to campers except food and ice, and the latter is available locally. The cabins are operated by private lessees.

Along the slopes off the highway were trails for hiking and riding, as well as picnic grounds equipped for cooking, lakes for boating, swimming, and fishing. Here you may for a small sum spend your vacation. You may rough it with city conveniences — running water, wood for the fireplace, linen for the beds. It is a beautiful development both wild and civilized.

I did not go as far as Columbus, but turned back north toward Atlanta. I was now in a steadily increasing altitude and when I drove into Atlanta I was 1,100 feet above sea-level. The next morning I looked north and west from my office window and saw the faint silhouette of the Blue Ridge Mountains barely a hundred miles away.

*Sherman's Post-War Tribute to Atlanta — How He
and Joe Johnston Fought It Out — What He Did to
Atlanta — Coventry without the Dive Bombers —
Nights and Days of Terror*

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GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN revisited Atlanta in civilian clothes not long after the War Between the States. A delegation of prominent Atlanta citizens called on him in his room at the Kimball House. Among them were Captain Evan P. Howell, owner of the *Constitution*, and his son Clark, then a boy in short pants. Young Howell had expected to see another Attila, a monster with horns and cloven hoofs emitting brimstone. He was disappointed in the wizened and mild-mannered, if still powerful old gentleman he really met. Sherman in his turn was surprised to find that the town he had all but wiped off the map had grown back to a population of nearly 30,000 and was still growing.

As a Confederate soldier Captain Howell was curious to know something about Sherman's effective strategy.

"General," he asked, "why did you select Atlanta as your military objective?"

The general raised a thin, bony, and not very steady hand, its fingers outstretched.

"Atlanta was like my hand," he explained. "The palm was the city or hub. The fingers were its spokes — in this case the

railroads. I knew that if I could destroy those railroads, the last link of the Confederacy would be broken."

Young Howell's boyish impression of Sherman as a devil was shared generally by Georgians of his time and for many years afterwards. Particularly was it held by those living in Atlanta during the siege and on the route of his march across the state. Clark Howell followed in his father's footsteps and became editor of the *Constitution*. Shortly before his death, many years later, he spoke at a luncheon in Atlanta and epitomized the frightfulness of the Yankee invader.

"Sherman was a name to conjure with," he said. "I was a babe in arms when he crossed the Chattahoochee River and began to encircle the city. To complicate matters I was laid low with a mild attack of infantile paralysis. When Sherman's big guns began to crack down on Atlanta I forgot my helplessness. I hopped out of my cradle and didn't stop running until I got to Savannah."

Some Southerners even among the survivors of Sherman's historic raid conceded later that the general was not without his good points. When he was not fighting he was a reasonable sort of fellow. He lacked the petty vindictiveness of the long-haired men and the short-haired women who as Abolitionists dominated the federal government's post-war policy. The beginning of the war found him the superintendent of the Louisiana State Seminary of Learning and Military Academy. In due course he would have retired peacefully and obscurely; doubtless he would have continued to live in the South; he had spent sixteen years of his youth there. As a young lieutenant he had been stationed at posts in the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida. He liked Southerners. Their easy-going realism, their disposition to let well enough alone, their devotion to the art of living pleased him. Their good manners and hospitality won him over.

He approved of slavery, in contrast to Lee, who was opposed to it. His sole concern with the war, outside of winning it, was the salvation of the Union. (Lee reluctantly put loyalty to his state above loyalty to the Union.) The business push of the

Yankees and their strange, accompanying sentimentality sometimes exasperated him. The uplifters bored and irritated him. It is doubtful if he ever read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Fanny Kemble, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the whole breed of Abolitionists, domestic and imported, got on his nerves.

He scored the uplifters profanely and vituperatively on more than one occasion. They riled him no end when they insisted on his enlisting slaves in the army and giving the refugee Negroes a haven. He protested again and again against this. His stand was applauded in Georgia. Southern propagandists had spread tales of Sherman and his black troops. As a matter of fact he had no black troops. Although they swarmed on him on his march from Atlanta, he discouraged them. He asked their preachers to urge them to go back home.

It was with no fanatical fervor of patriotism that he pulled up stakes and left his placid existence in the leisurely society of the Louisiana cotton- and rice-planters. It was all part of his job. For it he had already laid the groundwork of his preparation. As a young lieutenant in Georgia he had made good use of his time. While his fellow officers danced and played cards he studied the topography of the country and made maps of it. In this he acted instinctively, as all geniuses act. At that time he could have had no definite premonition of a civil war. When Grant in the spring of 1864 gave him the order to leave Tennessee and take Atlanta he felt no misgivings. He was entering no unknown country, as the Secretary of War feared, as Lincoln himself feared; he knew it like a book. He had maps showing the mountain ranges and passes, the streams and bridges, the denser forests and the valleys. He even remembered a plateau half-way up Kennesaw Mountain near Marietta which he had discovered in 1843 and made a careful note of. This he visualized would serve him well if he should be called on to attack forces on the mountain.

Plentifully supplied with telegraph operators, his army stripped of burdensome equipment and wagons, he began his push toward Atlanta. Joe Johnston, the Confederate commander, was waiting for him. He was already entrenched at

those passes through which he figured Sherman must march. But Sherman declined to be massacred. He avoided his enemy's traps, skirted round them, and began a series of flanking attacks which kept the Confederates guessing—and retreating. In this sort of warfare Sherman had the advantage although in hostile territory. His army numbered not less than 100,000, Johnston's not more than 60,000. In age his men were between eighteen and thirty. For the most part they were husky young Westerners, well fed and energetic. They were the sons of pioneers, with the pioneer's toughness. They had inherited immunity to hardship, exposure, and danger.

Johnston's force was too old and too young. Boys of sixteen fought beside middle-aged men either worn out in long campaigns or hurriedly brought up as last reserves. Many of his recruits came from the stay-at-homes in and around Atlanta. They made a pitiful procession as they stumbled toward the front, Sherman pressing closer and closer to them. Old men rode bareback on horses and mules; beside them boys of fifteen and sixteen trudged through the mud. Few were equipped; they expected to pick up guns as they went along. Men who had been disabled, convalescents on sick leave, and healthy youngsters in the shiny uniforms of Governor Brown's Home Guard hurried on in a disorderly column. The latter's days of security in Atlanta were over; now the Home Guard must smell powder.

Sherman had real respect for Joe Johnston. Both were West Pointers and professional soldiers, both fought according to the rules. They were like skillful card-players, and Joe Johnston was not the sort of player who trumps his partner's ace. He gave Sherman plenty of trouble with his tricky retreat and the exasperating delays he caused. This expert interference so riled Sherman that he decided to change his tactics. He made a frontal attack on Kennesaw Mountain. There he got his first setback. He never reached the plateau half-way up the mountain, but was driven back with heavy losses. After that he returned to his old flanking method.

To meet this flanking movement Johnston had contrived

throughout to keep his army within the narrow valleys of the hill country.<sup>1</sup> He held commanding elevations at each end of his line from which he directed his artillery fire.

Stephens Mitchell, the Atlanta historian, says that Sherman's strategy was a two-pronged attack. This, he told me, might have been a forerunner of the German pincer movement. The Yankee commander struck at first one end of Johnston's line and then the other. When Johnston withdrew his forces to meet the attack, Sherman's other prong would strike the weakened end and try to break through. With Sherman's superior force he could maintain heavy attacking power in both prongs. Johnston, with fewer men, must withdraw to hold his line.

After his repulse at Kennesaw, Sherman reorganized his army and resumed the two-prong attack. He drove Johnston to the Chattahoochee River. As Johnston crossed the stream, President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy relieved him of his command. He almost changed horses in midstream, with the proverbial disastrous result. At this point Mitchell brings out some points not stressed in histories of the Atlanta campaign, although they are of historical record. They involve the importance of Atlanta as the key industrial city of the Confederacy. As Sherman told Captain Howell, Atlanta was the hub of the wheel, and its spokes were the communication lines stretching to every quarter of the South.

"Atlanta and not Richmond," Mitchell told me, "was the real capital of the Confederacy. This not only because of its strategic location, but also because of its factories, which were all turned over to the production of war munitions. Atlanta provided the industries without which no army can survive."

"Lincoln must have recognized the importance of Atlanta. His best generals were sent to the Western area around Vicksburg, his less able ones were kept in the East. It was doubtless intended all along that Grant and Sherman, one or both, should advance on Atlanta. Jefferson Davis, a shrewd man, recognized the importance of Atlanta. Johnston held the modern military

<sup>1</sup> *Atlanta*, by General Jacob D. Cox of the Union Army (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 1882).

view that a city was desirable only for its pivotal value. He was indifferent to the fate of arsenals and factories. Davis was concerned about them. When Davis asked Johnston point-blank what he would do in an emergency, whether he would sacrifice the city or his army, Johnston replied promptly that he would sacrifice the city.

"When Davis ordered Johnston to take the offensive and save Atlanta, Johnston replied that his plan of operations must depend on what the enemy did, that he was watching for an opportunity to fight to the best advantage. Johnston had already telegraphed to the War Department suggesting that the federal prisoners be removed from Andersonville, one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Atlanta. Putting the two together, Davis thought that this meant Johnston would retreat. He ordered Johnston's demotion. Incidentally, no love was lost between the two."

As part of his historical work, Mitchell wrote an article for the Atlanta Historical Society on Atlanta's war industries.<sup>2</sup> In it he listed by name the various factories engaged in war work. Some were taken over and operated by the Confederate government. When the Western campaign shifted from Corinth to Chattanooga, Atlanta became the base for Bragg's army and the secondary base for the Army of Virginia.

Machinery and goods were brought to Atlanta through the federal blockade at Charleston and the materials were turned into finished products by the factories. These included a pistol factory, opened and operated by the government; the Novelty Iron Works, which supplied ordnance; the Confederate arsenal; the Empire Manufacturing Company, makers of railroad equipment; the Confederate Rolling Mill, whose output was cannon, rails, and armor plate (part of the latter going to the *Merrimac*, the first ironclad man of war); the Atlanta Machine Works, which was taken over by the government; a foundry and a tannery. One plant made the celebrated Joe Brown pikes with which the militia was armed. There were also a flour mill

<sup>2</sup> "Atlanta, the Industrial Heart of the Confederacy," *Atlanta Historical Society Bulletin* 3, May 1930.

and—modern army men may laugh—a plant devoted exclusively to the making of swords.

As a list of munition plants this may sound rudimentary compared with Detroit or Pittsburgh, or even with Atlanta today. But, considering the times and the finances of the Confederacy, Atlanta in 1864 would be comparable to the war-industries centers today.

General Hood, who replaced Johnston, ordered a frontal attack on Sherman to drive him back across the river. The attack was disastrous for Hood. Sherman pushed on and began to encircle the city. The Battles of Peachtree Creek and Atlanta became pages of history. Then Sherman gave his historic order: "Let's destroy Atlanta and make it desolation." Sometimes his bark was worse than his bite. In this case he tried to confine his desolation to railroad depots and arsenals. He brought the army's largest guns down from Chattanooga and opened a terrific bombardment on Atlanta's outer breastworks. Sometimes the gunners overshot their marks and shells fell inside the city. They were fired at five-minute intervals. At night, during the roar and blaze of battle, bands in both armies played and the soldiers sang.

Whether intentionally or not, Sherman's big guns dropped plenty of shells on civilian Atlanta. From the latter part of July until the first of September they showered explosives upon the city. Many of the people had left, but fully six thousand, or half of the population, stayed behind. They had no means of getting away, nowhere to go. During August Atlanta was Coventry—without the dive bombers. For long days and longer, sleepless nights, old men, women, and children huddled in cellars. Shells fell in yards and exploded and bits were blown into houses. Others crashed through roofs. Houses were splintered and set afire.

On September 1 word came that Atlanta would be evacuated by the Confederate Army that afternoon and the Federals would come in to take possession on the following morning. That night a tremendous explosion shook the earth. Its flames



could be seen twenty miles away. The terrorized inmates of the cellars thought that Sherman had started a bombardment of complete destruction. General Hood in evacuating the city had set fire to a trainload of munitions in the Georgia Railroad yards. He also put the torch to buildings, such as arsenals, that might be of service to the victorious enemy. These had caused the explosion and conflagration.

At dawn a sleepless population rushed outdoors to see what had happened. Smoke clouds filled the sky and darkened the city. Sparks shot up into the murk from spreading fires. Frenzied mobs milled along the streets pillaging the stores, trying to get all the supplies they could before the Yankees came in. Men, women, and children dragged out sacks of meal, salt, and boxes of tobacco, priceless articles worth their weight in Confederate money.<sup>3</sup>

At noon advance Federal units came in. They patrolled the streets and brought order out of bedlam. The cavalry and the infantry followed. The Yankees were in spick-and-span uniforms, a youthful, well-fed lot flushed with victory, their regimental colors flying and their bands playing. For most of the Atlantans it was their first sight of an enemy uniform. They were surprised; the Northerners were not such demons after all. On the whole they were well behaved. There was a feeling of relief. The worst was known. At least there would be no more shelling.

The invaders pitched in and fought the fires General Hood had started. They worked all night and finally got them under control. Then Sherman gave a theatrical benefit and raised eight thousand dollars for the homeless. Most of the houses that were burned had been abandoned by their owners. Now the soldiers stripped them of their weatherboarding and made campfires of it. Sherman ordered his men to destroy certain buildings, but not to burn them until he arrived.

The beleaguered people of Atlanta now learned what Sherman had done all around them. After he had disposed of Hood's counter-attack, he began his swift encircling movement of the

<sup>3</sup> From a Civil War diary.

city, starting at Decatur. He attacked the Confederates' last stand at Jonesboro, twenty miles to the south, and defeated Hardee's army, which opposed him there. Hardee and his men managed to escape on the night of September 2.

Meanwhile Sherman had sent word to Mayor Calhoun begging him to evacuate the civilian population — this for the sake of humanity. This request was denied. Evacuation at this stage, the Confederates maintained, would work a hardship on the population, most of whom had nowhere to go. Georgia newspapers, notably the *Macon Telegraph*, berated Sherman for his brutality in suggesting such a move.

The hapless citizens were relieved of shell fire, but they spent sleepless nights in fear of spreading blazes. Despair followed terror when they heard that Sherman had ordered the civilians to get out. Only those engaged in business could remain. November 12 was set as the last day on which the people could leave the city by train. Sherman assisted in the evacuation of the rest. He bundled them into army wagons and took them to a settlement ironically called Rough and Ready inside the Confederate lines. There he dumped them and left them to shift for themselves with the aid of what Confederate organization remained.

Then the nights of terror were resumed. Enemy soldiers went from house to house applying the torch. Soon most of Atlanta was reduced to a patch of scorched red clay. On the night of November 16 the army left for its march through Georgia. A day or two later hordes of riffraff from the country, including deserters, escaped criminals, and malcontents from the hills, poured into the city and began to loot it. Once it was rumored that the Confederates would come back to Atlanta and reclaim it. This terrorized the Negro population. For them it meant a return to slavery.

The Confederates did return and take possession of the city. But they were now powerless; their task was rebuilding, not fighting. They worked well, for early in January 1865 the post office and express agency were reopened and business was resumed. The refugees began to drift back.

*More about Sherman's Blitzkrieg, with Accent on His March through Georgia—How He Raided the Smokehouses and Cribs—Wheeler's Cavalry and the Destructive "Bummers"*



SHERMAN'S STAY in Atlanta was prolonged until well into autumn. This for several reasons. One was to give his men a rest; another was to mop up the remaining Confederate detachments around the city; and the third was to take fullest advantage of the harvest season out in the state. As his army must live on the country, it would fare better after Georgia's smokehouses and cribs had been filled.

So he cut the wires to Washington and began his historic march through Georgia. His army advanced in two columns through what is now Decatur Street. One feinted toward Macon, the other moved on straight toward Milledgeville, the two never far apart. They marched along the right of way of the Georgia Railroad. Here Sherman indulged in one of his raiding obsessions. As he marched he ripped up rails and twisted them around telegraph poles.

As native Georgians looked on helplessly, they felt their first great disillusion. Hundreds of slaves whom they had thought loyal deserted their masters to join the caravan. The Yankees were hugged by field hands, house servants, mammies black and yellow. They clung to Sherman's stirrups. They sang as

they marched with the soldiers and about the campfires at night. The officers made concubines of the comeliest slave girls and let them ride in their baggage wagons.

The soldiers were hilarious. Most were young; few had been so far away from home before. Ahead of them lay a new country through which they could move leisurely, without fear. They were scheduled to make fifteen miles a day. Actually they made only ten. This was to give them time to forage. Details were formed and these left their brigades to march on farmhouses and their helpless inmates. The details were given the routes they should take. Their duty was to rob the farmers, put their plunder in wagons, and rejoin their comrades at designated points. They were told to take whatever was needed for the army, but were forbidden to enter dwellings. One order struck a sentimental note. The raiders must discriminate between the hostile rich and the friendly poor and industrious.

That these orders were little more than formalities was attested to soon after the raiders began operations. When they got to a farmhouse they stationed pickets around it so that they would not be disturbed in their operations. There were few to oppose them. Only old men and women and children had been left at home.

Sherman had picked autumn as the time of his raid, for then the crops would have been harvested and the hogs slaughtered and reduced to hams. The supply of food seems to have been ample. The raiders each day managed to fill their wagons by noon. What they couldn't eat they threw out and left to rot on the ground. With a whole afternoon before them, the marauders took many articles from householders that the army could not use. They even brought back Negro wenches rigged up in the finery of their mistresses. They went on treasure hunts and dug up buried silver, money, and other valuables hidden by the Georgians.

Late in the day, when the marauders rejoined their commands, they staged fancy-dress celebrations. An Illinois boy would rig himself out in Revolutionary trappings he had taken from a Georgian's ancestral store — a hat and sword and a pow-

dered wig. A farmer from Indiana would strut in an old beaver and spike-tail coat of ancient mode. Another Westerner dressed himself in the low-necked gown of a neighboring belle, her beads strung around his sun-blistered neck. Wagons proving insufficient for all the booty, the raiders stole all kinds of vehicles from the farmers, hitched stolen cows, goats, horses, and mules to them, and hauled their booty back to the army.

Pranks were played by the Yankees, such as dousing a slave maid in a barrel of syrup. They added insult to injury by making a joke of their pillage before the helpless owners, particularly the irate women. The situation got out of hand. Even Sherman was shocked. He ordered that only four men besides himself should have the power to destroy buildings. Death was the penalty for arson. Guards were stationed in dwellings along the line of march.

Away from the main army arson and looting were common, according to General Howard, a Union commander.<sup>1</sup> Other Federal officers denounced the conduct of the looters as cruel. A favorite amusement of some of them was to drag feather beds outdoors, rip them open, and make confetti of their contents. They smashed pianos. Some of the marauders were liberated convicts and deserters who posed as members of Wheeler's cavalry and raided the countryside even more effectively than did the Yankees. Incidentally they gave a bad name to Wheeler's cavalry.

Sherman's soldiers, however, did most of the devilment. They told about it in letters and diaries. At Milledgeville, the state capital, the boys enjoyed their greatest larks. They raided the Confederate treasury and heated their coffee with fires made from Confederate currency. They even staged a mock session of the Georgia legislature and voted Georgia back into the Union.

One day as Sherman drew near, according to a Georgia legend, Mrs. Brown, wife of Georgia's war Governor, looked from

<sup>1</sup> This account of Sherman's march through Georgia is based partly on the account given in *Sherman, Fighting Prophet*, by Lloyd Lewis (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company; 1932).



*Photo by Reeves Studios, Atlanta*

Living-room at the Little White House, showing the President's ship model above the mantel. Designed by Henry J. Toombs of Atlanta, architect for the Warm Springs Foundation.



*Photo by Reeves Studios, Atlanta*

Medical Building at Warm Springs. Designed by Henry J. Toombs of Atlanta, architect for the Warm Springs Foundation.



Federal troops encamped in Atlanta in 1864

her window and saw a wagon in the street. It was loaded with Confederate records and was about to take them to a safe place. Mrs. Brown hurried out to it.

"Boys," she cried, "hold that wagon a minute. Go to my garden and gather all my collards and put them in there. We've got to have something to eat."

The Yankees came in and got both the collards and the records.

I have heard old-timers tell about Sherman's march through Georgia, and their accounts bear out the testimony contained in the Yankees' letters and diaries. They told me how the enemy soldiers thrust their bayonets into lawns looking for buried silver. They admitted that Sherman stationed guards at farmhouses, but generally the guards were either powerless to protect the premises, indifferent, or in sympathy with the raiders.

Some of the enemy officers were considerate, but even they were powerless to stop the pillage. Others were polite but firm. They were sorry, they told the householders, but they had orders. There was nothing they could do about it.

Georgians insisted that their slaves were loyal. They not only buried the family treasure but obstinately refused to tell the Yankees where it was hidden. The invaders had a different story. They said they were often guided to the treasure by the slaves. Both versions were probably correct. There were loyal and disloyal slaves.

Mrs. Thomas Burge, a widow, lived on a large plantation near Covington, forty miles east of Atlanta on the direct line of Sherman's march. As Dolly Sumner Lunt, a native of Maine and a relative of Charles Sumner, the noted Abolitionist, she came to Georgia before the war to visit a married sister. Later she taught school at Covington and there met her future husband, a planter living in the neighborhood. He took his bride to his plantation.

All during the summer of 1864 refugees passed her place, refugees and army adventurers, including men who posed as Wheeler's cavalymen. Finally she heard that Sherman's real



army was on its way. She hid everything she could, but not in time. She kept a diary in which she described the acts of the soldiers.<sup>2</sup>

She looked out of her window one morning and saw her yard filled with Yankee soldiers. A thousand pounds of meat in her smokehouse, all her lard, flour, and other provisions were gone in a flash. The raiders shot her pigs, hens, and turkeys. They took her old driving horse and a mule. They even went into a slave cabin and took its contents. She brought all her servants into the house, afraid any minute that it would be burned.

Sherman's army marched in front of her house. Its overflow rode through her premises and tore down fences, all this, Mrs. Burge said, brutally and wantonly.

For some time before Sherman's raid Wheeler's cavalry, a Confederate outfit, had made itself a scourge in the Georgia countryside. As such it was dreaded by the civilian population as much as the Yankees. Governor Brown and General Beauregard, the Confederate officer, denounced its depredations. Before Sherman came along, the fire-eating Bob Toombs wrote to Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, that he hoped to God Wheeler would never get back to Georgia. His band consumed more than the whole army.

In justice to General Wheeler, who personally was gentle and gentlemanly — too much so for discipline — it must be said that not all the devilment was done by his men. As Major Hitchcock noted, and as Mrs. Burge also reported, outlaws posing as Wheeler's cavalymen imposed on the natives and plundered them in the name of patriotism.

Sometimes a legendary incident is more significant of an event than a documented fact. The late Reverend M. L. Underwood, a Methodist minister of Atlanta, was a boy of fifteen living at Lithonia, twenty miles east of Atlanta, when Sherman began his march. He told this incident to demonstrate the dread Georgians had of Wheeler's cavalry:

At the height of Sherman's invasion a campmeeting was go-

<sup>2</sup> *A Woman's Wartime Journal* (New York: The Century Company; 1918. Reprinted by the J. W. Burke Company, Macon, Ga.).

ing on full blast near Madison, its fervor undampened by the approach of the Yankees. During the preacher's exhortation an old lady jumped up and strode up and down the aisle. She was powerfully moved.

"Praise the Lord," she cried in a quavering voice, "up yonder there'll be no more suffering."

The pastor paused to comfort her. "Yea, Lord, and no more disappointments, Sister," he soothed her.

"And no more illness," she exulted.

"And no more racking pains and misery. No more wars and rumors of war."

"Yea, Brother," the old girl shouted, clapping her hands; "yea, praised be God, for up thar there'll be no more Wheeler's cavalry."

Lithonia had about fifty houses and a population of about two hundred when Mr. Underwood lived there. Too young to join the army, he looked on impotently, wishing he were just a year older, as Sherman's army marched through the town. He watched the "bummers" ransack it for food and valuables, take the livestock, shoot chickens in the hen-houses. He saw them burn the railroad depot, tear up the tracks, and destroy bridges. Only one dwelling in Lithonia was burned.

"That," Mr. Underwood said, "was my uncle's house. It faced the railroad and was set afire by sparks from the burning depot. The 'bummers' ransacked our house as they did the others. They walked through it looking for food and money. We hid some money in the garden, but they found it and laughed at us. They even stopped the cook when she was bringing in food from the kitchen and took it from her. They entered the smokehouse and took the meat. My mother pleaded with one rough fellow to leave her part of a ham. He grudgingly consented but watched closely while she cut it in two.

"'Hold on there, Sister,' he ordered, 'you're cutting off all the lean for yourself. Just for that I'll take the whole ham.' He snatched it from her.

"They stationed a guard in our house for our protection. But he slept most of the time and wasn't much help. Why, even

the animals were afraid of the Yankees. We had a cow which ran away whenever the 'bummers' came, hid in the swamp until they left, and then came back quietly to her stall."

He could not account for the cow's fear. I have a suspicion that a Yankee once forcibly milked her. Milking by an outsider, from a bovine standpoint, was the next thing to being outraged.

*Atlanta, Its Rapid Growth and Its Real-Estate Booms,  
and Jack Smith, Who Never Wore a Necktie—"Dutch"  
and the Florida Land Bubble—Charlie Tittle's Reward*

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THAT ATLANTA SHOULD have resumed business barely a month after Sherman had all but destroyed it is typical of its vigor and recuperative energy. Rural Georgia was prostrated by the blow the Yankees had dealt it, but, if anything, Atlanta profited by it. Its extensive rebuilding operations drew the adventurous from the smaller towns and the farms. They became lumbermen, contractors and developers, merchants and bankers; or they worked as carpenters, brick masons, and common laborers. This might be said to be the beginning of the movement from the farms to the cities which in the long run was so injurious to the state.

Many Yankees settled in Atlanta and the backwash of the war clung to it. It became a wide-open town. Gambling houses were operated openly, saloons were on every corner. Murders were weekly occurrences. Old-timers today can tell you about Mahogany Hall and its wild orgies, and the other red-light-district joints. More than one Atlanta fortune was based on women, cards, and convict labor.

For a time the city doubled in population every ten years. Real estate was its main activity. Speculation was rife in busi-

ness and semi-business property on the one hand, and in suburban lots made accessible by new trolley lines on the other. This sort of speculation always forecasts a panic, and Atlanta had its share of panics. First after the war was the panic of 1873; this was followed by the collapses of 1893, of 1907 and 1914, and then of 1929. During the earlier depressions the city's migrant population fled back to the farms, leaving it partially depopulated. Later, after the farms played out, the migrants stayed and went on relief.

Atlanta's last spectacular real-estate boom started in the early 1900's and lasted with occasional lapses until the outbreak of the first World War. Transportation again figured in land development. First it was the railroads, then the building of trolley lines. Now it was the automobile. Motor agencies were set up in the close-in business districts. Old homes on Peachtree Street with iron deer and fountains were razed to make way for business buildings. Values jumped overnight.

The land speculators of that period had but little scientific knowledge of real estate or of anything else. For the most part they were crude gamblers, or old misers gratifying their land lust. There were some crusted characters then and none were more crusted than Jack Smith, the man who built the House that Jack Built and the Bachelors' Domain.

Smith was as blistery, ruddy, and burly as a New York hansom-cab driver. His neck was a checkerboard of wrinkles sprinkled with large yellow freckles. His skin was red from indulgence in his favorite beverage, cow and corn, a mixture of corn whisky and milk. He wore a Prince Albert coat and tall beaver at all hours and carried an ornate cane, but he never sported a necktie. This eccentricity was his mark of distinction, the obsession by which he wished to be remembered. He had his tomb designed in advance and set up in the cemetery. A statue of his bulky figure in beaver, frock coat, and cane, but minus a necktie, surmounted it.¹

¹ Some of the real-estate incidents related here, including those of the Florida boom, were taken, with slight changes, from an article I wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post*.

He built the Bachelors' Domain as a hotel for himself and other homeless bachelors. Each room bore the name of a state or territory. When the building was completed Smith moved into the Indian Territory. Later, as he waxed affluent, he moved across the hall into the commonwealth of Virginia.

Smith for all his eccentricity was shrewd at bottom. He foresaw the collapse of the boom, leased his properties for long terms, and retired on an assured income.

Then came the first World War and everything collapsed. The specious values set up by the automobile were not sustained. The motor car created a parking problem and made the close-in property less desirable. Business broke up and scattered into community centers. Real-estate men developed a new technique.

The old boom days were over. There was some post-war activity in business buildings and residences, and a splurge in construction financed by a new form of real-estate bonds. But there was no more speculation in vacant property, as in the old days. Then came the Florida boom several hundred miles south of Atlanta, with its disastrous effect on more states than Georgia, although Georgia bore the brunt.

The Florida boom came on stealthily. It was not until 1924 that its full strength, its opulence and glamour, began to be felt. Atlanta real-estate men, having nothing else to do, sat in their offices, counted the automobile license plates from other states that went by, and cursed loudly. Every state in the Union as well as Canada was represented in the steady caravan. Some of the plates were borne by big fast cars with chauffeurs, others by model T's and the various makes in between. The small cars carried whole families with their household goods and pets thrown in. In the others were tourists and hard, alert promoters and salesmen who made a business of following booms and were now speeding toward a new frontier. But most of them were assorted; they were school-teachers, preachers, soda-jerkers, confidence men, race-track followers, fortune-tellers, hotel clerks, adventurers and adventuresses, restaurant-keepers,

cooks and maids. For most it was their first real adventure, their initial pilgrimage to a promised land.

Atlanta's real-estate men were in despair. Who would buy Atlanta real estate now? Who was left to buy it? It was the war all over again. At that time the young men left, but only the young men. Now middle-aged and old men were leaving too. Not only men, but old and young women were going. Employment was a problem, even worse than in World War days. Business offices found it hard to man their operations. Servants were at a premium, common labor was non-existent. Savings accounts were withdrawn from banks. Merchants lost their best customers. Boycotts were threatened; solemn meetings of protest were held by business men at the Capital City Club, but got nowhere. Employers warned their employees: "If you go to Florida we'll never take you back." The employees only laughed.

I knew a merchant I shall call Billings. He owned several stores and enjoyed a large income. His tastes were simple; he was little known outside of his church and fraternal-order circles. He was no clubman, no man about town. He sat at home nights and read the paper. On Sundays he taught a Bible class. He was a teetotaler and a monogamist. Left alone, he would have died and been buried with Masonic honors and forgotten the day after his funeral.

But at the height of the Florida boom he sold everything he had, business, property, and home, and moved lock, stock, and barrel to Miami. His first impression of Miami recalled the setting of the original Chicago World's Fair, which as a lad he had seen in 1893, a gleaming new city of white and varicolored buildings set down on the edges of shining blue lagoons. In January the sun was shining and the air was as warm as milk, not enervating but relaxing. Miami had a warmth in its glamour missing in its glittering Northern rivals. Although to Billings the city was strange and exotic in its Spanish architecture, although with its heavy traffic and its smart shops and great crowds it seemed money-mad and opulent, there was also a touch of homely informality about it. Billings could see, al-

though he hardly noticed her, a motherly old lady fishing from a causeway.

All this Billings saw from the plaza in front of his hotel. He looked out into Biscayne Bay with its graceful causeways and green islands, its hordes of vessels mainly laden with building materials, its yachts and launches and fishing boats. Barely three hundred yards from him marine dredges were pumping up sand from the ocean's bed upon a marsh, gradually whitening it. Billings had heard about these man-made islands off the Florida coast. It never struck him as absurd that subdivisionists should go out into the ocean to manufacture building sites. There were hundreds of islands already created along the Florida coastline, to say nothing of thousands of acres of undeveloped land on the mainland. These should have supplied enough lots for twenty million people. As Billings looked closer, he saw handsome Italian and Spanish villas on other synthetic islands, as well as apartment hotels and pavilions. This American Venice was connected to the mainland by new causeways.

Billings was now doubly sold on Florida. He had two hundred thousand dollars in a Miami bank. He soon checked it out and invested it. In due course he had his first taste of champagne. Then he began to wonder how a fellow went about it to shelve an old wife.

Known to hundreds of small business and professional men who frequented Atlanta soda fountains for their morning dopes was one Dutch, a soda-jerker. Dutch had a rough-and-tumble wit and knew without asking whether you wanted lime or cherry in your drink, or ice, or took it plain. No one knew Dutch's real name or cared, except a few real-estate men who sold him lots. Dutch built and sold houses on the side and was successful in a small way. Then one day he joined the Florida caravan, a certified check for ten thousand dollars in his pocket and unbounded hope in his heart. For at least a week after his departure his customers inquired about him.

“Oh, so he's in Florida too — he would be,” they sighed.

A year later Dutch came back on a visit, transformed from a Georgia cracker into a Florida plunger. Hatless, coatless, and sunburned, wearing flamboyant plus-fours and golf stockings, he breezed through the Atlanta real-estate offices. He flashed two ornate diamond rings on each hand, and sported two watches, one on his wrist, the other on a chain, each glittering with diamonds. He exuded airy patronage and lavished it on all who could not help listening to him. His audience was composed of awed, envious, and colorless real-estate men, timid stay-at-homes.

"Now, boys," he said, "tell me what's happened since I been away. How's Coca-Cola and the dear ole skyline? How's Tom Pitts's corner that ole Wash Collier traded out o' the Injuns for a plug o' tobacker and a bellowsed mule? And kep' it for a century and turned down a million in cold cash for it." Dutch let out a great guffaw. "I used to believe that bull too. And I used to think that a thousand dollars was a lot of money. Listen."

A tepid smile flitted over the faces of Dutch's listeners.

"But," he injected sentimentally, "it feels good to be back in the ole town. I'll always have a kindly feeling for dear ole Atlanta. After all, she's my home. Best friends live here — or did till they moved to Florida. I love the ole associations and all that stuff — Peachtree and the famous climate (boy, it's hot as hell here today), and Five Points and all them hot spots —" he waved his hand. "Some day I may come back here to live. When I get ole and don't have nowhere else to go, I may come back here and settle down."

"Dutch, how do you like Florida?" a timid listener managed to ask.

"Oh, Florida!" Now Dutch wound up for a rhapsody. "Listen, boys, Florida's great. It'll be the greatest state in the whole Union if you fellows in Atlanta can hold out jes' a little longer." He laughed again.

Then, reminiscently: "When I pitched out for the promised land I'd sorter set my sights on makin' fifty thousand dollars and retirin'. I was a hick, as the fella says; fifty thousand dollars was a gov'ment mint to me. But, boy, I hadn't mo'n landed

in Miami befo' I'd raised my sights considerable. Fifty thousand dollars seemed like chicken feed; five hundred thousand wouldn't cover what I seen, green as I was. Then I kep' on raisin' my sights. A million, two million, five million don't seem out o' line to yo' Uncle Dutch now. Boy, you ain't seen any real money — you fellows been messin' with chicken feed. Wait till you go to Florida. Wait till you been there jes' a week. Listen.”

Dutch then went on to lecture his victims. As real-estate men, he told them, they were pikers and amateurs. He told them about his own development — I will call it Vista Isles — and how its sales force landed the suckers. He didn't say whether he owned this development or was merely a salesman.

“Down in Florida,” he explained, “we've done sold all the land that God made, so we go out in the ocean and make new lots. We pump up islands from the sea, build houses on 'em, and sell 'em. We've done sold one island. We're pumpin' up another one, buildin' a fifteen-mile sea-wall around it, makin' paradise out a mango swamp.

“We got five hundred crack salesmen and branch offices in every tourist center, as well as some free bus transportation. Coral Gables brings 'em down from Chicago and New York and puts 'em up at the hotel when they arrive. We don't go quite that far, but we will later.

“Our salesmen are high-pressure, slick articles. They scatter around to the hotels and meet the tourists. They show 'em the sights. Ride 'em out to the race-tracks, to Coral Gables, Coconut Grove. They show 'em the house where William Jennings Bryan lived, and let 'em see the crowds in Miami lined up befo' restaurants waitin' to get a sandwich at a dollar a throw. Then the salesmen pull out tickets careless like and invite their prospects over to Vista Isles to lunch at our hotel. Nothin' is said about buyin' a lot. The salesmen keep the stubs on the tickets and turn 'em over to the sales manager.

“Free buses take the prospects over to lunch. Every chair in the dining-room has a number. The sales manager has a diagram showin' where each prospect sits, what his name is,

and other things about him. After they've et their fill our orator gets up and gives 'em a line on the climate and the scenery. He's a ace word-painter and we pay him good money. He don't say anything about lots — no suh. His business is to pep 'em up on the quiet, sort o' prepare 'em for the high-pressure stuff. When he finishes, those frost-bitten farmers from Nebraska and Montana are rarin' to go.

"Then the sales manager sicks his hounds on 'em. The salesmen go into the dinin'-room and mix around quietly with the prospects. Each has one picked out. He goes up to the fella and says: 'Say, Mr. Rogers, how's dear ole Spokane and that uncle o' yours?' He don't say nothin' about lots; the prospect thinks this is jes' another tourist. They chin along and then the salesman says: 'How about me'n' you takin' a squint at the island?' 'Sure,' says the fella. The salesman takes him around in a fine car and points out everything — shows him the yacht landin's and the scenery and the swimmin' pool and the tennis courts — everything. Then he steps up befo' a lot and puts pressure on the son of a bitch. And mos' generally gets his name on the dotted line.

"We figger that every busload o' tourists gives up a hundred thousand dollars in lot sales. You should see those bastards when they leave the island with their contracts. You should have saw the smile on the face of the old-maid school-teacher from Kansas I sold. She'd saved up five thousand dollars and put it all up as a down payment on a fifteen-thousand-dollar lot. You'd 'a' thought the way she smiled and switched her head that I'd ast her to marry me."

"Surely you didn't take the poor woman's money, did you?" someone protested.

"Po' woman hell! That's all you know about Florida. I say po' woman. A week later, by God, I offered her forty thousand damn dollars for her lot. She'd 'a' took it too, only our sales manager talked her out of it. 'Hold on to yo' lot,' he says. 'You'll get a hundred thousand for it.'

"But you boys haven't seen anything till you see one of our openin' sales. The sale's advertised in the newspapers and the

ad is built up with publicity. We hear that some visitin' bigwig has bought a lot. It don't have to be our lot, either, jes' so it's somewhere in our neighborhood. We send one of our men to the bigwig and offer him five thousand dollars' profit and actually buy the lot. The sale and the quick turn come out in the papers. When we've worked everybody up, we give out the date of the opening sale. The last one we had was befo' the island was finished. Believe it or not, the customers stood in line befo' our sales office for forty-eight hours and had their meals brought to them. I got photographs to prove it. They were rarin' to go, afraid the lots'd be sold befo' they could get a whack at 'em."

Dutch relaxed a bit, lit a big cigar with a band around it, and became lyrical in another key.

"But it's not all work and no play in Florida," he went on. "After a hard day on the island we boys meet in Miami and charter a boat. We fill her up with girls and champagne and in the cool o' the evenin' we sail the ocean blue in the moonlight. Boy, can you beat it? I'll say you can't."

In the spring and summer of 1925 the Florida boom reached its dizziest height, although trading continued until the final collapse in 1926. Property in Miami changed hands so fast that it was never delivered to the buyers. You bought contracts of sale — binders they were called — and you sold your binder to the next eager buyer, and he to the next and so on. The title companies were swamped. The real-estate agencies kept open house, with band concerts and teas, and stayed open all night. The speculators, agents, and the common run of tourists swarmed on the race-tracks and in the night clubs. The bars were down; prohibition was the forgotten law.

During the late summer a syndicate of New York highbinders came to Miami Beach. They had a technique of their own. They bought binders on all the lots they could on the beach and shot the prices sky-high. Their profits were from ten to twenty thousand dollars on each parcel. The pace was too wild even for Miami. Somebody had to call a halt. Carl Fisher, a local developer, was especially indignant. He went into the market and sold it short — cut the prices of the binder boys, as

the members of the syndicate were now known. The bubble was already blown up to the bursting point. It needed only a pin-prick. Fisher supplied it. Overnight the binder boys left town.

Thereafter the Atlanta exiles drifted back home. Some, like poor Billings, came feet-foremost, bullets in their brains. Dutch came back a year later. I encountered him one day on the street. Now he was fully clothed in the dark and sober, if unpressed, garments of an inland Georgia town. He confessed that he was selling coal on a commission basis.

"Jes' a little sideline I picked up," he explained.

"Oh, then you're back for good?"

"Who, me? Hell, no. Naw, I'm goin' back to Florida. It'll come back — you see if it don't. Jes' a little setback. It's the greatest state in the Union."

He waved his hand and hurried away.

During all the sordid years after Sherman's blitzkrieg, real estate was not the sole occupation of Atlanta's business men. Industrial corporations of various kinds invaded Georgia. They were nearly all absentee-owned. They bought the state's natural resources for a song and sent its products north to be processed by Yankee labor. This practice, plus a discriminatory tariff and freight rates which favored the Northern and penalized the Southern shipper, kept Georgia's commerce in a state of bondage.

True, the invaders paid taxes and provided employment, but not in proportion to the amount of money they took from the state. They were highhanded. They controlled state, county and city governments, selected their own officials, judges, and politicians, even juries. Labor unions were unthought of. If one did show its head, its members felt the iron hand of the masters.

Public resentment smoldered and occasionally flared up. Later on, Ivy Lee, the son of an Atlanta Methodist minister, went to New York and made good as a journalist. He gave up this occupation to become a press agent, or public relations

counselor as a glorified press agent is now known. He showed John D. Rockefeller how to curry favor with the masses. He found other wealthy clients. He came south and persuaded corporations to fall in line and forget their public-be-damned attitude. One of his clients was the Georgia Power Company, which certainly was not loved by the proletariat. This corporation not only provides current for Atlanta, but also owns its transportation system.

Lee persuaded the power company to issue with its other circulars a miniature newspaper, a pamphlet which is put in racks above the seats in the company's trolley cars. Known as *Two Bells*, this little sheet is frankly propaganda. It tells you how much cheaper and safer it is to ride in street cars than in automobiles; how much the company pays in taxes; how difficult it is to get new financing when the lawmakers and TVA are so unsympathetic; how blessed are the people in the community whose current costs them so little. There is no bitterness or recrimination in this publication, no public-be-damned atmosphere. The company is downtrodden in a way, but it is also optimistic. Treat it fairly, be reasonable with it, give it a chance to live — that is all it asks.

Nor is the editorial content all didactic. Human interest leavens it. Passengers write in to praise motormen who are kind to old ladies and to boys darting in front of them on bicycles. Now and then you are treated to a symposium. Shall or shall not the passengers smoke in cars? There are poetry contests, the bards glorifying travel by trolley in preference to gasoline. There is a column of jokes, a theater guide, and free publicity for community-chest drives and Lions Club campaigns. *Vox populi* is represented too. I have never read a letter to the company that criticized it. The impression I get is that it is one hundred per cent popular with its customers.

I had almost forgotten the Who's Who department. Herein appear sketches with "cuts" of motormen who have made fine no-accident records. One of these attracted my eye. The subject I shall call Charlie Tittle. He had served the company for forty years without an accident, and had been given a gold medal in

recognition of his long service and his brilliant record. His picture showed features that were heavy, dull, and unrevealing. You felt, looking at it, that Charlie Tittle would never set the woods afire. You realized that he is beyond the aid of psychiatry and psychology, beyond the magic even of Dr. Dale Carnegie.

Charlie Tittle is one of those rare Southerners who is not an aristocrat. He is descended from a long line of sharecroppers and is proud of it. He is one of myriads who left the farms because erosion, the low price of cotton, and sowbelly were too much for them. He sought and found his economic level in the big city.

My first impression of Charlie Tittle, seeing his picture in print, was of the pitiable irony of his life. Think of a man wasting the daylight hours of the best part of his existence squirming through city traffic during the rush hours, going home with aching feet and raw nerves to a cold, clammy supper. Think of the desolate waste of those years! Think of the delicious irony of the ceremony during which the medal is pinned on his breast. I could see the solemn company official leaving his bridge foursome at the club and going back to the office to bestow the award — a bit of gold with fancy lettering, the symbol of four decades of grueling toil. I could hear the official's sonorous voice and see the embarrassment of the recipient. Little did Charlie Tittle suspect when he turned his back on the old farm that he would win a medal.

I tried to step into Charlie Tittle's shoes and live his life as an ace motorman. And when I found myself there, my feeling of pitying scorn gave way to one almost of fascination. Charlie in his hardest fight against tangled traffic was never more excited and keyed up than I in following his daily routine. This would begin on his departure early in the morning for the car barn. Until then he had had no accident. Would he be as lucky today? There was a gambler's zest in the thought. That night he would return home tired but exultant.

"Well, here I am, Ma," he would greet his old lady. "Back again and nary an accident. Thought oncet I couldn't make it. Traffic was terrible — I never seen the like. I been with the

comp'ny forty year last Tuesday, but I never see such traffic as there was today. Coming up Peachtree I turned into Ponce de Leon — it's a bad corner there — and come near as peas bumpin' off a truck. Then a block on, at Ponce de Leon and Juniper, an old lady started to cross the street; then she stopped in the track, started to walk on, changed her mind and stepped back, till finally I had to stop my car, get out, and help her acrost the street.

"When I got to the corner of Ponce de Leon and Seminole, the corner nearest the filling station — it's a Gulf station there — a fella in his automobile cuts the corner and scrapes my headlight. Then a man helt me up at Briarcliff and Ponce de Leon with a ten-dollar bill I had to make change for, and a woman that went past her stop wanted me to turn round and take her back and I had to argue with her. I was five minutes behind my schedule. Only thing that saved me was the long block on the By Way between Briarcliff and Springdale, and luck was with me between the By Way and North Decatur — I never had any stops there. When I got to Emory acrost from the Standard station I had done made up my time and had twenty-three seconds to spare."

So he would rattle on, talking his subject to death as a dull man will. His wife, who had heard something like this every night for the past forty years and was bored to the core, wouldn't bat an eye.

"Come on and eat," she'd say. "I know you must be tired and hongry."

Charlie Tittle is a man who thinks chronologically and never anticipates a climax. Still absorbed in his traffic adventures, he would be midway through his supper before remembering that only a few hours earlier he had been, as *Two Bells* announced later, signally honored. He dug hurriedly into his pocket and brought out a small black case.

"Here, Ma," he'd cry, "come here quick. I want to show you something. Look at what the company give me today. Look at it, will you? The big boss was there in person and pinned it on me."

“ ‘Tittle,’ he said, ‘it’s men like you that have made the company what it is today.’ ”

Charlie would hold up the medal to the light; his wife wipe her hands on her apron, take the medal gingerly, and examine it carefully.

“ I guess it’s solid gold, ain’t it? It certainly is real pretty. It certainly is. But it ain’t any mo’n you deserve. Yeah, it’s a beauty. All the same, I wisht they’d ’a’ given you the money instead.”

There is only one cloud on Charlie’s horizon: retirement. Then he must join the dull company of those who have outlived their usefulness. Bored at home, he will then loaf at the car barn, or go uptown to watch a building excavation, sit in a stuffy poolroom, or listen to the criminal trials at the courthouse. I hope he will die before then. Death being inevitable and not far away, I hope Charlie Tittle will die literally in his tracks.

*Atlanta Capitalizes on Its Wartime Reputation as a Key
City — Its High Ranking in Industry and Letters, Its Two
Noted Authors and Their Novels and Dramas*

ATTLANTA TO THIS DAY has kept and capitalized on its wartime reputation as a strategic city of its part of the South. It is the third aviation center of America, the third telegraph center, the largest railroad terminus in the South. It is fourth in insurance and is the leading mule market of the world. Memphis and St. Louis may dispute the mule claim, but pay no attention to them — they are jealous. Important communications and headquarters point as it is, it has attracted undesirable as well as worth-while enterprises. For years it was a loan-shark rendezvous, headquarters for the illicit sale of narcotics, and a vast corn-liquor depot.

“Atlanta,” they say down in Savannah, “has the nerve of a government mule. If it could suck as hard as it can blow, it could bring the ocean to it and become a seaport.” But seaports are losing their old-time glamour of commerce. The automobile and the airplane, also the railroads, are Atlanta’s meat. The notion prevails in Atlanta — the local go-getters give currency to the myth — that it is more an Eastern and a Western, preferably Western, than a Southern city. Yankee visitors are not deceived. They note the smaller stature of the people and

their slower gait and compare them with their own more robust fellows. They smile when they hear a drawl and a slurring of vowels that are Southern, and expressions and idioms that originated on Georgia plains and in Georgia mountains. Atlanta is as much a Georgia product as Savannah and Darien, only it is more rustic and pious and it has not removed all the cockleburs from its hair. For all its bustling ways, it is still unsophisticated and somewhat naïve. Its inhabitants in the main are the adventurous immigrants from the farms and small towns of the countryside. There are colonies of Easterners and Westerners too, but native Georgians predominate. There are but few foreigners, probably not over one per cent. Negroes make up one third of the population.

Although battles were fought on every hilltop and across every stream around the town, there is comparatively little to commemorate the fighting. Tourists write to the newspapers and complain of the dearth of information about the famous spots they had read about in *Gone with the Wind*. Unlike Savannah, Atlanta with minor exceptions has no downtown parks and monuments. What sculpture there is is of the foundry type and is as uninspired as the iron deer that used to run wild on Peachtree Street's lawns. Unlike Savannah, Atlanta was not scientifically planned at the start. It grew up helter-skelter according to the whims of land speculators. And again unlike Savannah, its antiquity grows uglier. Its business center is drab and arid. Modern office buildings, flashy shops, contrast with Victorian rubbish, all jumbled together in narrow, crooked thoroughfares that lead nowhere in particular. The old residence streets are faced by square frame dwellings with sprawling verandas, cupolas, and gingerbread ornament. No wrought-iron balustrades and graceful stairways can be found here.

But the business area with its narrow streets, some little more than alleys, and its crazy-quilt pattern, is jammed with traffic. During the rush hours the city gives you the impression of a population of a half-million people; in fact, metropolitan Atlanta boasts of four hundred thousand. The pedestrians move faster, the women dress with greater simplicity, are better

groomed, than those of the average Southern town. The city is profusely lighted by neon lights; after dark it has a lively glow and movement. It is like a belle whose wrinkles and seams are hidden by make-up. On the hottest days you feel a suggestion of mountain chill in the early morning and at night. In winter zero temperatures are occasionally reported. Recently a ten-inch snow fell and the Yankee population went ice-skating. Transportation was paralyzed, and for a week snow statues of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler stood intact on lawns. In spite of its raw spots the city has a vigorous individuality that impresses visitors. Julian Street rated it among the twelve distinctive American cities.

Savannah is lovely and mellow, but finished. Atlanta is emerging from the awkward age and is alive and growing. If I were old and retired, I should go to the point on the Garnett plantation near Darien and spend the rest of my days in contemplating the marshes, the long shadows cast upon them by the liveoaks, and the distant wooded islands. But if I were young and of a go-getting disposition, Atlanta would be my choice of Georgia cities.

There are some memorials in downtown Atlanta. The Arcade Building at the beginning of Peachtree Street has a bronze marker denoting the Spanish boundary line. There is a tablet at the entrance of another building in which Woodrow Wilson tried to practice law and gave it up as a bad job. Wilson, whom Thomas E. Watson called an impractical prig,¹ could see from his office the temporary Capitol building across Marietta Street. That was in 1881. He said of this period of his life that he was buried in humdrum life in ignorant Georgia, where the chief end of man seemed to be to make money. Sometimes young Wilson walked across to the Capitol and sat in the gallery to watch the legislators in action. He found most of them were densely ignorant. They were so different, he naïvely observed, from the British Parliament.

Diagonally across from the Wilson tablet, in the middle of

¹ See Vann Woodward's *Tom Watson*.

Marietta Street, there is a statue of Henry W. Grady. He is not at his best in bronze. Soot from soft-coal smoke has covered him in a dusky hue. His arm is flung across his chest in an oratorical gesture, but you get the impression he is a hitchhiker thumbing a ride out Marietta Street.

Grady in his field was a unique figure of reconstruction. To-day he would be a Rotarian and a leader in the Chamber of Commerce. He was a glorified civic-club member and orator. It is difficult to classify him, either as a politician or an editor or a master reporter. He was all of these, although not actively a politician. His spirit was youthful and buoyant — he died at thirty-nine. He lived for his generation and thought beyond it. He noted the beginning of the centralization of population and wealth in cities and the abandonment of farms, in which he warned of a danger now apparent to all economists. At a time when drinking was part of a gentleman's education he was a prohibitionist.

When he was not writing his widely quoted editorials, or making speeches which attracted national attention, he took a boyish delight in his newspaper work. When an earthquake shook Charleston in the 1880's, he rode to the scene in a locomotive engine. James Gordon Bennett offered him a place on the New York *Herald*, but he chose to stay in Atlanta. He was of the New South. He dealt in bury-the-bloody-shirt oratory and was popular in the North. The South's problem, as he saw it, was rehabilitation of its agrarian and industrial life. He pleaded against Georgia's one-crop system, preached development of the state's resources and the encouragement of new business enterprises. Georgia, he maintained, bought too much from other states (it still does) — it must produce more. He once wrote a parable of a Georgia funeral.²

"The corpse," he wrote, "was a poor, one-gallus fellow. They buried him in the midst of a marble quarry; they cut through marble to dig his grave; and yet a little tombstone they put above him was from Vermont. They buried him in a pine forest, yet the pine coffin was imported from Cincinnati. They

² From the *Atlanta Constitution*.

buried him within touch of an iron mine, yet the nails in the coffin and the iron in the shovel that dug his grave were imported from Pittsburgh. They buried him by the side of the best sheep-grazing country on earth, yet the wool in the coffin bands and the bands themselves were brought from the North. They buried him in a New York coat and in Boston shoes, in a pair of breeches from Chicago and a shirt from Cincinnati. The South didn't furnish a thing for that funeral but the corpse and the hole in the ground."

Another memorial is the Wren's Nest, the home of Joel Chandler Harris in West End. He was a contemporary of Grady and was chiefly noted for his Uncle Remus stories. These made him world-famous, but most of his other work is forgotten now, and Grady's journalistic style is outmoded. He and Uncle Remus were both overshadowed by a flock of young writers who came from the smaller towns to work on Atlanta newspapers. Just now Atlanta is as noted for its writers as Indiana was in the heyday of George Ade and Booth Tarkington. Two of them are nationally and internationally known.

It is a unique coincidence that their two books and the screen and stage plays that were made from them should have been written and produced almost in the same year. Both authors worked on the same Atlanta newspaper almost at the same time. Neither set the woods afire as a journalist. This was due to no lack of ability on their part. The newspaper was to blame, for modern newspapers are edited mainly by the press associations and the "feature" services which supply them with glorified boiler plate. The local talent must accept the leavings, which are local news, necessary but not inspiring.

In this case the authors did not remain at their posts to be hacked to death by routine. One was taken from her job by a long illness. During her convalescence she began work on a novel. The other was more interested in sociology than in local politics and murder. He wrote handbooks on Georgia's peasantry but got nowhere with them. He realized that only in fiction can ideas be widely broadcast. What followed is publishing and theatrical history. I refer of course to Margaret Mitch-

ell and her *Gone with the Wind* and Erskine Caldwell and his *Tobacco Road*.

Florida-bound tourists pause in Georgia to see two things especially. If their route is through Atlanta they see Peachtree Street, Jonesboro, and Tara. In the case of Tara they are disappointed — it never existed. You will find few of the legendary plantation homes in the vicinity of Atlanta. It is doubtful if there were many there before the War Between the States, and these for the most part were sublimated farmhouses. However, there are one or two dwellings that might pass for Tara. Their owners charge tourists twenty-five cents for a peep into Scarlett's bedroom and Mammy's cabin.

If the visitors go south by way of Augusta, they stop over to see the locale of *Tobacco Road*, which is only a few miles from that tourist spot. There they seek proof that such Godforsaken people as Jeeter Lester and his family did actually exist. They find more tangible records there than the other tourists find of Tara. Local residents complained at first of the sordid publicity their community was getting. But business is business; business leaders argued that they might as well accept the fact and cash in on it. A movement was started to set up markers showing Tobacco Road and possibly a cabin which might pass for the one the Lesters lived in. The actual shack, including the family, was burned.

Both books are valuable as historical and sociological works. They dramatize two vital stages of Georgia history. In one is the war and the decline of the landed gentry. In the other are the effects of reconstruction on the tenantry. This is not the place to consider the artistic merits of the stories. A few professional critics belittled *Gone with the Wind* while extolling *Tobacco Road*. Heywood Broun, the newspaper columnist, said he believed, and certainly hoped, that *Gone with the Wind* would be forgotten in a year. Poor Broun is dead now, his work largely buried in newspaper files and forgotten. *Gone with the Wind* is alive and still going strong.

The devotion shown by the general reader to the book is idolatrous. An Atlanta friend who spends his time traveling



Photo by Kenneth Roger

Where Atlanta is beautiful—the Dodson garden in Druid Hills

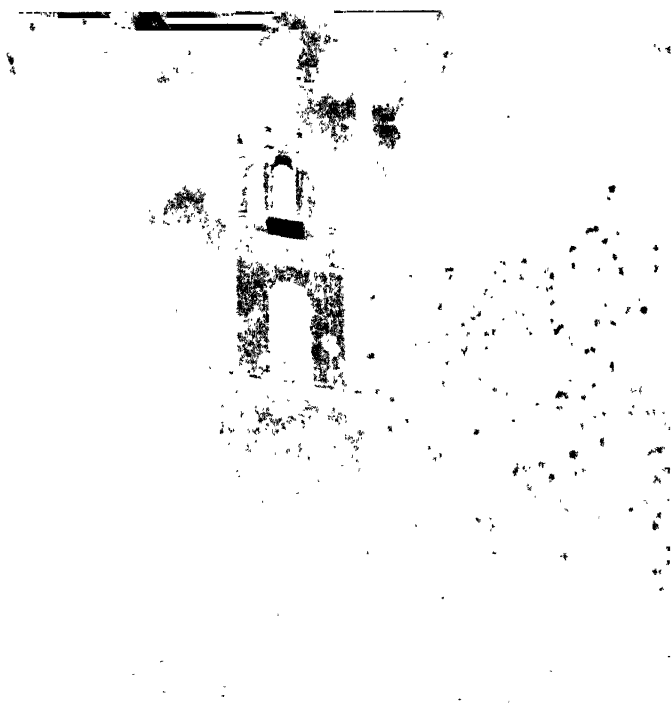


Photo by Kenneth Rogers

Glenn Memorial Church in Atlanta seen through pines and dogwood

found himself in a Pennsylvania town looking for a furnished room. One landlady whose house was full was about to dismiss him as a person of no consequence when she learned incidentally that he was a Georgian.

"You're not by any chance from Atlanta?" she asked, hoping against hope.

"Yes, from Atlanta."

"Oh, my gosh. I guess you know Margaret Mitchell then."

"No," my friend ruefully admitted. "No, I never met her. But my daughter knows her. She lives across the street from Margaret Mitchell. She sees her nearly every day."

"My gosh! Tell me what's she's like. . . . Do come in, won't you?"

They sat in her living-room and my friend told the landlady all he knew at second hand about Margaret Mitchell. She was not spoiled by her success. She lived in a modest apartment, stuck to her old circle of friends. She refused to go to Hollywood, refused to be a habitu  of night clubs. She had a contempt for hero-worship either for herself or for others. After my friend had exhausted his facts he made as if to leave.

"Wait a minute," the landlady insisted. "Just wait until I put on my hat and I'll go with you to my neighbors and see if I can't get you a room."

She retired for a moment, then hurried back excitedly. They went out together. She found a room — at the first house they visited. It was a private home; the housewife had never before taken in roomers. But when she learned that her would-be lodger had a daughter who lived across the street from Margaret Mitchell her inhibition against taking boarders was swept aside.

"You may have my guest room," she said graciously. "So you're from Atlanta and your daughter knows Margaret Mitchell!"

A young Atlanta woman went to Cleveland to visit a friend. One night at a party someone complimented her on her frock.

"Where did you get it?"

"In Atlanta at a Peachtree store."

"Oh, it came from Peachtree Street?"

Instantly the company surrounded their visitor and fingered her dress. It was as if she were the only white woman in an African wilderness and the natives crowded around her and pawed her.

"To think that this dress came direct from Peachtree Street!" they exclaimed. "We know all about Peachtree Street. We read about it in *Gone with the Wind*. That was where Scarlett visited Aunt Pittypat."

The Southern patriotic societies, such as the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Daughters of the American Revolution, accepted *Gone with the Wind* as gospel. Never before had the ante-bellum South been so gloriously pictured to the world. But when Hollywood got hold of it there were misgivings. Would the Southern accent be shamelessly parodied on the screen? Those Yankees were good at that. On no account must the actors be allowed to use the expression "you all" in any but the plural sense. Dread was felt that Midwestern rolled *r*'s or a New England nasal tone would slip into the dialogue and spoil the whole gorgeous illusion. Hollywood was warned in letters, telegrams, and solemn resolutions against these solecisms and was urged to employ only Southern actors to the accent born. Young women all over the South begged for parts. Hollywood tried to find Southern actors but was unsuccessful. The parts went to Yankee and English actors. Even the role of Mammy was taken by a Missouri Negress who had to learn the Georgia patois.

The fears of the good ladies of the U.D.C. and the D.A.R. were groundless. There wasn't a single solecism, not a misplaced button on a Confederate uniform, in the finished film production. Actually the Southern accent was never heard on the screen; it was the illusion of the accent. Had Scarlett spoken in the picture as she did at Tara in 1861, her English and most of her American audiences would have been bewildered. Or would have tittered as audiences at radio broadcasts titter when a Southerner speaks into the microphone.

Hollywood was skeptical about Atlanta's ability to stage the world premiere. Its doubt was dispelled as soon as the stars

stepped down from their planes at Candler Field. A great crowd greeted them there. A still greater one was strewn along the sidewalks and filled windows and roofs on the seven-mile route from the airport to the heart of Atlanta. All they saw of Hollywood and its notables was a blur of speeding automobiles and Clark Gable's coat.

A welcoming ceremony was staged at the Georgian Terrace Hotel. The hotel guests were marooned. Those who ventured out before the stars arrived were three hours fighting their way back in. An even greater crowd jammed the street intersections at the theater that night. Soap boxes were sold for fifty cents each, but they couldn't be placed — the mob was too dense. Women fainted and recovered consciousness standing up. There was no room to fall; first aid was out of the question. Spotlights from high buildings played down on the celebrities as they arrived. The stars, amid shouting and applause, entered the theater, paused for a word at the microphone, and went to their seats in the audience. Most of the first-nighters failed to see the picture for the living stars. Seats were sold out at ten dollars each.

On the following night another celebration was given, this at the city auditorium. This event was sponsored by the Atlanta Junior League; its proceeds went to charity. Seats for the event were sold out in three hours after being offered. A replica of Tara was set on the stage. Junior League girls were dressed in the costumes of 1861. Out in the yard in front of Tara stood members of Atlanta's picked colored church choirs. During the evening they sang spirituals, and this feature I think was enjoyed by the stars more than the others. After all, they were fed up on scenery and costumes. They sat in boxes where everyone could see them. When the seats were removed from the floor and dancing began, they would not dance. More than one Atlanta girl was disappointed. Clark Gable would not be her partner that night.

No such tumultuous welcome was extended to *Tobacco Road* in either its book or its stage version. Those critics who had belittled *Gone with the Wind* hailed *Tobacco Road* as a dish

of strong meat. Two plays Atlantans never expected to see in their home town: one was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the other *Tobacco Road*. The former has never been shown in Atlanta, the latter appeared twice. The local board of censors tried unsuccessfully to suppress it. The theater was filled every night. Most of the audiences were movie fans. They had never heard profanity on the stage before. Never before had they seen the facts of life so unblushingly presented as in this play, expurgated though it was.

Georgia's local pride was offended. This production advertised the state to the world as a community of degenerates, its critics protested. An isolated case was made to appear typical. What about the slums in Northern cities? they asked. You might reply that the production served a useful purpose in showing up a deplorable condition existing on too many Georgia farms. No such thing, you would be told heatedly. The thing was a study in degeneracy. Its dirt sold it. There was no style to the book, no plot even; it was just a case history of perverts. It capitalized on obscenity, it was a glorified peep-show.

Both Margaret Mitchell and Erskine Caldwell reached their writing maturity primed and saturated with material for their first novels. They were brought up in antipodal environments. As a child Miss Mitchell lived among Georgia historians; her father, a distinguished Atlanta lawyer, was one of them. They frequently met at the Mitchell home and fought the war again — some were veterans. She recounts how they argued for and against the merits of military leaders and their strategies. The argument at times was heated and sulphuric. There was an atmosphere of horses and saddles, gunfire and blood. The veterans dramatized their contentions with gestures of sleeveless arms, or slapped their wooden legs for emphasis. As she heard the campaigns threshed out over and over again, the sensitive child became saturated with the characters, background, and action of the great war. When she began to write about it years later, all she needed was a little research to verify her

impressions. That done, she put on the romantic trappings.

Caldwell also went through the saturation process, but in an entirely different setting. The son of a Protestant minister, he was born in a rural community near Augusta and Tobacco Road. His father's flock was made up largely of the small farmers and tenants of the neighborhood. The elder Caldwell visited them, prayed with them, and advised them. Often the boy went along. He played with the children of the sharecroppers, saw what went on in their cabins. What he saw and heard stuck in his youthful imagination. No painful, second-hand research was necessary when he began to write about the people he already knew.

Skepticism of the actuality of such people as Jeeter Lester was expressed by Georgians when the book began to be read and commented on. An Augusta editor with an inquiring mind began an investigation. He took a reporter and photographer out to Tobacco Road and to the home of Pastor Caldwell. Tobacco Road was certainly no myth. It was so named before the Civil War. At that time tobacco was raised in south central Georgia, in Wilkes and adjoining counties. It was packed in hogsheads and drawn by mules and oxen along Tobacco Road to Augusta, then a tobacco market. After the war there was a hiatus in tobacco culture. When it was revived it was shifted to south Georgia and new markets. Tobacco Road was abandoned to history and fiction. The editor and his staff now found a semi-suburban community dotted with filling stations and tourist camps.

He called on Mr. Caldwell and asked him if such people as the Lesters still lived in the neighborhood. Was Jeeter an isolated or a fairly typical specimen?

"Such people still exist," the preacher replied simply. "I should be glad to show them to you."

He took his callers out into the community and introduced them to more than one Lester family. The editor went back to Augusta with facts and pictures. In an old and conservative newspaper in an old and conservative Georgia city he published

his text and pictures. He assured his readers that Jeeter Lester was no lay figure.³ His kind did exist. He and his like were found in several places close to home.

When the play was presented a second time in Atlanta, it was not so well attended. On both occasions the incidents and dialogue were toned down. The company was invited to give an unexpurgated performance before the faculty and students of a North Carolina university. It did so and was invited to come again.

At first the book and play were hushed up in Georgia. Gradually they excited comment and discussion. Forums took them up, articles were written about them in newspapers. Georgia, the South, and the nation for the first time became sharecropper-conscious. What the New Deal and liberal economists had preached without getting many converts became accepted gospel.

³ Harold Simpson, a Cincinnati manufacturer, owns a plantation in Georgia. His Northern friends who had seen *Tobacco Road* were skeptical about Jeeter Lester too. He told them he knew at least one Jeeter Lester in Georgia and produced a photograph to prove it.

*Liquor Stores and a Bartender's Views on the Drink Evil—
Where Atlanta Is Beautiful—Bobby Jones, His Trials
as a Civic Asset—Colonial Houses—Dawson County,
Candlewick Spreads*

BUSINESS CALLED ME up into mountainous north Georgia and I headed my car out Peachtree Street toward Dahlonega, seventy-five miles away. On the fringe of the business district Peachtree veers to the right. What logically should be a continuation of this famous thoroughfare becomes West Peachtree Street. This puzzles visitors quite as much as the fact that there are no peach trees on Peachtree Street.

Peachtree follows the crest of a ridge that made travel easier in the horse-and-buggy days, and still makes it easier for pedestrians in a growing business district. I entered a stretch that was taken up by a succession of used-car lots, office buildings, pet-shops, hamburger stands, hotels and apartment houses, Victorian dwellings set far back from the curb, and liquor stores.

The liquor stores are encased in glass. The stock, and also the clerk and the customers, are in full view of passers-by. There are no swinging doors, brass rails, free-lunch counters, and paintings of voluptuous women. For whisky is sold in the bottle and drinking on the premises is forbidden. No beer is offered. It has its own dispensaries and these have some of the earmarks of the old saloons.

In pre-prohibition times the saloons were restricted to the central business district where the police could watch them. Now liquor and beer may be sold in suburban localities as well so long as the venders are not too close to churches and schools and the neighbors do not object.

As late as 1932 I never expected to see liquor sold legally in Georgia again. Prohibition had been in effect since the bone-dry law was enacted in 1912. Until the Volstead Act was passed, bootleggers brought in their wares from the wet states. This liquor was too high-priced for common consumption, so the reservoir of corn liquor in the north Georgia mountains and the lowland swamps was tapped. The stuff was fiery and filthy, but it served many a visiting convention delegate.

Georgia was one of the pioneer prohibition states. Various experimental laws were enacted; none was very successful. In 1908 the first state-wide dry act was passed. Except in Savannah it closed the saloons. But the law had a loop-hole. Clubs were permitted to serve drinks to their members. This was done on the assumption that a club, especially in Atlanta, where clubs dominate social life, was a man's home — his second home at least. So the bars in Atlanta's legitimate clubs were open as usual. Illegitimate clubs sprung up. These were known as locker clubs. They were all in upstairs locations, mostly in office buildings. Members were supposed to pay dues, but few were ever posted for being in arrears. The clubs were in fact saloons. The only distinction was that they had been kicked upstairs.

Then the bone-dry law came along and the locker clubs went out of business. If you wanted to drink at a bona-fide club you had to bring your own liquor. National prohibition was then adopted and Atlanta for several years was fairly dry — more so at least than most cities of its size.

Liquor and prohibition are deeply rooted in economy. When times are booming, prohibition sentiment increases. In hard times it cools. This doesn't make sense. You would think that prosperity would tempt a man — or a modern woman — to celebrate. The opposite is true. If a worker has pay increases and money in the bank, he thinks of getting on in the world or

of buying a new automobile — liquor is secondary. But if he is fearful of losing his job, he is nervous and depressed. At the end of a hard, anxious day he recalls wistfully the time when he could step into a saloon and forget his irritation for an hour or so.

During prosperity the tax-collectors are not pressed for revenue. In depression they are. John Barleycorn is an outlaw at best, so governments do not hesitate to blackmail him when the budget fails to balance. Landlords need tenants, publishers need advertising. It was the need for tax revenue, federal, state, county and municipal, that made hard-pressed officials turn to liquor for help. Magazines and newspapers, hit by hard times and radio competition, welcomed alcoholic-beverage advertising back, although some of them had piously rejected it in the boom era. Publishers were wide open for liquor propaganda in the early 1930's. Repeal in that depressed era was inevitable.

In my youth drinking was considered by many as part of the liberal education of every young man — drinking and the red-light district. Some of our local geniuses were alcohol-inspired. It was about that time that the lamented Tom Watson railed against drunkenness in the United States Congress. He told about a befuddled orator who stumbled in the middle of his speech and demanded: "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?"

When the late Don Marquis and I were Atlanta newspaper reporters, we knew every bartender in town, and had credit with some of them. With a few exceptions, I could never get very friendly with them. They were a silent, glum lot in the main, on or off duty. There were legends about bartenders. One was that a bartender never drank in his own bar, but went to a competitor for refreshment. They had a decidedly poor opinion of their habitual customers, which they didn't fail to express under thinly veiled banter. Who wouldn't? Suppose you had to pretend to be amused by the alleged wit and humor of maudlin patrons, or were asked in the midst of mixing a Manhattan cocktail to drop everything and settle a bet between two drunks? Bartenders were unofficial peace officers too, and acted as referee in fist fights and other brawls.

One morning Marquis and I went into the *Big Bonanza* suffering with what is technically known as a hangover. Ed, the bartender, mixed two whisky sours for us. Then he leaned over on his elbows and scornfully appraised us. We, he observed, resembled nothing so much as two quivering mounds of jelly.

"By God, I got an idea," Ed said, addressing us with withering banter. "I'm goner take down all my signs and put you two bums in the window. You all would be the finest kind of ad for my business."

We guffawed loudly at this professional recognition of us as men about town. But Ed's face took on a serious expression. He regarded us, we felt, a little wistfully. He delivered a homily.

"Cou'se it ain't none o' my business," he proceeded. "I'd jes' as live take money from you all as from any of the rest of the bums that come in here. Only I can't figgah it out. Here are you two young fellas, with color in your cheeks, clear eyes, prime hearts, livers, kidneys, and guts, eve' thing workin' smooth and in order; no need of outside help, no nerves, no worries. And be damned if you two don't go out and get stinkin' drunk. I can't figgah it out. I been in this business the first of nex' October'll be thirty-two year. I can't figgah out to this day how come any man under thirty year old thinks he has to fill his skin with liquor, clog up his insides with it, shoot his nerves to pieces, give hisself a bustin' headache, and make a pluperfect damn fool o' hisself in the bargain. It beats me. Lemme tell you boys sump'n. Whisky's for old men, or for men that's old before their time. It ain't for young bucks like you."

Ed turned his back on us and drew himself a glass of water.

I left the semi-central area of Atlanta and passed through a succession of community store centers to Peachtree Creek, where the Confederacy made one of its last bloody stands. There a memorial park is in process of creation. Then I turned off into Habersham Road, which is as lovely as its name.

Here is a portion of Atlanta that was planned, and yet has avoided the stuffed-shirt aspect of the average American subdivision with its over-pretentious houses, clipped lawns, and

trained shrubbery. The land was rolling, decidedly hilly in spots; the roads followed its contours. Streams trickled down the hillsides, rustic bridges spanned other streams below. The houses were not excessive in cost, but they seemed to grow out of the ground naturally like the great trees that shaded them. Some were on hilltops in full view, others peeped over ridges, others were set down in small valleys, some were hidden altogether. The dogwood and tulips were in full bloom; the dogwood startled you with a feeling of snow in spring. Oak and hickory trees, tall, straight pines, gave vigor to the landscape.

The beauty was natural and in character with the soil and forest. The houses were mainly of brick in the Georgian style, with a few white frame ones to give variety. Atlanta never succumbed to the Italian-villa and Spanish-bungalow craze that came in with the Florida boom. It remained American.

H. L. Mencken, who offended Southerners with his sharp satires on the Deep South, was taken on a tour of this and other residential areas including Druid Hills and the eastern section of Atlanta. He said later in an article that Atlanta was the loveliest of American cities. The houses were more impressive than any he had seen in Baltimore and Philadelphia. He was glad that the owners had not made them appear like the gaily decorated cages in a circus caravan, as in Los Angeles. He wondered how the architects had prevailed on them to accept such fine designs.

Evidently no one had told him about Neel Reid, a young architect who set up his shingle in Atlanta in 1907. Fresh from Paris, Reid found little architectural taste in Atlanta. When a leading citizen decided to build his home he bought a lot on Peachtree Street and stood by while his contractor performed an abortion on it in the shape of a house with a sprawling front veranda, shingled cupolas, and bay windows. Then he sodded his lawn and installed a fountain with a Cupid in it.

Reid proceeded to demolish the front veranda as an American eyesore. He showed his clients that such appendages on modern houses were as unnecessary as they were ugly. A side porch served the same purpose, gave the building symmetry,

and provided privacy for the family. He persuaded his householders not to do all their living in the front part of the premises. The back yard, he maintained, could also be made ornamental; it was made for something besides garbage cans, delivery wagons, and alley cats. He introduced the formal garden and encouraged the growth of flowers and shrubbery.

Then he incited a revolution inside the house. It was a hard fight, but finally he did away with the somberness of interior decoration. He replaced the old tobacco-spit tones with light, bright ones, tore down the stuffy draperies and let in the sunshine, threw out the dark furniture and pulled down the chandelier and its glass pendants. His clientele increased. The younger architects fell into step. Atlanta was modernized in its residential area.

Not only was Reid a great designer; but he also had a fine sense of color and decoration. You wonder why he never became a painter. His firm soon began to do commercial work, and such firms as a rule do not specialize in house-designing. You imagine that Reid followed it as a mural painter would dally with water-colors. Today's Atlanta architects consider Reid's work dated. For all his innovations, he stuck to the classical pattern. Today the tendency is toward a studied avoidance of periods; a greater variety of materials and colors is employed.

But Reid's innovations were as radical in his time as those of the architects today. Probably he would have changed his style if he had lived. He died at thirty-nine.

I drove through lovely roads of a finished and yet not too finished development and came out into Pace's Ferry Road, another beautiful but older settlement. Thence into a development with the pretentious name of Tuxedo Park. Here the lots were much larger — small estates in fact — and the houses more modern. By contrast Habersham Road seemed homey and a bit old-fashioned, although its simple beauty will endure.

Here was a shrine of national importance, the home of Bobby Jones. When Jones came back to Atlanta from England with his

fourth major golf championship in one year, he was met by fifteen thousand wild and cheering people in front of the Terminal Station. He was lifted to the shoulders of milling golf dubs and taken to his waiting automobile cavalcade. His first act after his arrival was to have his name stricken from the telephone directory. He was to pay the penalty for sporting fame. Thenceforth he was the magnet which drew pilgrims from every corner of the United States.

I remember a group of Chicago realtors who paused in Atlanta on their way to Florida. They went directly from the train to Jones's house and stood silently in front of it. Their leader, a tall, double-jointed, blistered fellow in plus-fours, removed his hat and stood for a full thirty seconds with bowed head.

Without Jones's knowledge or connivance, the convention-getters were quick to capitalize on a new civic asset. Delegates came to Atlanta with no other purpose, beyond the election of their officers, than to play on the Bobby Jones course at East Lake. The officers were baited with the promise that they not only would play on this famous course, but might with luck even meet the champion. Why, they might even join a foursome with him.

It was no easy matter to get into a foursome with Bobby Jones. Impeccable credentials and an adroit approach were required. The chief obstacle was Jones's modesty. He was tired of being made a convention-getter; fed up with the type of people who shouted dinner invitations to him from the gallery. He was not a publicity-seeker like some of the aviators and long-distance swimmers. There was only one man who could handle Jones. He became the champion's liaison officer. Through him matches were arranged with dignitaries who had business in Atlanta, or created business there in order to play with Jones.

This man was the late H. M. Atkinson. He had been president of the power company, but at that time was chairman of the board. A board chairman has time on his hands. He now

gave most of it to arranging matches with Jones for his friends. If you came to Atlanta to play golf with Bobby Jones you would do well to see Mr. Atkinson first.

You can imagine the jubilation of such a marked visitor; you can hear the conversation that took place in the locker room of his native golf club after his arrival home.

"So you really met Bobby Jones in Atlanta?" an envious member asks.

"Met him? Hell, I played with him."

"Damn your lucky hide. Tell us about Jones — what's he like?"

"I was in a foursome with him. We played at East Lake on Jones's course — the old course. Swell course too. I forget who the others were — I think Stewart Maiden, Jones's instructor, and O. B. Keeler were in it. Jones is a swell kid — quiet chap, don't say much, don't talk about his game — you know the pests that're always talking about their game. I was in trouble that day. I was slicing from the tee. I don't know what made me slice like I did. I just couldn't keep in the alley — got good distance all right — I do get good distance — but I was wild as hell. It kept getting worse and worse. When I stepped up to Number 6 I stopped a minute. 'Bobby,' I says to Jones, 'what is it makes me slice like I do?' He looked at me hard, didn't say anything at first. Then he says: 'I don't know, Charlie.' That was all he'd say. He don't talk much."

There is a legend that a large plant was considering moving to Atlanta. Birmingham and Memphis also wanted it. The president of the company was not keen about moving from his metropolitan environment to what he rated a small town in the South. Finally, when an Atlanta delegation called on him, he flatly refused their offer.

"I'm sorry," the head of the delegation said. "I had a date for you in Atlanta."

"How do you mean, date?"

"A date to play with Bobby Jones on the East Lake course."

The chairman and his followers moved over toward the door. The president halted them.

"Wait a minute," he said, "there may be something in your offer after all."

I came back into Peachtree Road, continued on to the Chattahoochee River, and crossed it into Roswell. Nap Rucker, once a noted baseball player, was then Mayor of the town. It used to be a summer resort favored by wealthy coast families. They built three fine colonial houses there. They are Mimosa Hall, Bullock Hall, and Barrington Hall.

Bullock Hall is the best known of the three because President Theodore Roosevelt's mother lived there. He went out to see it when he visited Atlanta. It is less impressive architecturally than the others. Mimosa Hall, which was bought by Neel Reid, is said to be one of the purest forms of colonial architecture in America. Barrington Hall, which expresses great dignity, is almost as fine.

Beyond Roswell I left suburbia and came into a region of old farmhouses, decay, and abandonment. In the distance an occasional mountain loomed like a sentinel for the Blue Ridge range, a silhouette behind it. The north Georgia scene was lonely, the air fresh and invigorating. I passed drab settlements in which no new house or store had been built in years. Then I came to Dawsonville in Dawson County, where I had business. I paused for refreshment at a wayside soft-drink stand and talked to the elderly proprietor.

"Is it true," I asked, "that there are no electric lights, telephones, and telegraph wires in Dawson County?"

"That's correct, brother. The WPA is putting in an electric plant, but out in the county they still use oil lamps. There's no telephone. I'm correspondent for an Atlanta paper, and when there's an election I have to put out in my Ford for the voting places to get the returns."

"What about the colored people? Any colored people up here?"

"You mean niggers, don't you? There's nary a one, not after sundown. No nigger is allowed to stay in Dawson County after sundown." The man smiled. "They tell a story about that. A

party from Atlanta drove through here one day with a nigger chauffeur. They stopped on the road for a drink and the nigger bought a seegar for hisself. He ast for a John Ruskin. The sto'keeper let him have it, but he says to him, s' 'e: 'Listen, nigger, nex' time you ast for a seegar, you ast for a *Mister* John Ruskin.' "

At intervals along the roadside gay banners in the form of candlewick spreads were hung on wires between trees and waved in the breeze. Rural north Georgia families make these spreads, catering to city motorists. They also do piece work for factories. Their hours are long, their pay meager, and unions have tried to organize them. Their gay banners recalled a couplet¹ which was written by Mrs. Jere Wells for Dudley Glass's column in the *Atlanta Georgian*:

*Bedspreads in March breezes
Wave gayly today;
Bright banners in springtime
Alluring and gay.*

*Fine peacocks and fringes,
Green, purple and blue,
Stars, circles and baskets,
Every color and hue.*

On a side road I noticed an unusually large display of these gay quilts. A sign on a tree announced: "Candlewick Bedspreads for Sale," and a hand pointed toward the place where they were to be bought. I followed the direction, took a narrow trail that twisted down a long slope, came to a valley, and twisted up another slope. On a hillside I came upon a cabin. Bedspreads fluttering in the breeze almost hid it. The shack was built of puncheon boards. A hall extended from front to back, with two rooms on each side — a standard rural layout. Two old women were busy making spreads in the hall.

One, wearing a cloth cap, was short and plump and had a

¹ Used by permission of Mrs. Wells and of the *Atlanta Journal*, which acquired the *Georgian*.

bewildered air. The other was lean and more alert. She removed a snuff stick from her mouth and greeted me with a nod. I told her I had noticed the spreads, was interested in their manufacture, and would like to know the prices. She said they ranged from three to five dollars per spread. She pointed to an unfinished one and explained how they drew the yarn through the cloth with needles and cut the ends with scissors.

"Hard work, isn't it?" I suggested.

"Yessuh, hit is hard." She spoke in the rustice whine of the mountain country. "Hit gits yo' eyesight, makes you powerful nervous."

Each spread, she added, had its design and name. The Pecan is a nut design. There were also the Wedding Ring, the Peacock, the Circling Spear, and the Double-Lined Thousand Ring. The whole family worked on the spreads, even the grandfather and the grandchildren. For several generations they all had lived in the cabin.

A young woman of town-bred appearance came in from the back. I introduced myself—the old ladies were not adept at this ceremony—and in turn was introduced to them. The one in the cap said: "Pleased to meet you." She nodded in an indifferent, surly manner which in reality indicated timidity. On leaving I bought a spread—the Double-Lined Thousand Ring, very elaborate and very gay.

The young woman walked out to the car with me. She explained that she was secretary in a factory in a near-by town which manufactured spreads. The old women did piece work for them.

"They really do good work," she added. "We sell the spreads to department stores. One of our best customers is in Chicago. The boss decided it would be good advertising to send the old ladies up there and let them demonstrate quilt-making in a show window. I sent the store a photograph of a mountain-cabin interior so that they could make a replica for the window. They added a spinning wheel and other accessories.

"I was delegated to take the old ladies to Chicago. We went in a Pullman, something they had never seen before—they

had never been far out of this county. I don't think they slept any that night, but that was nothing to what they suffered after we arrived in Chicago. I took them to a good hotel, but they refused to ride in the elevators. I found a room on the second floor so they could walk up to it.

"I took them into the restaurant and ordered their meals for them. They were the most helpless pair you ever saw. Then we went to the department store. The cabin was waiting for us. They took their spreads in there and began to work.

"The crowd on the sidewalk bewildered and embarrassed them. We could not get them to work much longer than an hour at a time. One night when I went to their room to take them down to dinner I found them crying. They had run out of snuff and were too helpless to go out and buy any. I found some for them, but they were so unhappy that I promised to take them home the next day.

"I think their pride suffered most. They didn't like to be exhibited like animals, exploited like freaks in a circus. I explained the situation to the store manager and wired my boss that we were coming back. The poor old souls were certainly relieved. They'll never leave the county again."

I headed back to the highway and soon was in a hillier country. The road wound around hills, lay perilously near the rims of ravines. Across the ravines were other hills clothed with mountain laurel and white pine, and clear streams at the bottom. I was near the environs of Dahlonega, an old mining town.

Story of Dablonaga and Its Gold Mines—Stars Fell on Georgia Too—The Dablonaga Nugget, Its Crusades, and Its Militant Editor—Hillbilly on the Radio

DAHLONEGA HAS for its setting the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Heavy mountain showers had fallen during the afternoon; now at twilight the town sparkled under electric lights and was drenched, bright and clean in contrast to some of the sun-baked and mud-stained hamlets I had passed. A hundred-year-old courthouse stood in the public square. Facing it were a college dormitory, a bank, a filling station, stores, and a hotel or two. The two-story buildings had balconies. There were no chain stores and no absentee ownership of business except for a filling station and a Ford agency. Dahlonega is twenty-five miles from a railroad, although it has bus service.

My hotel was set on a hill off the public square. Now at sunset the clouds had lifted from the horizon, and the low sun cast a purple radiance like that of a neon light on houses, trees, and church steeples. The radiance faded and the sun was a molten rim against the Blue Ridge Mountains, a cold blue silhouette. A mountain sunset is unearthly and a bit frightening.

After supper Bill Zimmer, owner of the Mountain Lodge,¹ took me back into his office for a chat. His bald head was finely

¹ Since destroyed by fire.

shaped, his forehead high and full, his features strongly defined. He offered me a drink, but informed me that he would permit no sale of liquor in his hotel. One of his first acts on taking charge during prohibition was to summon the known bootleggers to his place and threaten them with arrest if they came near it.

I asked Bill about the gold mines around Dahlonega, about which I had heard all my life, but he was not enthusiastic about them. He probably lived too close to them to be excited. He did admit that just now there was a flurry in mining; two or three companies were making a little money. Engineers from Canada and other gold centers came down from time to time to make tests on mountain sides and explore old shafts.

"What we need here," Bill added with more enthusiasm, "is a lake with fishing and swimming and a golf course, but we don't seem to get anywhere with them."

I asked him if there had been any news since my last visit.

"You knew Townsend was dead, didn't you?"

"Yes, I saw that in the paper."

W. H. (Bill) Townsend was the editor of the Dahlonega *Nugget*, the town's weekly newspaper.

"Did you ever meet him?" Bill Zimmer asked.

I had to admit that I had not. Bill told me about Townsend. It was apparent that he was more interested in this man than he was in mining or even the hotel business. Townsend, Bill said, was an outwardly naïve but shrewd person who capitalized on his eccentricity and his extreme conservatism. He was a mild-mannered, colorless, and silent man. You would guess that he was an undertaker, a shopkeeper, or a Hardshell Baptist preacher. You would never suspect that he was an iconoclast on the Tory side, that he had built himself up into what is called a character.

He owned the characteristic set-up of a country paper of a bygone era. A small, unpainted building contained a type case and a press. He did his own typesetting and composed as he set, except where his correspondents sent in copy. The *Nugget* had four pages. Front and back were filled with boiler plate and



Photo by Kenneth Roger

Mimosa Hall at Roswell, a rare example of pure colonial architecture,
once the summer home of a coast planter



Photo by Kenneth Rogers

Dahlonega's lovely setting—Cane Creek Falls, not far from the town

advertising. The inside was dedicated to original matter, news items of the town and countryside colored by editorial comment.

"And I mean it was original matter," Bill emphasized. "I don't see how some of it got through the mail. Or how he managed to evade the libel law. No Atlanta paper could get by with what he did. One man here got tired of being written up in the *Nugget*. He brought suit for libel and got judgment. The case was settled. Townsend agreed never to mention that man's name again in his paper."

Townsend died a rich man, owing to his thrift and his iron-clad rule never to give or accept credit. When the Ford Motor Company opened an agency at Dahlonga, it offered Townsend a page advertisement. He demanded and received cash with the order. This is the only recorded instance where a publisher refused credit to Henry Ford. The *Nugget* is still published by Townsend's heirs.

By now the lobby of the hotel was filling. There would be a dance at the college that night and young people in informal evening dress milled about. Government workers of various types, sunburned and robust highway engineers, mine scouts carelessly dressed in sweaters and leggings, lounged in front of the great fireplace. The elderly guests played bridge, the others stud poker.

The radio was going full blast with a hillbilly program. An elderly and catarrhal announcer introduced the next performer in a native cracker dialect.

"Well, folks," he said, "I got a treat fur y'all, as the fella says. We goner hear now one o' the prettiest lil' girls y'all ever heard over this ole station. She's sweet sixteen, boys, and never been hissed. I've known this lil' girl since she was a lil' shaver. I guess I holp make her fus' mud pie, but she's grown up now and, boy, can she play the ukulele! She ain't never had no less'n, neither. Folks, shake hands with Miss Sadie Snye.

"But fus' off, I want to tell y'all who all amongst the young lady's relatives² and frien's are listnin' in. (Jack, hand me that

² Names and addresses of the unseen audience are fictitious.

list over there, will you?) Well, here goes, all written out in longhand, the list of our lil' lady's kinfolks, frien's and sweet-hearts, all settin' up to the ole radio like Grant around Richmond — and rarin' to go. So y'all listen now whilst I read the list, to wit, as follows, Mr. and Miz Willie Slye the parents — I should say the proud parents — of Miss Sadie Slye, of 221 Nawth Lawn Street, Pulaski, Tennessee; Miss Corabelle Dekin, maternal aunt of the young lady, of 1760 West Shadowlawn Boulevard, Ball Groun', Geo'gy; John Diggs of Dawsonville, Geo'gy, R.F.D. No. 13, an uncle by ma'iage (his wife was a Slye); William (I can't make this un out, the ole eyes ain't what they usen to be). Oh, yeah, I got it now — William Botts is the name. He's the ole gran'pappy that's celebratin' his eighty-sec'n buthday at his home — I should say his daughter's home, at 21 Cyp'ess Street, Culver, Tennessee. And here's a whole passle o' folks at Cecil Turnipseed's house at Dalton, Geo'gy, R.F.D. No. 20. It was hawg-killin' day on Cecil's farm, and he give a chitlin' supper tonight. He had the followin' frien's and kinfolks over to his house to listen in on lil' Sadie Slye. (Jack, whilst I'm a-thinkin' 'bout that chitlin' supper, and a-wishin' I'd a-bin there and could a-et some o' that cracklin' braid, I wisht you'd hand me over the list o' them folks that come over to Cecil Turnipseed's house to listen in.) Well, folks, here we are. Here's the list o' them that listened in, to wit and so fo'th, as follows, Miss Emma-kate Slye, cousin to the young lady that's here with us tonight; Bud Slye, her uncle; Clayt Bullard, no relation, jes' a young buck o' them parts; Jud Clement, fella that owns the fillin' station near Buzzard's Roost, R.F.D. No. 47, and — ”

The list was completed with many throat clearances and the promising young ukulele player stepped up to the microphone and did her stuff.

As I started toward my room, Bill handed me several pamphlet histories of Dahlonga and Lumpkin County and entrusted me with an assortment of *Nuggets*. Comfortable in bed, I read the histories. Gold was first found on Turkey Hill in 1823. The town and county were established in 1833, the year of

the meteoric showers, referred to by old-timers as the falling of the stars. Events for some time afterwards were referred to as having happened before or after the phenomenon which awed the South and caused its colored population, and many of the whites, to fear that Judgment Day had arrived. That strange happening inspired a piece of art ³ and a popular song.

The Cherokee Indians gave the town the name of Tahlaueka, meaning "yellow money." This tribe was literate and civilized. It had an alphabet and its members acquired wealth. The state of Georgia, aided by the federal government, drove them out to the Indian Territory. As an act of wanton cruelty this surpassed the composite ingenuity of Hannibal, Attila, and Hitler. The Indians were even forced to pay for their enforced pilgrimage out of their own treasury. Thousands died on the march. This is one of the shameful chapters of Georgian and American history.

The gold rush began before the War Between the States. The government opened a mint, which is now occupied by the North Georgia Agricultural College. Senator John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, inveterate enemy of Andrew Jackson, came over with his slaves and opened the Calhoun mine. He is said to have taken out eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold; his mine ultimately yielded four millions. Samuel J. Tilden, defeated candidate for the Presidency, opened another successful mine. Others were the Barlow, yield seven millions; the Findley, two millions; the Bass, one million.

During this period Dahlonega was a wide-open mining town, with saloons and gambling houses, desperadoes and duels. During elections barrels of whisky with dippers attached were placed on the public square and everybody was invited to get drunk. The town of Auraria, a few miles away, was especially rough. It was then known as Knucklesville. The legend has it that every stone in the town had at some time or other struck a skull. The place had a bank, two hotels, stores, saloons, gam-

³ *Stars Fell on Alabama*, by Carl Carmer (New York: Farrar & Rinehart; 1934).

bling houses, and a red-light district. Now most of the buildings are gone, barely fifty people live there.

In the Civil War period mountain bandits, mainly men who resisted conscription, got drunk, went down to Dahlonega, and shot up the town.

*Doctor Performs a Miracle in a Mountain Cabin—
Auraria, Another Vanished Georgia Town—Matter-
of-Fact Operation of a Hydraulic Gold Mine*



WHAT KEPT BILL ZIMMER in Dahlonega, I imagined, was the company he met from day to day in his hotel. He enjoyed it; so did his wife and his son, Bill Junior. Mining men, politicians, government workers, promoters of various types, members of the yeomanry, local landlords and dignitaries came and went. Bill talked to them all. He pumped all the information, gossip, ideas, and oddities out of them that he could. He relished the types of human beings and the eddying currents of human nature that are best observed in a small-town hotel.

One of the figures I saw in the lobby was a doctor I shall call Dr. C—. He was a colorless man who kept to himself. I did notice that when someone addressed him familiarly as "doc" he returned a squelching look which plainly said: "I'm not the sort of doctor people call 'doc.'"

One day I encountered him in the public square and we went to the drugstore for a Coca-Cola. He informed me that he was not a resident of Dahlonega, but lived some distance away. He had been summoned to Dahlonega by an old patient who had moved to this locality. The patient had promised to meet the doctor here, but had not shown up.

"I thought I'd drive on to his place," the doctor said. "We might meet him on the way. Like to ride about a bit?"

I had nothing else to do and welcomed the opportunity to see some of the hill country. We got into his model-T Ford and he drove it into a filling station. He ordered the best gasoline and oil.

"Nothing is too good for old Lizzie," he said. "These old Fords are priceless antiques in the mountains. They are high up from the ground. They're like airplanes when it comes to crossing streams and mudholes. I nurse mine, give it the best gas I can buy and change the oil frequently."

We took the highway toward Atlanta, turned off into a dirt road, and drove into a wilderness of steadily ascending hills and forest. The doctor told me he was a graduate of a Philadelphia medical school and had taken post-graduate work in Germany. In his youth he had been restless, moving about from place to place. Ten years ago he had come back to the mountains where he was born. Now he had no desire to leave them. I told him I had been down on the coast. He was interested in Dave Washington, especially in Dave's story of Dat and the ailing preacher.

"I had a case like that once," the doctor said. "He was a preacher too, a Holy Roller. He'd raise hell, then go into a trance. He was in one when I saw him. It was probably a psychic condition, something like hypnosis. I performed a miracle on him — at least his friends thought I did.

"The preacher lived in a cabin. It was built of puncheon boards and supported by loose-rock pillars. Off to the side there was a dilapidated corncrib and chicken-house. When I got there a skinny hound was asleep on the porch and chickens wandered in and out of the hall.

"As I stepped up on the porch a woman came out of the doorway on the right and greeted me. She was old, but her mild blue eyes gave her a babyish, dependent look. Her spectacles were pushed up on her forehead. Her voice was thin and cracked; she spoke in a hushed, mysterious tone.

"'Hit's our preacher again, doc,' she told me. 'He's got another one of them sinkin' spells. 'Pears like you might be too

late. He's in a trance like and still and peaceful. Reckon the Lord's callin' him.'

" 'All right,' I said.

"I followed her into the house. The room was almost dark; a wooden shutter excluded the light from the one window. After a moment people loomed through the gloom. They sat by the two beds or stood by the walls. A small fire burned in the fireplace. There was a heavy odor of leaf mold in the room. On a bed in a corner I could see the heavy form of a man swathed in a gay bedspread. I stepped over to him, bent over him, and pulled back the quilt. Then I turned to my audience and spoke. I may say I spoke with extreme unction.

" 'My poor friends,' I said, 'your call may have come too late. We are already in the presence of the grim reaper. Our poor brother may be beyond our feeble human aid. Only a miracle can save him now. Yes, a miracle.' They all looked at me expectantly.

" 'We've all read about miracles in Holy Writ,' I said. 'We've read about Elijah and the chariot of fire, about Jonah and the whale, about Joshua, who made the sun stand still. My friends,' I asked, 'I wonder if any of you ever saw a miracle.'

" 'Nobody said anything. But I noticed that the hand of the old lady shook as she raised it to adjust her spectacles.

" 'Then be patient,' I said. 'I'm going to perform a miracle for you.'

"I reached down in my case then and brought out a small can. I turned to the bed again and waved the can in the manner of an incantation. I steadied the can above the form of the preacher and let the ether in it drop slowly on the pit of the man's stomach. The trance-like form leaped up as the reflex action set in. I swear it hit the ceiling. Then I saw a figure in undershirt and long drawers brush swiftly by me through the door. We were all too surprised to speak. Some of the men drew toward the door, but there was no other movement. Everybody in the room seemed paralyzed.

"I replaced the can in my case and left. I never saw the preacher again."

The doctor explained to me that the people he had described were probably Holy Rollers, or foot-washers. They had just had a meeting and the preacher had gone into a trance superinduced by emotion or subconsciously staged for effect.

"When they have these meetings," the doctor told me, "you can hear them exhorting a mile away. They give what they call the holy laugh and shout and cry. Sometimes they take an emotional young woman and push her around and pommel her until she becomes hysterical. They raised so much hell that the authorities in several towns passed ordinances forbidding their meetings."

I asked the doctor if these religious sects were peculiar to the mountains.

"Oh, no," he said. "They have such goings on in the cities too. Atlanta is full of it. You find it in the mill sections and the old poor neighborhoods. Wherever people are poor, sick, and hopeless they take to freak religion. It's their shot in the arm."

We climbed the winding red-clay road. Now we were in deep cuts through whose rocky outcroppings water dripped. Then we rode the ridges, from which, through gaps in the hills, we saw the Blue Ridge Mountains. The hills were covered with old-field and white pine, the latter of a finer texture, and oak and hickory trees. The water in the streams in the bottom of the ravines was clear, unlike most streams in Georgia. Originally all the rivers and creeks were clear. That was before the timber was cut and settlers cultivated the land to the water's edge, allowing the red soil to be washed into it.

I remarked to the doctor that mountain scenery as a whole left me unmoved. It was too abnormal; it was beautiful only in the distance. It seemed like a mirage beckoning you on; it never satisfied you with its actuality. I could do with less scenery and more people, more human activity.

"I feel that way too about most mountains," the doctor agreed. "I've seen 'em all, the Alps and the Rockies included. But they're mostly rock and are bare and cold. The Blue Ridge Mountains are not so monstrous in spite of some pretty tall ones,

but they're more homelike. In this section they're green the year round. Down between the mountains there are rich valleys and farming, such as it is. They're not entirely a stone wilderness.

"People ask me why with my education and advantages I buried myself up here in the foothills. For one thing, I was born in them. The scenes of his youth color a man's life, draw him back to them. They say that the mountains are too monotonous, but they're not as samey as cities. I used to go to New York once a year for study — even a country doctor has to brush up his technique now and then. I looked forward to those trips, but it was mostly anticipation. After I had seen Broadway and Fifth Avenue once, I was ready to go back home.

"Here in the mountains there's something new all the time. Soon the laurel and the azaleas will be blooming. Summer will come along with hot days and cool, bracing nights. Then, finest of all, autumn, when the mountains seem to be on fire. Buildings and pavements don't change like that."

We drove on past old mine cuts, with occasional log shacks and more pretentious two-story houses. Their unpainted boards were turned to the color of snuff; some had been exposed to the elements for a century. You felt that progress has stood still here since the Civil War. Now and then we saw a human being. Two boys stood beside the road staring at us. They had been fishing, one held up a minnow. Now we saw a new frame house which had not yet been painted, probably never would be. The week's wash and a row of new bedspreads were strung in the woods.

We came out on a plateau and found ourselves in a straggling settlement. This, the doctor told me, was Auraria, the old mining town. Business property here once sold for three hundred dollars a front foot. A cottonwood tree stood where a bank once bought nuggets. The weather-beaten shack was once a hotel. Near by were a few old houses.

We drove through what had been bustling Auraria to the summit of a high hill. Here the doctor asked me if I would like to see a modern gold mine in operation. I agreed and we got out of the car. We walked down a steep and rugged slope to a small

valley enclosed by high, somber hills. A large creek flowed noisily through it, with a pumping station on it. From the station pipes extended up a steep hillside and connected with a reservoir. Other pipes led across to a cut in the hillside. There water shot through a hydraulic giant or "gun" in a powerful jet against the hillside. It washed the dirt and gravel down into long wooden sluices. Screens of various degrees of coarseness caught the dirt and strained it into increasing thinness. This flowed into a revolving cylinder and thence upon a copper plate on which clear water was played.

Tiny yellow flecks no larger than pin-points, enjoying the heavy gravity of gold, stuck to the plate and gradually covered it with a golden sheet. A gaunt young man whose teeth, appropriately, were golden, stood by and explained the operation of the mine. He said that the ore had a low content, about a dollar and a half to a ton of dirt and gravel.

This mine was not of the most modern type found around Dahlonega, but it was fairly typical of those in that area. There is no romance and adventure in a hydraulic mine. It is operated by the dreary law of averages. So much dirt will yield so much gold. There is no sudden, breathless discovery of a rich vein, or at least none is counted on. If one is encountered, so much the better — it is that much velvet. Successful miners indulge in no Cinderella dreams of pick and shovel and glowing yellow metal. They make tests before they start.

The doctor asked me if I had seen enough. I nodded and he glanced up apprehensively at the sky.

"We better push on before it rains," he warned.

*The Doctor Describes a Kitchen-Table Operation
by Lamplight—A Two-Seed-in-the-Sperit Hardsbell
Baptis'—The Girl Amy and Her Business Career*

WE TOOK A ROAD which led tortuously around the side of a small mountain and descended into a valley. There we drove along the edge of one of those small streams, called a river here, which are so agreeable to the eyes of Georgians accustomed to muddy water. Passing a grist mill and a dam, I wondered if there were any fish in the mill pond. We zigzagged around the base of another mountain. Then a small car approached us, turned off the road, and stopped.

"He must be my patient's husband," the doctor said.

We glanced up at the overcast sky and waited for the driver of the other car to come over to us. He was a burly six-footer dressed in overalls and sported a silver watch-chain. We exchanged greetings; he mumbled something in confusion and turned his face. I thought emotion had overcome him. He recovered himself.

"Sorry, doc," he apologized in a deep voice. "Hit was the snuff. Mouth so full o' it I couldn't talk good. I started out to see could I find you. My ole lady's not so good, doc. She's pretty low. Didn't have nothin' else handy so I give her a dose o' salts. Seemed like it made her worse."

"Why'd you give her salts, for God's sake?" the doctor demanded. "All right, get in your car and we'll follow. We'll see what can be done."

"Thank you, doc. I'll go on ahead."

We drove for fifteen miles or so, making sharp turns around the hills, and brought up before a farmhouse. It was set near the road, a little below its level. A small stream flowed through the lot and separated the dwelling from the barnyard and out-houses. Plow harness and a sack of guano had been left on the porch of the farmhouse, rags had been stuffed into a broken pane.

"You wait here," the doctor suggested, "while I go in and get the lay of the land."

Presently the doctor came back to the car. He said that his patient probably had appendicitis. But he couldn't tell yet. He would have to see her again tomorrow.

"I was afraid once that you and I would have to spend the night here," the doctor said, as we started back to Dahlonga. "It looked as if I might have to operate. It wouldn't have been my first kitchen-table operation. There's nothing else to do in an emergency case out here. You see, we are about thirty miles from the nearest hospital."

"My last operation was about five miles from here. They called me late in the afternoon and when I got there it had begun to rain, a mountain downpour. The house was about like what you just saw, maybe not quite as good. The patient's sister met me at the door. She was actually young, but looked old and worn. Children ranging from two to eight years old clung to her skirt and peered around at me curiously. She took me into the sitting-room. Like most rooms in the mountains, it was crammed with beds. Two calendar advertisements stood on the mantel, a plaster cat between them. An old Christmas wreath hung on the wall. A pine dresser and a table with a fancy lamp, on it completed the furnishings. The floor was bare."

"The woman described her sister's condition. I knew then that I was in for an operation, and an examination left no

doubt. The rain beat down on a tin roof and rushed with a gurgling sound down the gutters. I went back to my car, brought out my instruments, and returned to the house.

"I had given orders for the patient to be moved into the kitchen. Everything was ready when I got there. The patient, swathed in sheets and towels, lay on the kitchen table. Only her face showed. A wood fire was going in the iron stove. A kerosene lamp and a lantern had been placed on each side of the table.

"The room was crowded with the patient's family and neighbors. They stood against the walls. There were the farmer's sister-in-law and her children; an old maid with a furtive air; a girl of seventeen or so, very pretty; two youngish men in overalls; a man past sixty with thin features and small, black eyes. I think they enjoyed it. People in the country get a big kick out of sickness. It's a diversion in their dull lives. There is also a certain comfort in sitting around a sick person. If the worst comes to the worst and the patient dies, it will not be your funeral.

"But I shouldn't say that about my friends. They were prompted by their neighborly spirit. Even if they had had money they couldn't have found nurses. So when people get sick in the country everybody turns out to help.

"I took out my instruments, placed them in the pans, sterilized them, and fixed my bichloride solutions. I washed the patient's abdomen with soap and water and showed Amy, the pretty girl, how to fit a mask over the patient's nose. I handed her a can of ether and showed her how to give it.

"I gave the patient an injection of morphine. Then I scrubbed my hands for ten minutes or so in a dishpan filled with hot water and suds. . . . Does all this bore you?"

"Oh, no," I said, "go ahead. I'm interested."

"Now and then I had to step aside to dodge the water that leaked down through the roof. 'Bring a pan, don't waste the water,' the thin old fellow said, and everybody laughed. Then I painted the patient's abdomen with iodine. 'Why does he do that?' I heard somebody whisper, and the thin man, a wag,

answered: 'Because it's pretty.' Amy fixed the mask, pulled the cork from the can, and let the ether drop slowly.

"I made a three-inch incision right over McBurney's point — it was appendicitis — and the old maid fainted. 'Oh, Lawd,' she moaned, 'my po' Ella.' 'A little more ether,' I said to Amy. Pretty child, Amy. She wore socks, showing her strong bare legs, and was dressed in the high-school style. Her hair was blue-black, her eyes gray. I couldn't help noticing the suffusion of her color and her eyelashes. They looked as if she had used mascara, but their upward curl and luster were too fine for that. The other children had beautiful eyes and lashes. They were on the whole a fine collection of youngsters, the sole modern touch in that house. The rest of it, the people, the environment, were holdovers from the Southern rural era of 1900.

"But to return to the operation. I had to go down into the abscess with my fingers. The odor made us all draw back. I inserted tubes in the wound.

"'That'll be all,' I said. 'We won't look for the appendix now. We'll let the pus drain out and try again when her condition improves.' The family was disappointed, but that was all I could do. We moved the patient back to her bed in the front room.

"That was that, and the household routine was resumed.

"'It's high time we stuck our noses in the feed bag, as the fella says,' Sam, the patient's husband, announced. That was the signal for the women to go to the kitchen. I sat in the room with the patient. A half-hour later Sam stuck his head through the door.

"'Come on, you all,' he invited us.

"I followed him into the kitchen. Supper was spread on the table. There was fat meat in grease, large biscuits yellow with soda, coffee, and a large pan pie. Sam's sister-in-law sat across the table from me with her baby on her lap. She sopped a slice of biscuit in grease gravy and gave it to the youngster.

"I accepted a generous helping, explored the interior of a biscuit, and found a core of raw dough. I went through the motion of eating. Sam chided me on my lack of appetite. 'You

mus' be in love,' he said and everybody laughed. He poured his coffee in his saucer, steadied it in his hand, and blew on it. The diners were quiet and ate industriously. There was a little comment on the weather, speculation on how high the creeks had risen. The streams were named; their effect on certain bottomlands forecast.

"Amy sat next to me. She ate with acquired correctness. She told me she was going to a business college in Atlanta that fall. She had been to school in Dahlongega. An uncle had promised her the business course for making such good marks.

" 'Are you excited about it?' I asked.

" 'Yes, sir, I surely am, I'm 'most thrilled to death.' Her voice was young and eager and a child's inflection lingered in it. 'I hope I can get a job in Atlanta. My cousin took a course and she got a job. She's making fifteen dollars a week. She says she can get me in the office where she is, only I couldn't expect to get fifteen dollars a week at the start. She began at ten, but, see, she worked up. She lives at the Y.W.C.A. and it's lots of fun. They have dances and dates and all that.'

" 'Won't you hate to leave your family?'

" 'Oh, yes,' she conceded without deep regret. 'But, see, I'll be coming back on holidays and week-ends. It won't be like I was 'way off somewhere like in New York. I'm crazy to go; seems like the time'll never come. But, see, there's nothing here — I mean for a girl. She can't do anything like a man could. All she can do is to sit and hold her hands and look up the road. Only you don't ever see anybody on the road. In the winter it's so bad you can't hardly get to Dahlongega, and they don't have any picture shows there. So I'm going to Atlanta. If I don't go pretty soon I'll be too old to enjoy anything.'

"The restraint around the table was lifting. The thin man with the small black eyes was talking to the other men.

" 'Yessuh,' he said, 'I'm what's called a two-seed-in-the-sperit. Hardshell Baptis'. I never felt the call to preach 'cept as a lay preacher. But I can shout and exhort from who laid the rail.'

" 'Sim,' Sam reminded him, 'I can remember you befo' you was converted and convicted o' sin. Boy, you sho' loved yo'

licka. And how you did fight them boys up around Rabun Gap!'

"Sim was pleased by this reminder of his wild oats.

" 'Yeah, Sam, but that's all past. I admit that when I was young I was, as the fella says, a bull-o'-the-woods. I was in the gutter mo'n oncet. But the Lord always pulled me up. There was only one thing, I guess, that saved me. No matter how low I got I never drank nothin' but good licka. And I mean it wa' good licka. Boy, I can smell it now. Funny how a man never gets over his taste for good licka. In them days, you know, they didn't have nothin' but double-twist cawn; there won't no such thing as sugar licka. I can't honestly say that the licka I drunk done me much harm. I'm past sixty now and I'm as lively as a June bug on a string. Look at this.'

"He stood up, raised his hand level with his eyes, and kicked it twice.

"Sam glanced up and down the table, saw that we had finished the meal, and looked inquiringly at Sim. Sim nodded understandingly. What had been a feeling of good-fellowship was dampened by one of impending depression. Sam left the room and came back soon with a Bible. He handed it to Sim. Sim stood and read several verses. Then we pushed back our chairs, got down uncomfortably on our knees, and Sim began to pray. He prayed for the speedy recovery of the sick mother and for the family, naming each member of it.

"After he had finished we tried to revive our good-fellowship but failed. The women went into the next room and there was a commotion of preparations there. Sam's sister-in-law came in then and nodded to Sam. He pulled out his large silver watch.

" 'It's goin' on eight thirty,' he said. 'Early to bed and early to rise, as the fella says. Doc will sleep next to the front room so's to be near Sug. The rest o' us men'll pile into the next room.'

"Only a thin partition, and it was full of cracks, separated our room from the women's. We undressed and got into bed. Sam slept with me. I noticed a pile of boxes in the corner which

reached up to a trapdoor. Soon the children came in in their night clothes, climbed up the boxes like squirrels, and swung themselves into the attic.

"Sam blew out the light. I could hear the women getting into bed in their room, moving about, dropping their shoes on the floor. I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, but I was not used to going to bed so early. Sam was soon snoring beside me. The air was close, charged with an odor of snuff and chewing tobacco. I listened to the rain, now a steady pouring one without wind. Then I heard a girl's voice. It was Amy's. Her bed was next to mine, with only the thin partition between them. I could have talked to her in whispers. In my mind's eye I saw her color and curling lashes, heard her voice with the inflection of a child. Finally I dozed. After many hours, it seemed, I was wakened by a noise I thought must be in a dream. I roused myself in faint daylight. The children were clambering down the boxes like rats, making all the noise they could and enjoying it."

For a mile or so at a time, as the doctor and I drove back toward Dahlonga, we saw no houses, no people, only quiet hills and deep, solemn ravines. Once we passed a decrepit farmhouse. Old and young people sat on the porch and looked out hopelessly before them. The girls were spruced up; maybe they were expecting beaux. I was reminded of the old song: "All dressed up and nowhere to go." I have driven through dismal city suburbs on Sunday and seen just such disconsolate, bored humanity sitting on verandas, dressed up and nowhere to go. These might be Georgian and American allegories — benefits for the few, boredom for the many. Here was fine mountain air, beautiful scenery, charming streams, fertile land, yet Sam and his family lived in crowded rooms without fresh air and ate poor, devitalizing food. In Atlanta their cousins were within easy reach of easy and comfortable living, of the lively society of hundreds of their fellows, yet they could only sit on their porches and stare.

The doctor said that Sam and his family were good, industrious people.

"Right around Dahlonega," he explained, "you don't see the real mountain people. The government and the counties have opened up and paved new roads and built schoolhouses. Back in the mountains you'll find folks who haven't been to Dahlonega in ten years, and never as far away as Atlanta. They live pretty much as they and their parents lived fifty years ago. Some of them are pretty trifling. They build a shack on the side of a mountain, plant a patch of corn, make liquor, and get drunk. Or maybe they pan a little gold and trade it at the country stores."

I asked him about the mountain slums I had heard so much about. Were there slums in these beautiful hills?

"Oh, yes. We have government and county relief, but somehow it misses a good many people. I had a call to see a family up in White County last January. It had snowed and frozen over; the thermometer was down to ten. At sunset I drew up to the cabin where my patients lived. I could see the red sunlight blazing through the chinks between the logs. Two women had pneumonia. I went into their room and sat down. The chair was so cold I jumped up. I swear I thought I had been electrocuted."

Mining around Dahlonega—Panning Gold on a Mountain Stream and “Bud,” Who Had the Slight of It—Holy Rollers and the Broken Lamp

MINING OPERATIONS AROUND DAHLONEGA, as far as I could learn, are desultory for the most part and are not highly remunerative. Most of the output comes from less than a dozen companies operating in two or three counties. Much of the ore-bearing land is held by absentee owners. Rich Yankees bought it during the gold rush before the war. Their estates hold on to it and demand high prices for options and leases.

Gold is not the only mine output in north Georgia, nor is mining confined to the Dahlonega area. Amethyst, jasper, agate, garnet, topaz, aquamarine, even diamonds, have been unearthed in several counties. Iron, bauxite, and mica, to say nothing of various other minerals, occur elsewhere in the state. The heaviest and most profitable operations are in Bartow County. There manganese of high quality is found in pockets. Also barite, or heavy spar, which is used mainly as a base for paint. But the big operations, especially in gold, were mostly in the past. The rich deposits were either exhausted or abandoned because methods and equipment at the time were inadequate to go on with them. Georgia's resources are various, but not all are superlative.

I have a friend who owns land in which there is a rich deposit of amethyst. He tried mining it with day labor, but he could not go deep enough with it. Deposits are not continuous, but crop out at intervals, often hundreds of yards apart. As they can't be detected from the surface, the prospector must dig until he unearths them. This requires a steam-shovel and other expensive equipment. Even with fair luck the output costs more to produce than imported stones.

Gold shows up in all the streams around Dahlonega, or "branches," as we Georgians call brooks. The mountaineers pan these streams, or stumble upon rich quartz in an outcropping on a hillside. After hard rains they pick up ore in the fields. During the depression the federal Bureau of Mines wondered if mining could be made a source of employment. The study the bureau made was disillusioning. It found that free-lance miners without capital and equipment, panning or digging in the north Georgia mountains, made an average of \$1.60 a day, or about \$72 a year — weather interfering with steady employment. This is no better than sharecropping. Such miners have other sources of income; generally they are on relief.

Now and then a poaching miner stumbles on a pocket of gems or gold, digs it out quickly while the landowner isn't looking, and makes a killing on it. Gold nuggets have been found on the public square at Dahlonega. You hear about the lucky strikes. You hear nothing about the poor hillbillies who dig and pan and haven't found pay dirt in a coon's age. But there is glamour and a gambler's chance in them old hills. Occasional discovery of a pocket eggs the jaded prospector on to fresh digging and panning. He at least has no overhead expense. He is his own boss and he loves his work.

Archie Fuller and young Miller, Canadian mining engineers, were guests at the hotel. Miller was thirty-five, a well-set-up college type of man. Fuller was an elderly bachelor. Miller was matter-of-fact; he thought more of Georgia watermelons than he did of Georgia gold. Fuller, although older, was visionary, easily moved by enthusiasm. Both had explored gold and silver

mines from Canada to South America. Fuller told me he had had the Dahlenega belt under observation for thirty years. At last he persuaded his company to set up a testing plant there. Miller was not so enthusiastic about it.

Often at night we sat on the veranda and talked. They had traveled and were well informed, but they seldom discussed mining. I was curious about mining, so Miller invited me to go with him to where they were working on the far side of Blood Mountain. We got there early one morning, left our cars on a ledge near the summit, then clambered down into a deep ravine. We passed newly dug wells that had been sunk to test the depth of the deposits. Miller told me he was doing some elemental placer mining on a small stream down at the foot of the incline. There we encountered a native miner. He was raking loose gravel from the bottom of the stream, getting down to bedrock.

Miller introduced him to me as Bud (I never heard his last name). My first impression of him was that I had met a gnome. His small figure was topped off by a wool hat which had been shaped to a point, the brim drawn down. It was streaked with red clay and silvery trails that made it look as if snails had crawled on it. Straggling hair escaped from behind. His eyes were gray and deeply set, his cheeks hollow, his teeth worn down almost to the gums. He wore overalls and rubber boots.

"Bud," Miller said, "take this gentleman up to the cut and show him the general layout while I get settled here."

"All right, suh. . . . Son, bring me my pan," Bud called. A boy of five who had been playing near the stream started toward us with a blue-steel pan. He was plump and was highly colored. His eyes made me wonder if there was a Spanish strain in the mountains. The Cherokee Indians traded gold with the Spaniards. Some of those Spaniards must have been curious to find the source of the gold and come up into the mountains to explore. We trudged uphill near the edge of the water. The child followed us like a puppy happy to be near his master. But he was in no hurry.

"Come on, boy," Bud ordered, "fetch me that pan quick.

Whar'n the hell you goin'? God damn yo' triffin' skin anyhow, laggin' behind same as a pig at hawg-killin' time."

Profanity in itself didn't faze this youngster — he was used to it. It was the tone that went with it that mattered. Bud's tone was kindly. He would have been the last to see his son damned by God or anyone else. The child sensed this and was not frightened. Neither did he quicken his pace. Profanity was an integral part of Bud's vocabulary. He used it to dress up his language.

We came to an abandoned mine cut. Bud said there was still gold in it. He explained the formation of the structure and the lay of the veins. The ore, he said, had been affected by volcanic disturbances. Like other simple people he invested things he did not understand with mystery and a certain ritual. I doubted if his knowledge had much scientific value. He had absorbed it in the brooding silences of ravines, in noisy mountain streams, in old mine cuts. Whatever it was, he was obsessed with it. He reminded me of the Dickens character who loved horses, for whom horses were wife and children and wittles. Mining was Bud's wife and children and wittles. He could talk mining by the hour; he was saturated with it. He told me about the gold he had taken out and the money he had made in the Dahlonga hills. For all his knowledge and enthusiasm, I realized that he had as small a chance of owning a mine as the average clerk in Atlanta had of owning a business.

"I'll pan out some o' this gravel," he said, "and we'll see what we can find."

He rested on his haunches on the edge of the stream, filled his pan with dirt, and slowly washed it out in the water. All that was left was a small deposit of bluish sand. Small flecks like yellow teardrops glowed in it.

"Not much," Bud said. "I'd say about five cents' worth."

It was a fascinating operation. Gold without alloy has a glow and soft radiance that is almost maddening. I felt the glamour of mining. Bud filled his pan again. "Maybe this un'll do better." It didn't, but it had kept us guessing.

"Let me try it," I suggested.

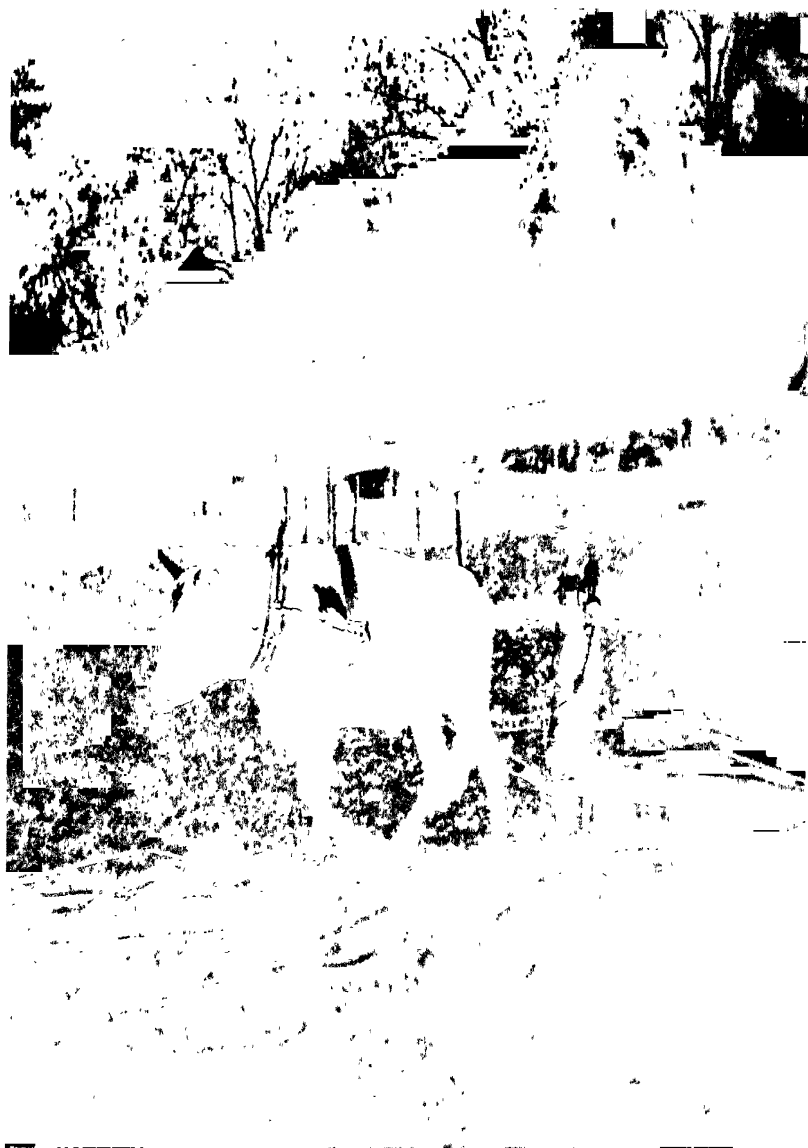


Photo by Kenneth Rogers

Man with the harrow. Scene near Suches (pronounced as you would pronounce the plural of "such" if "such" had a plural), in north Georgia



Photo by Kenneth Rogers

Foot-washing cult in the hill country. The pastor, left foreground, has his feet washed.

Bud filled the pan and I held it in the water and let it wash out the dirt as I had seen Bud do it, but I washed out too much. No yellow flecks rewarded me for my pains.

"You ain't got the sleight," Bud comforted me. "It ain't hard atter you get the sleight."

We walked into the cut and Bud picked up stones and held them up to the light. All the time he talked about his interminable mining. One stone interested him. He tapped it and ran his fingers over it.

"This un's got gold in it," he said. "I'd say a dollar's worth. You can tell by the shape. See those yellow streaks? The others are yellow too, but that's fool's gold. I'll take this un home and crush it in my hand mortar."

We rejoined Miller. Bud squatted on his haunches on the edge of the stream and began the day's panning. Each fine deposit of sand with its yellow flecks was handed over to the engineer, who poured it into a small bag and labeled it. It was exciting to watch each pan, wondering how it would compare with the previous one. The content didn't vary much, but we were always hoping. That is the excitement of looking for gold.

It was beautiful down in that wooded ravine. The water flowed past musically while I watched the pan and imagined I was a prospector. We talked about everything from Roosevelt and Talmadge to the fatal effect of snake bite. Bud told us about a band of outlaws who lived in the mountains near Rabun Gap. These men operated like gangsters and kept the good people of the neighborhood in a state of panic.

"They're a mean lot," Bud said. "Let 'em hear of a fellow makin' a little money on his liquor and they report him. If a farmer is makin' good, they threaten to burn his house. Or they come by in their Ku Klux fixin's when the farmer ain't at home and skeer his womenfolks to death. Eve'body is afeared o' them. A bunch o' 'em went on the loose awhile back. They come on down to Dahlenega and tried to get rough. They was put in the calaboose, but busted out and went yellin' and shootin' through the town. Ever since then I been carryin' a gun."

Bud told us about the Holy Rollers and their meetings. There would be one that night.

"They're havin' a revival over to Woody's Gap," he added. "If you'd like to go I'll come over and show you the way."

I declined his invitation. The people in the hotel drove out to the hills to these meetings, but I never went. They were too pathetic.

But Bud told me about the last one he attended. This is what he said:

I took a seat way back where I wouldn't be noticed specially. A woman was preachin'. Lamps was strung along the walls and there was a big hangin' lamp in front of the pulpit. The preacher was warmin' up and had lef' the pulpit. She was walkin' back and fo'th. She jumped on dancin' and card-playin' and young women that smoked and drinkin' and sech carryin' on. Then she lambasted the gossipin' women.

"Some o' you women," she shouted, "has tongues like sar-pents that reach from yo' front po'ches plumb back to the kitchen."

She was about through with the sermon when I got there. There wasn't no shoutin' now, jest amen's now and then. A fella would say: "That's right what you said," or "You spoke the Lawd's truth then." The preacher didn't mind what they said. She went right on and then she give the altar call.

"Now we'll see sump'n," I says to myself.

A young woman in front of me run out into the aisle and down to the pulpit. She fell kerplunk in front of it. She done that at eve'y meetin'.

Then some mo' jumped out and run down to the altar. I done it too. I dunno what got into me, but I done it. They was all millin' around, cryin' and laughin', jumpin' up and down. There was one fella, a tall, double-jointed fella, that out-jumped 'em all. His head struck the hangin' lamp and knocked it over and it fell to the floor and busted. Oil spattered from it and caught fire.

I run in and tried to put it out and stomped on it. But, d'ye

know, them people didn't mind that fiah? They didn't run or nothin'; jes' kept jumpin' up and down, got up on the benches and shouted and waved their arms. The preacher was as bad as the rest. She yelled: "Glory, glory! Fight fast till you lose yo' breath. Fight fast till you lose yo' breath and talk in tongues!" Somehow we put out the fiah.

"Please Gawd, we shouted hit out!" somebody yelled.

Well, I sorter got worked up myself. It gets a fella. I got so worked up oncet that my gun slipped out'n my pocket and trapped to the flo'. I was skeered to death, 'cause if somebody had stepped on it and it had gone off, I'd a-been in a fix. But nobody seen it. They was all so worked up and carryin' on so they didn't see nothin'. The preacher never even seen it. I kept layin' round that gun, waitin' for a chancet to reach down, grab it, and slip it back to my pocket. But they was crowdin' me so's I couldn't bend over. Then the preacher come to me, a-vavin' and a-shoutin'.

"Miss Fanny," I says, "I'm in a hell of a jam. For Chris' sake, help me get hold o' this gun."

She looked down and see the gun layin' there. Her eyes got big and skeered. She kind of backed off; then I reached down and got the gun. Nobody seen me do it. They was still too worked up.

I eased myself over to a window. I didn't know what might happen next. Cou'se I knowed it was the house o' Gawd and all that and ought to be safe, but I won't takin' no chances. I was all ready to jump out. I cert'ly was glad my gun didn't go off. If it had, and somebody had got shot, the sheriff would a-raised hell.

Bud said that when the people at some of the meetings he had attended got worked up they spoke a strange language. Bud called it slang.

Clarksville and the Nacoochee Valley and Clayton, a Summer Resort—Nanny, Mother of Twelve, and Danseuse of the Mountain Breakdown—An Intra-Family Feud

I FINISHED MY BUSINESS at Dahlonega and started to Clayton, which is up in northeast Georgia not far from the Carolinas. I passed through Clarksville, on the edge of the Nacoochee Valley in Habersham County. This used to be a summer resort for Savannah and Charleston bluebloods who built colonial houses similar to those I had seen at Roswell. The town has a distinctly ante-bellum atmosphere. Its magnolia trees are great-grandfathers. But there is no dilapidation. Fresh paint preserves the old fluted columns and green blinds and the picket fences are new. The lawns are green with grass and carefully tended shrubbery.

I drove on through Tallulah Falls, a mecca for sightseers before the power company diverted the falls and left only a lovely, solemn chasm. Most of the names around here are Indian and are as beautiful as the objects named. I came then to Clayton and put up at the hotel there.

Clayton is a summer resort with hotels, family cabins, trailers, and a fine climate. The place is quite gay, especially week-ends. You are surrounded by real mountain scenery, and back toward Yonah Mountain you can see the Blue Ridge range at its best

in Georgia. On Saturday night at the hotel the young people were getting ready to go to a dance. A young Atlanta lawyer invited me to go with him, his wife, and two others.

"It's a square dance," he said. "You'd love it, old-timer. Come on now and shake your foot. You'll see dancing that is dancing. Everybody is welcome. The mountaineers are not a bit snooty."

We started late and the dance was in progress when we arrived at the pavilion at the foot of a mountain where it was given. We could see the heads and shoulders of the dancers through the windows. Japanese lanterns were strung along under the eaves of the building. A few stags loitered outside. They were mainly the oldish, quiet fellows who go to dances but never dance.

The pavilion was crowded. The dancers were directed by a mountaineer, a serious, thin person who called the figures. He stood on the floor at the end of the hall. Between his calls he played a harmonica to accent the music. Behind him on a platform were the musicians, also natives, with a bull fiddle, two guitars, and a banjo.

We stood against the wall, waiting for the set to end. There was no class distinction here. Mountain and city people mingled without affectation, without awe on the one hand or condescension on the other. Everybody had come to dance. Some were experts, others were awkward. The mountain girls dressed with more pretentiousness than their city sisters. They wore high-heeled shoes and more flounces than the summer visitors. The latter were in sports clothes and wore common-sense shoes.

I could feel the building vibrate as the dancers swung one another, slid along the floor, weaved in and out of the lines, bowed and turned, promenaded, saluted, glided forward and backward. I heard the caller cry: "Circle left, down the center and back, right and left, grand right and left, ladies change, all hands round, promenade all, gents right and ladies left, balance to center, chassé right and left," and other directions I could not distinguish. The caller was expert. He not only knew how to call his figures, but also knew how to time the

changes with the music. Square dancing is exacting.

The set came to an end and there was a brief intermission. The dancers who were not used to the strenuous figures fanned themselves and panted. Then the musicians tuned up and the caller cried: "Choose your partners." I chose the lawyer's wife — I knew no one else — and we took our place. Then I found myself alternating with new partners. I took outstretched hands, swung and glided, moved in and out of the line, all at a steady, warm pace. The mountain women were especially strenuous. I think they found me amusing, one in particular, a girl of eighteen with mischievous eyes. She almost swung me off the floor. Then she smiled wickedly over her shoulder as she lost herself among the others.

She made me realize that I was not as agile as I had been the last time I danced at a breakdown. I was bewildered in the maze of the figures. I felt a shortness of breath and was conscious of my mid-section. I could not help noting that I was among the few elderly dancers whose temples were tinged with gray. And I felt sweat on my brow, always a disagreeable reminder.

There was one woman dancer who appeared to be in her forties. She had the advantage of me. She was lean and lithe and hard. She swung her partners with gusto as they hailed her: "Hey, Nanny. You certainly can swing 'em."

The tunes played by the musicians were much alike. They were in jig style, not very musical. They were crosses between modern swing and the racket of a fiddlers' convention — loud and discordant but provoking.

At the next intermission, which they called the rest period, the woman they called Nanny stayed on the floor. She motioned to the musicians to continue and beckoned to a youth in the crowd.

"Heah you, Chris," she cried, "don' stand theah like a bump on a log when Mamma calls you. You say you can dance. All right, come on out and show me."

He stepped out, the others clapped their hands, and the musicians struck up. These two swung and stamped on the floor, going through Nanny's improvised steps. Her partner's face

grew redder and redder. I could see the cords sticking out on Nanny's stringy neck. Her hands were large, red, and powerful like a man's, like hams fastened to the ends of her thin, bony arms. Chris soon had enough. Another youth was summoned. We laughed and applauded as Nanny set him a pace. She exhausted him too and chose still another partner. And when the caller cried: "Choose your partners" for the next set, Nanny went on dancing just as though she had never stopped.

We danced until midnight. On our way home my partner of the dance warned me: "You're going to be sore in the morning." She told me that Nanny was a guest star who lived across the line in North Carolina. She was a laundress and did the work of a hotel and several households. She never permitted her husband to come to the dances with her, but made him stay at home and take care of their twelve children.

"It's all he's good for anyhow," Nanny had declared.

From Clayton I drove westward through the mountains to Blairsville and saw the finest scenery in north Georgia. The mountains here were not as impressive as those in North Carolina, but they were beautiful at that. I passed clear streams and small waterfalls which invited you to stop and fish.

At Blairsville I met H. D. Merritt, clerk at the Mountain Lodge, who was there on business. He knew that country and told me about the mining development in White County east of Neel's Gap.

"I want to take you down there," he said, "and have you meet Graham Dugas. He's opening a big gold plant. Man, he's a case. I want you to hear him talk. He'll tell you what it takes to start a gold mine."

We started the next morning. At a filling station I met an old gentleman who asked me if I could give him a lift to his son's place, a few miles on.

"Certainly," I said. "Are you a native of these parts?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I've lived here all my life, close to eighty-seven years."

He told me as we drove along that he was a retired Methodist

preacher. For several years he had ridden a circuit of small churches in the mountains. He was active and mentally keen for his age.

We drove south over Neel's Gap, a mountain pass thirty-five hundred feet up. From it we saw scenery almost as gorgeous as any in North Carolina. The tips of the mountains were hidden in clouds, and shreds of mist floated over the valleys. We took a trail leading from the gap down the steep slope of a mountain.

The road was narrower and more crooked, the wilderness wilder and more desolate than any I had seen. We passed a cabin only occasionally. Once we encountered a covered wagon at the crossroads.

"You don't see many covered wagons these days," the old gentleman said. "The roads are better, thanks to the CCC boys, and more and more people use automobiles. Some of these wagons are devices of Satan. You'll see an old mountain couple in the front seat, the woman in a sunbonnet dipping snuff, the man chewing tobacco. Behind them is a load of wood or cabbage, and on top of it the couple's grandchildren. All together a happy, domestic scene. But down under the wood or cabbages, likely as not, a cargo of moonshine whisky can be found."

The sight of the wagon reminded the preacher of a story. It illustrated the isolation of some mountain folk.

"I used to call on a family living about a mile from where we are now," the preacher said. "The man was an elderly farmer and well to do. He set a good table and lived well. After his first wife's death he married a young woman. His grown daughters were never reconciled to the marriage. Although they continued to live with their father, they wouldn't speak to him or to their stepmother.

"One day I went over to see the father on business. He was one of my stewards. I was shown into a comfortable living-room. It was better than most—it had only one bed in it. My steward's mother sat by the fireplace. With her old shaky hands she filled a clay pipe with tobacco she kept in a cigar box. She adjusted her ear-trumpet and asked me if by any chance I

was related to a family of the same name in Dawson County.

" 'I saw 'em in Atlanta last week,' she went on. 'There was a big crowd. President Cleveland and his wife was thar. He made a speech, but I never heered what he said. You couldn't get no ways nigh him.'

"The man came in then.

" 'My mother is past ninety,' he said to me. 'Now and then she forgets herself and goes back to her past. It's been many a year since Grover Cleveland was in Atlanta, but it seems like last week to her. She hasn't been in Atlanta since.'

"My friend's wife joined us, a woman of thirty or so. She nodded to her husband and he said, turning to me: 'We're getting ready for a little snack. Come on in and join us. I know how you like country ham and gravy, and my wife fixed some specially for you.'

"We went back to the kitchen. We could smell the appetizing odor of smokehouse ham. Two women sat at one end of the table. They had their own coffee pot and salt cellars. They were old maids; one was plump and dark, the other thin and pale. The thin one wore dark glasses. I greeted them and they indicated my place at the middle of the table. The old lady sat down opposite me. The head of the family and his wife sat at the other end of the table, their coffee pot in front of them. The old lady, I guessed, was a buffer between them and the daughters.

"I said a blessing and the stepmother went over to the stove, dished up the meal, and served me, then served her husband and mother-in-law. The plump sister followed her to the stove and served their food. No word was spoken.

" 'Set to,' the husband said. 'We make home folks of you here. If you don't see what you want, holler for it.'

"His wife apologized for the food, although it was excellent, everything highly seasoned and piping hot.

" 'I do hope you'll excuse everything,' she said, the way country people apologize for the table they set.

"We didn't say much, and the sisters whispered to each other in monosyllables. I tried to carry on with the old lady with nods

and smiles. The plump sister took the other's plate, cut up her food for her, and fed her. She was almost blind.

"The old lady was the liveliest of the lot. From her place facing the door she could see the road out in front. (Seeing the covered wagon reminded me of this.)

" 'John,' she demanded presently, 'who's them people in the kivered wagon I see gwine down the road?'

"John shook his head.

" 'I don't know, Ma,' he said.

" 'What say?'

"He shook his head and waved his hand impatiently.

" 'I wisht I knowed who 'twas in that kivered wagon,' she persisted. No one paid any attention to her. 'Ne' mind,' she added, hurt but defiant; 'I'll go down the road a piece to Clem's house tomorrow. I'll ast him do he know who 'twas — if he saw 'em.' "

I asked the preacher if there had been many changes in the mountains.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Most of the young folks are going to the towns, like they're doing everywhere. I guess people in the mountains are pretty much like everybody else. There are some who live right and prosper and some don't. Of course there're more schools now and better roads, but living I guess is about as hard for most mountain people as it ever was."

The preacher left me and I continued along the tortuous trail, Merritt in front in his car. Presently he stopped at a small but swift stream. Across it a dam had been stretched.

"That's Dugas's dam," Merritt said. "Its part of his power plant."

We crossed a bridge, ascended a high plateau, and drew up before a modern frame bungalow. Laborers were working on a driveway.

"This is Dugas's place," Merritt said.

*Graham Dugas's Ten Thousand Acre Gold Preserve — He
Makes a Strike in the Old John C. Calhoun Mine and Rides
to Florida in a Gold-Plated Automobile*

A ROAD WORKER informed us that Dugas had driven up the road a piece but would be back shortly. His wife was visiting in Atlanta, but if we wished, a servant would admit us to the house and we could wait there.

"We'll wait out here," Merritt said. "Suppose we take a look around until Dugas comes back."

We stepped across the road to two buildings. One was an old cabin now glorified with stain, and the other a smaller modern building, Dugas's office. We peeped through the window and saw desks, other office equipment, and a small safe. We turned then to the cabin.

"Dugas found the cabin on the property," Merritt said. "It's at least a hundred years old. You'll notice that the walls and floor are made of puncheon boards — logs that have been hewn flat. They are held in place by these wooden pegs. The pegs were made and driven in by slaves. There is a trapdoor leading down into the cellar. The original owners stored their provisions there."

At that moment Dugas came back in his car. He got out, waved to us, and came over to greet us. He was a stocky, ener-

getic man of fifty. You could see at once that he was city-bred. His bulgy, muddy duck pants and his loud, plaid woolen shirt were out-of-doors affectations. He exuded enthusiasm; he had hardly finished greeting us before he began to launch his empire before us.

"That's my pasture over there." He waved to a fenced-in field. "It's for my boy's pony and the cow and the goat. That will be part of my farm. Of course I won't fool with that. The county agent will do that for me."

He took us to the barn and called the cow and the goat. Although there was an open gate between the barnyard and the pasture, the goat insisted on entering between the wires. We fed him cigarettes, his favorite delicacy. Dugas then showed us his warehouse where he had stored the equipment for his power plant. The water, he explained, was now too high to install it. This would bring the current from the dam to his hydraulic gold mine, a mile or so back in the hills. He indicated a generator drive with a turbine-type waterwheel; also a water pump capable of throwing horizontal streams ninety-two feet, which would wash the gravel down into the sluices, and three automatic water siphons to be used at the bottom of the shafts to keep the water out.

"When I've installed the machinery," Dugas added, "I'll use the warehouse for a machine shop and blacksmith shop. That will take care of my repair work, and I can make my tools here. No interruption of work to send off for parts. . . . Well, let's go to the house."

Dugas showed us into a modernistic living-room with walls and ceiling finished in white pine which had been polished into a rich pattern. Our host summoned his cook, a mulatto woman.

"What'll you fellows have? I've got sherry, Bacardi, and city whisky."

We chose city whisky. Dugas returned to a discussion of his premises.

"I'm working now on a patio," he explained. "It'll be between the house and the driveway and will have a wall around it."



Photo by Turner Hier

Graham Dugas, right, is pointing to gold streaks in a ledge of rock in the Calhoun mine after his big strike

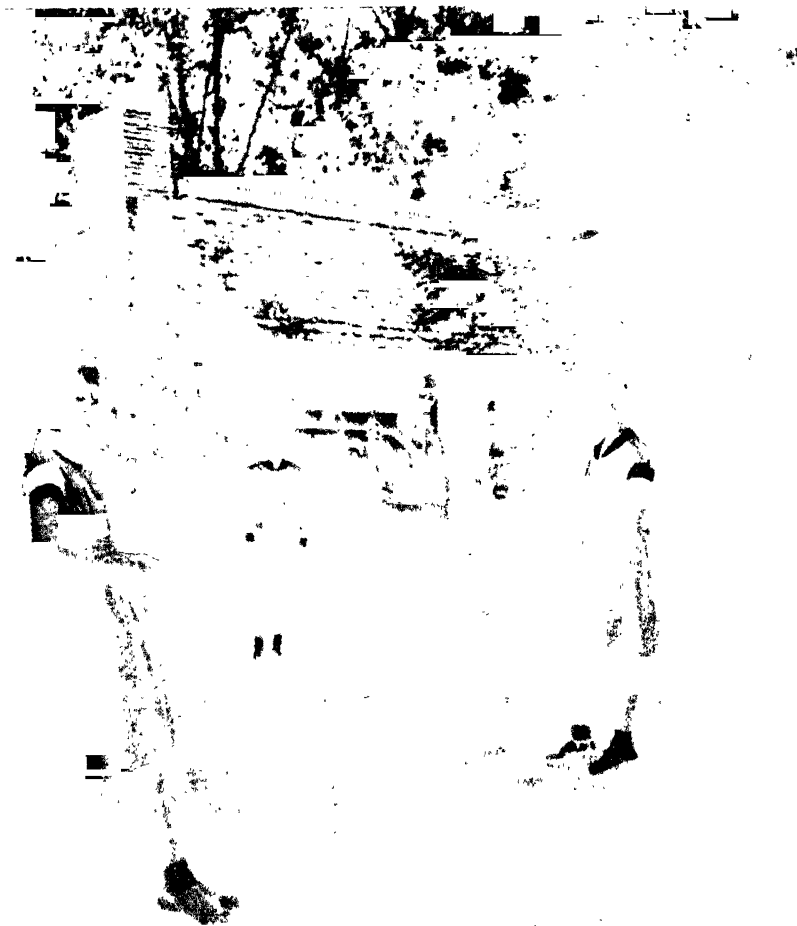


Photo by Kenneth Rogers

Original log-cabin schoolhouse at the Berry School

"How much land have you here?" I asked.

"About ten thousand acres," he said. "I got hold of it gradually, a farm at a time, on any kind of terms I could get. Whenever I made a little extra money on appraisals, or buying bauxite mines for the aluminum people, buying and selling mica deposits, I put it in land. Sometimes I would get behind on my payments and have to pay bonuses for extensions. I stuck it out. It took me ten years, but I finally got my fangs on the property."

After talking awhile, we stood to take our leave. Dugas went with us to the car, still bursting with enthusiasm. Now he discussed his house and grounds. He indicated the spot where he would lay out a tennis court. He would put up an ornamental fence, plant shrubbery, restore the forest. He intended to plant wheat, this for appearance.

I got into my car and looked about. I had gone gold-crazy. In place of the makeshift warehouse, the barn, cabin, and dwelling, I saw a great mining empire stretched out before me.

"He'll put it over," I thought.

I heard no more from Dugas for two or three years. Then one morning I saw his name in big headlines. He had leased the old John C. Calhoun mine near Dahlonega and made a strike. Experts, including the state geologist, said it would rival the old strikes in California in '49. Its value was variously estimated up to a million dollars.

Dugas had found a rich pocket — there is no doubt about that. The people in Dahlonega were not unduly exercised by the announcement. They had seen mines come and go — mostly go. But the tourists were thrilled. They drove to Dahlonega in streams. Signs directed them to the mine; hot-dog stands had been thrown up for their benefit.

The telephone system at Dahlonega is a local affair. It is owned and operated by R. C. (Bob) Meaders, a remarkable man. At seventy-one he can still climb poles, stretch wire, and do repair work. He doubles in brass as telephone operator, and the switchboard is installed in his home.

When Dugas made his strike, Mr. Meaders's wires were kept

hot with messages from all over the country. He worked day and night answering calls from people who had read about the Calhoun strike.

Meanwhile there was a running fire of headlines. One announced that Dugas had temporarily closed the mine, stationed guards over it, and ordered machinery for its development.

Then he took a much-needed vacation. Another headline and a photograph announced Dugas's triumphant arrival in Florida. He rode in a custom-made motor car almost as big as a house. Its metal parts were plated with gold taken from the Calhoun mine. It was a sight for tourists.

Months went by. Then there was another and a final headline. Its tone was drab and disillusioned, even matter-of-fact. It announced that creditors had attached the equipment of the Calhoun mine to satisfy claims against Dugas. The yellow pocket was exhausted. Now the mine is again only a landmark, peopled only by a caretaker and the ghosts of Calhoun and his slaves.

*Moonshiners on Trial, a Wise, Benevolent Court's
Attitude — Shakespeare, Pope, and Spenser in the
Mountains — Misleading Phonetic Dialect — "We uns,"
"You uns," and "You all"*

ON MY RETURN to Atlanta a summons to jury duty in the federal court awaited me. As I sat with the other talesmen waiting to be impaneled, I realized that we were in for a series of moonshiners' trials. The weather was warm and the room stuffy — all courtrooms are. I recognized the familiar odor of the mountain country, the odor of leaf or wood soil. It had clung to the shoes of the mountaineers, become saturated in their overalls, and now charged the already stale air of the place.

The spectators' benches behind the railing were filled with defendants, witnesses, and their womenfolks. The latter were diffident and unhappy, with the uneasy look of animals caught in strange places. Some nursed their babies. Convicted men sat on the prisoners' benches awaiting sentence. They were stolid and resigned now that they knew the worst. Others conferred with their lawyers. Bailiffs kept their eyes peeled for breaches of court decorum.

The judge entered from his office. We stood respectfully and reseated ourselves. The preliminary routine over, eleven other jurors and I found ourselves in the jury box ready for the grind. During the morning we heard several cases. Moonshining

in north Georgia is as prevalent as ever. The state at the time was technically dry as far as whisky was concerned. The price of bootleg bonded liquor was high. The government was now looking for taxes, and its prosecution was as strenuous as in the old days of national prohibition. Some of the moonshiners operate by divine right. Their forefathers made liquor in the days when there were no laws against it and no taxes. Others make it to raise cash for taxes, or to put their grain into a profitable product. Most of the defendants were employees.

Our first case was simple. The revenue men had come upon a still going full blast. They found two men, a half-grown white and a Negro, at work. Three more workers fled but were recognized by the officers and arrested later. The still was destroyed. In the next case the government men found the still fired up for business, but the operators had got away. A trail of meal led the pursuers to a cabin and its owner was arrested. In another instance the officers were guided by a well-used path from the still to a near-by house. There they discovered excessive amounts of sugar and empty cans in the yard and bagged their quarry.

Unless the evidence was indisputable we freed the defendants. We felt — I think the court held a similar view — that most of the offenders were ignorant and poor, and were tools of men higher up who reaped the profit and evaded the risk.

Several of the prisoners pleaded guilty. One young fellow on receiving a short sentence addressed the court.

"Judge, yo' honor," he said, "I'd like to go home and git in some plowin' befo' I start sentence. We've had a powerful lot of rain and the grass has got us. I'd sho' like to get shet of it."

"All right," the court agreed, with surprising willingness. "I think that can be arranged. I will talk with the probation officer."

The same privilege was accorded to three others. A middle-aged man in overalls was given a nine-month jail sentence. It did not seem to worry him; doubtless he had expected a longer term.

"Judge," he suggested casually, "if you'd jes' as live, I'd like

to be sent to the jail at Gainesville. That's up in my diggin's, as the fella says, and me'n the sheriff's sort o' buddies."

I was frightened for the man. Defendants as a rule don't make suggestions to federal judges. I expected reproof, or a bit of sarcasm that would have put the fellow in his place. Nothing like that happened. The court seemed to think that the plea was reasonable; his dignity was not ruffled in the least. Neither did he see anything amusing in the situation. No one else, for that matter, cracked a smile.

"Why, yes," the court agreed, with equal casualness, "I will be glad to do that for you."

Lenient treatment of moonshiners has been the unwritten procedure of the federal court in Atlanta for many years. With a few exceptions federal judges are humane in their handling of criminal cases. Their sentences are surprisingly light. The federal probation system is efficient and is administered with a fine feeling for social implications. The punishment is seldom vindictive, as it too frequently is in the state courts.

The moonshine offenses are treated as misdemeanors and the offenders are sent to county jails as a rule. Nor is the defendant often required to find a bondsman. His word is his bond in those cases where he wants to go home and wind up his business before beginning to serve sentence. In the hundreds of cases so treated, it is a matter of record that not one prisoner of this type has tried to skip his personal bond.

Before I started to north Georgia, I expected, not being a native of the region, to find a race apart, speaking a dialect that would require the help of an interpreter. An old friend who had spent his youth in the mountains disillusioned me. "Why, they're like country people everywhere," he said. In Dahlonega I was told that I must go into the bowels of the mountains to find the old customs and speech. Good roads, schools, and the radio, I was warned, had changed the characteristics of the mountaineers. Another friend who owns mines in the hills told me I would hear the speech of Shakespeare.

I found mountaineer characteristics near Dahlonega as well

as back in the mountains. What surprised me was my discovery that the people were not essentially different from those I had known as a boy in middle rural Georgia. Both regions had been settled by the same type of immigrants. They were Anglo-Saxons and Huguenots, and all were native Americans. They had come down from the farms and hills of Virginia, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania. Some had settled in the mountains; others, looking for farmland, had gone farther south.

The difference between the two groups was that those in the mountains had remained longer in isolation than those in the flat or rolling country. The latter had good roads and schools sooner, and were the first to lose their racy speech. I had no trouble following the mountain dialect.

The mountaineer rolls his *r*'s more than his fellow Georgians. But I recalled that the darkies and poor whites on the middle-Georgia plantations, like the mountaineers, had said "holp" for helped, good Chaucerian usage; "clum" for climbed, "drug" for dragged, both old English words; "afeared" for afraid; "mought" for might, affected by Spenser; "sight" meaning a large number, as "a sight of people," from "sighte," used by Gower, a contemporary of Chaucer's; "tetchy" for touchy, a word put into the mouth of the Duchess of York in Shakespeare's *Richard III*; "jine" for join, used by Pope.

"I'd just as live," for "I would as lief," expressing willingness; "plumb," meaning complete or superlative; "ary," meaning one, "nary," not one; "pizen" for poison; "get shet of," meaning to get rid of something, are all good old Georgia ruralese, not confined to the mountains. When Bud told me that I must get the sleight of panning, he meant that I must learn its technique. This too is fine Georgia ruralese, and is much better than "technique," for, after all, technique is merely sleight of hand. "Right" is used to denote degree, as "right smart," "right pretty."

"We uns" and "you uns" are expressions peculiar to the mountains. I have never heard them elsewhere. They are probably corruptions of "you ones" and "we ones," although no

one knows for certain. "You all" is south-wide in scope. Northern dialect-writers rile Southerners by using it in the singular as well as the plural. When a Georgian says to a friend: "You all must come to see us," he implies an invitation to him to include his family, his old aunt and his grandparents. But if he says: "I'll be seeing you," he drops the "all" because he includes only the person addressed.

At that, "all" is superfluous. Georgians forget that "you" can be plural as well as singular, all-embracing as well as specific. "All" may be used for emphasis, as when the Georgia evangelist said: "I hope you *all* will stay for the collection."

Another Georgia expression still used by old-timers in the country is the contraction of "says I" and "says he" to "s'I" and "s'e." It saves time and gives a racy movement to a long account of a conversation between the narrator and another person. "S'I: 'Where you been lately?' S'e: 'I been where I always been, at home.' S'I: 'What's ailing you? Spring fever got you?' [Not 'you all.'] S'e: 'Not mo'n usual I guess. I'll be seein' you soon. You all mustn't wait on us, but come over to see us any time the notion strikes you.'"

If the narrative is brisk and the dialogue voluminous, the narrator often becomes confused and says "s'e" when he means "s'I." This makes no particular difference; the listeners manage to straighten it out.

The greatest offense against good writing is phonetic dialect. It is not only hard to read and devilish to type, but it is also misleading. Even educated persons in Georgia, and elsewhere, slur their vowels, run their words together, drop their g's, in casual conversation; or are guilty of provincialisms. The rustic is betrayed by a queer idiom, by an obsolete word or phrase which gives character and raciness to a sentence otherwise fairly correct and conventional.

Another writing offense is to emphasize minor characteristics without providing perspective. The mountaineer's isolation is stressed. The fact that Editor Townsend lived within seventy-five miles of Atlanta and had not been there in thirty years seems something to marvel at. Yet most of us are victims of iso-

lation in one form or another. Thousands in New York City have never been to Harlem or set foot in a night club. Millions know only the dreary route from the suburbs to the office and back again.

Religious fanaticism is fed by isolation, poverty, and distress, and these are not a monopoly of the mountains. Soon after my arrival back in Atlanta, several Holy Roller meetings in Georgia cities were broken up by the police because their preachers insisted, to prove their faith, on being bitten by rattlesnakes before their congregations. Their services were held in rural and city slum districts.

The apparent dumbness of the mountaineer is in reality his timidity. He is more picturesque, at that, than the slangy, repetitious city illiterate. Even the virtues and the sturdy Anglo-Saxon Americanism of the mountaineer are overplayed. His hospitality is an exigency of his isolated life. He can hardly refuse a traveler hospitality when no hotel is near, the road soggy, and the weather bad. And he is always glad to meet and talk to someone from the outside world.

The curiosity of the old woman who watched the covered wagon go by and swore she would find out who was in it was no worse than that of her sister in a city apartment who listens in on a party line, or reads Hollywood gossip and the doings in a New York night club. There are feuds in the mountains, but there are also business feuds and gangsters in the cities. Bad cooking is due to poor equipment and ignorance and is general. Not all hill people are gaunt, with fierce black whiskers and bobbing Adam's apples — many are stalwarts.

I did notice that the prevailing use of overalls has robbed the native of his surface individuality. I did not see many one-gallus fellows who used thorns for buttons. Nor is this state of anonymity common to the farm hand and the free-lance miner. Time was, even as late as twenty years ago, when you could spot even a well-to-do Georgia farmer or villager a half mile away. Their apparel bore the stamp of the country store, and now there are no more country stores. Even if it came from a city shop it was at least a season behind the metropolitan mode.

Rusticity was most glaring in the women's hats and the men's shoes. Both were over-ornamented.

Transportation and mass production changed all that. Park Avenue styles are now adapted, if not copied outright, and are given their premieres in Georgia and New York at the same time. Chain stores in the small towns and mail-order houses supply the latest designs at amazingly low prices. City shops are within easy driving distance of the hinterland.

This apparel, at least while new, will fool the average layman or even laywoman. Hattie Carnegie would of course not be deceived. She would be riled. Georgia women are wearing cotton goods more and more. Even the well-to-do pay as much as thirty-five dollars for a cotton dress. A shop girl or farmer's daughter may buy a Carnegie adaptation in cotton costing up to five dollars and be chic. A farmer's high-school miss who is majoring in dressmaking can design and make her own clothes, with or without a copy of *Vogue* to inspire her. Because of the long spring, summer, and autumn seasons, sport styles are favored in Georgia. In the rural districts the girls go in for more ornamentation and dress up in silk-rayon fabrics in preference to cotton.

So, in watching the street crowds in Atlanta, Macon, or Savannah, it would be hard to distinguish the rural from the city folk, although many are transients from the sticks. Georgia is being standardized rapidly, not only in clothes, but also in speech and manners.

This is true even in the mountains. I discovered that the hill people were human beings, not caricatures, and were no more and no less interesting than human beings everywhere.

*Members of a Mob Are Denounced by a Fiery Georgia
Editor — Southern Womanhood Fights the Mob —
The Frank Case and Its Implications*

BUSINESS TOOK ME ON another excursion into north Georgia. This time I started toward Rome, a picturesque city seventy miles north of Atlanta. I crossed the Chattahoochee River at Bolton and proceeded on the Marietta highway. This stretch might be a part of Atlanta, so numerous and continuous are the suburban towns and settlements. Commuters live here and come into Atlanta by trolley, bus, rail, and private cars.

In Smyrna, a thriving community, I was reminded of a race riot that occurred near there only two years before. The event was noteworthy because it demonstrated a newly aroused public sentiment against lynchings, and violence against the Negro. It also proved the effectiveness of the state police patrol. This, more than any other agency, has discouraged lynching parties in the state. In 1939 there were no lynchings in Georgia, although attempts at them had been made. The installation of state police forces in other Southern states has had a similar restraining influence on mobs.

A gang composed mostly of idle and semi-idle youths in the Smyrna neighborhood went on the rampage. They invaded

the Negro settlements, dragged 'helpless blacks from their homes, and beat them, then set fire to their houses. They burned a Negro church and stoned passing automobiles driven by Negro chauffeurs.

Frequently disorders of this kind are started by trivial provocations. Here the provocation was real. A white farmer and his wife had been robbed and murdered in their home. A Negro was caught, confessed, and was jailed at Marietta, county seat of Cobb County.

In the ensuing riot there was no delay on the part of the authorities. Sheriff's deputies hurried to the scene from Marietta. They were joined by the state police and a company of the National Guard. Order was restored and about twenty of the mob were arrested and jailed at Marietta. Indictments followed quickly. The county commissioners appropriated money for the rebuilding of the Negro church.

That there might be no doubt about Cobb County's stand against lawlessness, civic and church groups met and adopted resolutions scoring the rioters. The Cobb County *Times* at Marietta spoke out as only a Georgia editor can speak when he is riled. It printed a front-page editorial which denounced the mobsters. It printed their pictures. All this in defiance of some of its subscribers who secretly sympathized with the mob.

Most of the lynchings in Georgia in the past were due to the lack of police protection in the rural districts. The average sheriff was an easy-going politician, often too old for active work. His sympathies and those of his deputies were "too frequently with the mob. At best they were timid men, afraid of the voters, even more afraid of being branded as "nigger-lovers."

Except in a few populous counties there were no county police forces and few telephones. The state patrol, a comparatively recent organization, is remedying that deficiency. Before then the lawless elements had a free hand. Considering the fact that at least a third of Georgia's population are Negroes, many living in isolated sections, the wonder is that there were not

more lynchings. Imagine Chicago, with a population but little more than Georgia's, without police protection except in the downtown area.

Today the state patrol is more efficient than the average police force. It is governed by civil service. Its members must undergo rigid physical and mental examinations. They must be educated; their training is continuous. The difference between the waistline of the average cop and of the patrol is the difference in their efficiency. The latter are well equipped. They cruise in fast cars, cover much territory. A radio system recently was installed. The men can get to the scene of a crime more quickly than the sheriff and the militia. And they are better trained for action after they get there.

Other Southern states have installed patrols. The reduction in the number of lynchings that followed may be a coincidence, but my feeling is that the state police brought it about. This view is shared by Mrs. Jessie Daniel Ames, executive secretary of the Association of Southern Women for the Prevention of Lynching. She said that "swift action made possible by the police radio alarm system, particularly as used by mobile state trooper units, is an efficient technique." She was commenting on the fact that in Georgia in 1939 there were no lynchings, only attempts.

This association must be given a large share of the credit for this record. It is composed of women from every Southern state. Many of them are socially prominent. They are members of the D.A.R. and other patriotic societies. They are not fanatics.

They resent the solicitude which members of mobs and their sympathizers express for the purity of Southern women. They claim that this is a minor consideration with the lynchers; it is mostly a palliation and excuse. They are weary of having the chastity of Southern womanhood exploited by mobs.

The association is an active one. It is not dedicated solely to the adoption of resolutions. It was organized efficiently to prevent lynchings. Its members are minute women. Immediately they hear of a threatened lynching, they hurry to the telephone and notify the authorities. They are insistent. They get action

where a man would bring forth only excuses from the constabulary. By this method and their educational program they have done their part in reducing disorders.

I drove on to Marietta, an old and once war-scarred town. Sherman and Joe Johnston fought all around it. Sherman's men are buried in the national cemetery there. Otherwise there are few reminders of the great war. The town itself is prosperous-looking. In its residence section it is beautiful and Southern to the last magnolia tree and fluted column.

Marietta and Cobb County are associated in many Georgia minds with a famous criminal case and lynching. Let me hasten to explain. In view of the sensitiveness of Georgians about crimes committed in their bailiwicks, it must be said that the Leo Frank case might have happened anywhere in the United States. The principals in the grim drama were white. Fate selected Marietta for part of the locale, the first act and the finale. Atlanta was chosen for the middle act.

As a murder story the Frank case is not historically important. It is noteworthy in its various implications.

Mary Phagan, the innocent cause of it all, was born in Marietta and moved to Atlanta with her parents when a child. She was only fourteen when her body was found early one morning in 1914 in the basement of a pencil factory. She had been strangled.

Several suspects, including Negroes, were arrested. The real sensation came with the arrest of Leo M. Frank, Jewish superintendent of the factory and an official of the B'Nai Brith. He was questioned by the police and lodged in jail, charged with the girl's murder.

At first the newspapers treated the case as they would any other event of its kind. In Atlanta they gave it "streamers" and pictures. Outside of the South they gave it routine treatment. After Frank entered the case and his trial began, newspapers everywhere took up the fight for him. They pictured him as the victim of Georgia bigotry and race hatred. Georgia's lynching record was cited. Its population was characterized as morons

and sadists. Its courts were run over roughshod by mobsters. An Atlanta paper demanded a new trial for Frank.

Georgians, always sensitive to outside criticism, were indignant. It was whispered that Jewish advertisers were putting pressure on the publishers, that Jewish money and power were being used to browbeat justice. Frank's friends countered with the charge that racial hatred was the basis of the persecution of an innocent man, and that mob frenzy was used as a club against the public authorities. In this view many Georgia Gentiles concurred.

The trial lasted a month. Hugh M. Dorsey, the young solicitor general, was pitted against a local staff headed by the late Luther Z. Rosser, Sr. The state's direct testimony was supplied by Jim Conley,¹ an ignorant Negro, an employee of the factory where Mary Phagan worked. He said he went to the building on the afternoon of April 26, Confederate Memorial Day. There, he swore, he encountered Frank, who was trying to dispose of the girl's body. Frank enlisted his aid and the two dragged the body down to the cellar, according to Conley. For his help, Conley added, Frank promised to pay him two hundred dollars. Actually, Conley said, Frank paid him only two dollars and a half.

Conley also swore that Frank induced him to write two notes, both supposed to have been written by the girl, which directed suspicion against a Negro. The notes were found near the body.

Rosser, celebrated browbeater of witnesses, failed to break down Conley's testimony. The jury set a Georgia precedent; it accepted a Negro's story in preference to a white man's. Frank made a long statement in which he denied his guilt. During the argument that followed, the courtroom was crowded; down in the street another crowd waited for the verdict. Now and then, when the prosecution scored a point, the audience cheered. A verdict of guilty was returned.

Frank's counsel entered an appeal, first to the supreme court of Georgia, then to the district federal court, and finally to the

¹ Jim Conley, now a broken old man, was arrested in Atlanta recently. He was charged with drunkenness and participation in a "numbers" racket.

United States Supreme Court. The tenor of the appeal was that justice had been lynched, court and jury overridden by threats of mob violence. It was charged that spectators booed in the courtroom and made demonstrations unfriendly to the defendant in front of the building.

Frank's worst blunder was his employment of William J. Burns as his leading detective. A few years later Burns was involved in shady deals in Washington during the Harding regime.² He came into Atlanta with great fanfare and was hailed as another Sherlock Holmes. He amused himself by going into newspaper offices in elaborate disguises.

He had come to Atlanta, Burns announced, to perform a public service. He proposed to establish the guilt or innocence of Leo M. Frank. In pursuit of his inquiry he was naïve enough to go up to Marietta, where Mary Phagan was born and buried. He did not stay there long. He was run out of town and narrowly escaped being beaten up. Back in Atlanta he announced his decision. Leo M. Frank was innocent.

In the first stages of the trial Thomas E. Watson, sage of McDuffie County and arbiter of Georgia's violent politics, had had nothing to say about the case. Watson was an able lawyer. He was then editor of the *Jeffersonian*, an iconoclastic sheet devoted mainly to the denunciation of politicians he did not like. He was said to have turned down an offer of five thousand dollars to defend Frank.

When the Atlanta *Journal* demanded that the state supreme court grant a new trial to Frank, Watson jumped into the controversy with both feet. Since when, he railed, had newspapers taken it upon themselves to dictate to courts what they should do? He attacked Frank's character. What Watson did not charge directly he presented skillfully in innuendo. He even threatened Frank with lynching. His attack against Frank was as venomous and one-sided as the press's was against the state.

The date of Frank's execution was set for June 22, 1915. Rumors spread that John M. Slaton, Governor of Georgia, would

² See Samuel Hopkins Adams: *Incredible Era* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1939).

either pardon the prisoner or commute his sentence to life imprisonment. The Governor did the latter on his last day in office. Frank had been taken out of Atlanta the night before and sent to the state prison farm at Milledgeville.

On the afternoon of the commutation a mob estimated at five thousand formed on Marietta Street in downtown Atlanta. Bent on lynching the Governor, it marched out Peachtree Street six miles to his suburban estate. It was armed with shotguns, rifles, derringers, brass knuckles, heavy canes, even dynamite. When it got to the estate, after dark, the Governor and his family were barricaded inside. Detachments of the National Guard were stationed around the grounds. Disorder began. Several guardsmen were wounded before they could disperse the mob.

Mobs milled about the streets of Atlanta all night. The next morning Governor Slaton went to the Capitol to take part in the inauguration of his successor. He was heavily guarded.

Meanwhile quiet but sinister preparations were being made in Marietta. Another mob was being organized, but this, unlike the other, was not composed of riffraff. Nor was it large. Its members were carefully picked and as carefully trained in their gruesome undertaking. They even had a legal adviser, although a legal adviser for a mob would seem to be an anomaly. They moved out of town in the dead of night in automobiles with full tanks, with skilled mechanics.

They proceeded to Atlanta, thence through Eatonton to Milledgeville, where Frank was confined. Only a few of the motorists were masked. All pushed their way into the prison, shoved aside the guards, and went to Frank's quarters. They roused him and told him to keep quiet and come along.

The procession was headed back toward Marietta. At a point some distance from the prison it halted. Tom Watson, who seemed to be in the confidence of the mob, said that Frank was given a chance to confess. This he would not do.

It was nearly daylight when the cars completed the hundred and fifty miles or so back to Marietta. They were driven to a lonely place near the spot where Mary Phagan was buried. The

men acted speedily and effectively. When early risers passed that way at dawn they saw Frank's body dangling from the limb of a tree. An orgy ensued. But for the restraining presence of the late Judge Newt Morris, who addressed the crowd, it would have torn the body to pieces. It was cut down and taken to a morgue in Atlanta. Thousands viewed it.

Protests were voiced in the nation's newspapers. Leading men denounced the lynching, Georgians among them. An effort was made to have the federal Department of Justice proceed against Watson as an inciter of mob violence. It came to nothing. Gradually the excitement subsided. There was a feeling that perhaps the mob, as so frequently happens, might have hanged an innocent man. Frank was pitied.

Rome and the Berry School and Lorette and Laurel, Who Inspired Martha Berry—Her Obstacles and Accomplishments—The Tallulah Falls and Rabun-Nacoochee Schools



L LEFT MARIETTA and drove toward Cartersville, a town with manufacturing and mining activities. Around here manganese and barite are mined extensively; you see the mines from the highway. Their buildings and equipment bear the stain of their products. North of Cartersville the land is more rolling, the road more twisting, for you are approaching the foothills of the Blue Ridge. The rougher the land, the more gullies and other signs of erosion you see. Abandoned farms are more numerous.

I came into Rome through Broad Street — and it really is a broad street — and passed the statue of Romulus and Remus. It was given to the city by Benito Mussolini at the behest of Italian rayon interests which were represented in Rome. One of the twins was stolen, snatched away from dinner with the wolf, but was recovered later.

Rome is set upon at least seven hills. It seemed to me there were more. The residence portion is picturesque, the streets precipitous in places. On one of these elevations is the cemetery and the grave of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. She rests beside the other members of her family.

A sign on Broad Street pointed toward the Berry School. I drove through a side street into the Dixie Highway, thence to the city limits and the gateway of the school. The estate of Martha McChesney Berry, its founder, faced the great campus. The entrance is called the Gateway of Opportunity; it was the architectural beginning of the school. I drove through it to the administration building. There I registered and waited for a guide who for a dollar would take me through the place. The regular guide was not available that day and in his place came a young woman — young enough to be a pupil. She told me she was the wife of one of the executives. Her voice was Southern and musical. She not only knew all the operating details of the school but was also enthusiastic about it and its mission.

Before she arrived I took in all I could of the campus. It was much better kept than any other Georgia campus I had seen. There were no dusty roadways, no burned-out lawns, no weather-beaten buildings with mud stains on them. The driveways were paved and the grass was green, the shrubbery well tended and vigorous. Care of the grounds is part of the work and study of the students. This spick and span layout was not too symmetrical, not too geometrically correct. The buildings and their spacious setting of trees and grass lent a homelike air to the place. They provided a sequence of the countryside's development. They ranged from log cabins to colonial and Georgian brick buildings, three types of architecture which are historically in tune with the state.

I saw no heavy, gloomy Gothic or imitation Grecian-style buildings such as you see on most campuses. Henry Ford's quadrangle, which is the Gothic exception to the architectural rule of the Berry School, was not visible from where I stood.

When my guide came up, we began to explore a twenty-five thousand-acre campus. We passed the original log cabins which were built by Miss Berry and her pupils at the start. They were not put there to be picturesque or to denote a period of history. They were built because logs were plentiful and cheap and the pupils were best fitted at that stage to build them, for most of them had lived in homes like them.

They were used at first as classrooms. Later, as more pretentious buildings were added, the cabins became guest houses, for many distinguished people visit the Berry School. We went into one of them. There was nothing rustic about the interior. The mission furniture had been made by the boys, the curtains and rugs designed and woven by the girls. The latter carry out the old mountain designs. Nearly everything made at the school has the traditional style of the mountain looms.

We passed the science and agricultural buildings, which were Georgian in style and built by the male pupils. They made the brick and tile, for the school operates a kiln. As we drove along we saw groups of students. On the surface they were unlike those you see on the campuses of the liberal-arts schools. The boys wore overalls, the girls were dressed in colored gingham woven and made by themselves. These were their work clothes — pink for the college seniors, blue for the high school. Nowhere did I see a rakish sweater with letters on the back, or slacks, or a tennis racket, or a swing-band instrument, or any other of the paraphernalia of the collegiate who is getting money from home.

Otherwise the students were not different from other students. They seemed more earnest than the others. Although most of them came straight here from mountain and farm houses, they had thrown off their rustic awkwardness and timidity. Only eight per cent of the eleven hundred enrollees pay for their tuition in cash. The rest pay in work. But everybody, regardless of his or her status, must give two hours a day in labor; the children of the teachers and other employees are not exempt from this rule. There are tasks for all, as housekeepers, in the bakery, dairy, cannery, laundry, on the farm, in the printing plant; even scrubbing floors is not too menial for these young men and women. The school has no servants. If the wives of the teachers and other employees need extra help, they employ pupils. In this way they can earn spending money.

Miss Berry ¹ has steadfastly resisted efforts of her trustees and

¹ Miss Berry has died since this was written.

advisers to turn her school into a liberal-arts college. Its training is almost entirely vocational. There are courses in agriculture, carpentry, electricity, chemistry, horticulture, teaching, and other vocations.

About us were fifty miles of driveways and a hundred and twenty-five buildings. We drove through the Road of Remembrance, which was dedicated to war-veteran students, and along the Victory Lake. Soon we were away from buildings, in the midst of three thousand acres devoted to farm operations — to a peach orchard with seven thousand trees, cattle-raising, vegetable gardens, poultry. The boys work here during the summer to pay for their tuition. The school feeds itself. The surplus of its farm and workshops is sold. From these the school is said to make fifty thousand dollars a year.

We now came to Mount Berry, at the foot of which the campus ends. Miss Berry's summer home is on its crest. Below is the school's dairy plant. I liked this best of all the architecture I had seen. It was modern and carried the architectural sequence right up to the present. The barns were covered with red and brown clay-tile roofs. The bricks were painted white, and bricks were also used effectively to make cornices. Ornamentation was achieved by half-timber work. The effect was warm and colorful. From a distance, you were reminded of pictures of Italian villas. Inside the buildings everything was immaculate. We saw thoroughbred cattle in steel stalls, standing on concrete floors as clean as those of any private home.

On our way back we passed the school's giant grist mill, a garden with overhead irrigation, and a lake with swans. Then we came to the Ford quadrangle, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford.

The Berry School was started about 1900. At first only boys were admitted, although it costs more to maintain boys than girls — the boys eat more. Boys were favored in the beginning probably because the pioneer equipment and the heavy work required then were not suitable for girls. The girls' school was added in 1911. The four-year college came along after the first World War.

Mary Ford Hall, named for Henry Ford's mother, was built in 1923. Here in the east end of the quadrangle two hundred and fifty girls and teachers live. Other buildings were given by the Fords in the next ten years. Here were the refectory, the girls' dormitory, offices of the girls' school, the library, and classrooms, and a chapel. The chapel was surmounted by a Gothic tower with a large clock. Students in the landscaping department beautified the grounds. We went into the buildings. A girl pupil was mopping the inlaid linoleum floor. The interior wood-carving had been done by a Swedish master carver. In the classroom wing I was shown laboratories for home economics and science. Motion pictures are shown in the chapel. Dances are given once a week.

Most interesting to me was the large weaving-room. Girls were weaving the cloth that goes into their clothes, into draperies, baby things, carpets, bedspreads. They worked with modern looms, which one of them told me are easier to handle than the spinning-wheel contraption which grandmother used in her mountain home. The old looms were there, but now only for exhibition.

The display room where the various products of the looms are shown opened into the weaving-room. It was all glitteringly modern and as efficient in every appointment as a Ford assembly plant. Architecturally the buildings do not conform to the rest of the plant. Some critics have complained of this. But it was Mr. Ford's idea. He paid for it, so what could the school do even if it objected on the ground of incompatibility of style? A friend of Miss Berry, after viewing the modernistic bathrooms in the girls' dormitory, expressed her misgivings.

"It is palatial," she conceded. "But what about the girls? After they've lived in this luxury will they be willing to go back home to reality?"

"Of course they will," Miss Berry insisted. "The girls scrub those porcelain tubs and tile floors. They are taught by hard work that only through hard work are so-called luxuries made possible."

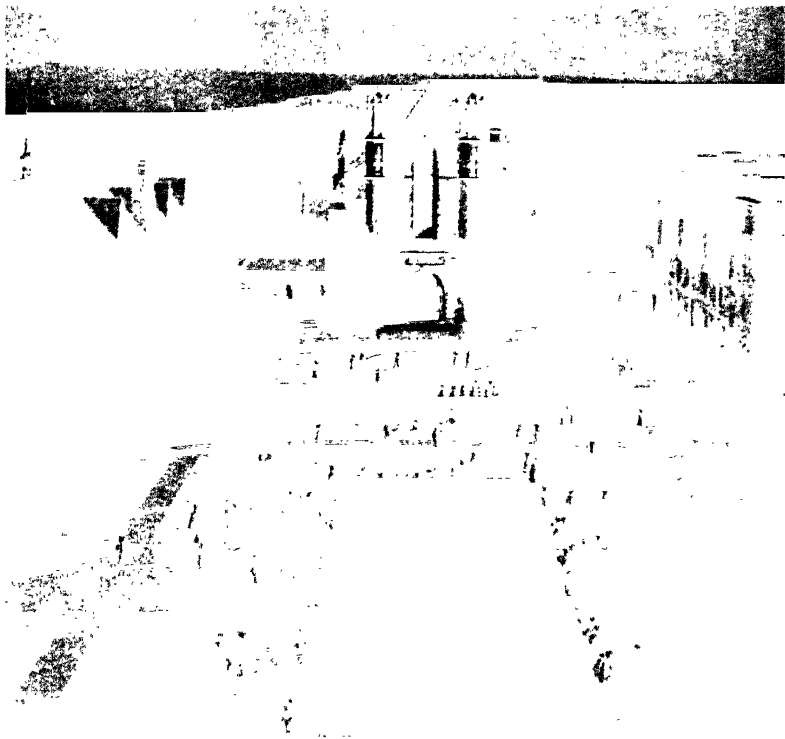


Photo by Turner His

The Ford Quadrangle, four buildings given by Henry Ford to the Berry School. The picture was taken from the fourth building.



Photo by Kenneth Rogers

Henry W. Grady's ancestral home at Athens

More interesting to me than the buildings were their owner and her career. How she originated and kept going a great institution on a shoestring, in the face of indifference and opposition, is the real story of the Berry School.

Martha Berry was a spinster in her late twenties when the idea got hold of her. It is doubtful if she would have embarked on a social experiment at that age, at that period, and in that environment if she had married. Her children would have taken her time and most of her interests. Her activities, her clubs, and possibly her church work would have absorbed the rest. The plight of the people in the near-by Blue Ridge Mountains would have seemed as impersonal and remote as that of the peasantry in the Alps.

Miss Berry likes to stress by way of contrast her genteel birth and girlhood. No one knows better than she does the value of the Southern legend as publicity. She tells you in a school prospectus that "she was born of wealthy plantation owners whose rich bottomlands on the Oostanaula River made her father one of North Georgia's wealthiest citizens. The old red turnpike wandered past their plantation on its wavering northward way. Miss Berry still lives in her old white-pillared plantation home."

In 1895 her father built a log cabin for her in front of the house. There she used to go to read. One Sunday afternoon while she was there three mountain children happened by. They pressed their noses against the window and peered in curiously. She invited them in and read Bible stories to them. On the following Sunday afternoon they came back bringing other children. Before long Miss Berry and two other girls were operating three log-cabin schools. One of these was at a settlement called Possum Trot. It gave Martha the sobriquet "The Sunday Lady of Possum Trot."

This leftist behavior of an otherwise normal young woman distressed her impeccable friends.

"Don't waste your time on riffraff," they warned her. "You'd better buy yourself some clothes and brighten yourself up. You're not so old; you can catch a husband yet."

Martha Berry at that time made frequent trips into the mountains. There she encountered Lorette and Laurel, two mountain girls whose humble careers moved her to expand her work as nothing else had.

"Long ago," she wrote in her prospectus, "I made a pilgrimage to Poor Man's Valley overlooking Briar Creek. There I had been told I would find a girl named Lorette who needed to be sent to school and given a chance to grow a mind and soul. We are always eager to help such children here in our Southern hills and give them an opportunity to get an education.

"I talked to Lorette's mother in a little single-room mountain cabin. She told me that only recently Lorette had tired of plowing fields, washing, scrubbing and cooking, and had run away from home with a boy eighteen years old. The mother was crying.

" 'I done it too oncet,' she wailed. 'I run away from home when I was fourteen. I'd got tired o' pickin' berries and doin' washin' for a livin'. Now Lorette's done it and her children'll do it too.'

"She told me Lorette was living with the boy's family in Wild Cat Hollow. I asked for directions at Idle postoffice and found my way there. Lorette, a lovely girl of fourteen, was doing the washing. She had finished cooking the dinner and doing the dishes, the very things she had run away from. She also milked the cow. She was doing all the work for her husband and his mother's family — four men, three children. She had never owned a pair of shoes in her life. She was slaving in the hope of being able to buy a pair so she could go to the meetin' as a married woman should.

"I talked to her for a bit, though there was little I could say to cheer her. As I got ready to leave, Lorette leaned close to me and said, 'I wisht you'd o' come sooner. I wisht it so!'

" 'I'll have a place for your children at Berry,' I tried to comfort her. 'Be sure to send them to me in time.'

"As I drove away I saw the slender and beautiful Lorette leaning against the cabin, staring after me, her toil-worn hand shading her eyes from the sun.

"America has passed them by. They are our only pure Anglo-Saxons. I have seen thousands of children like Lorette. I often waken with a mocking bird singing in a magnolia outside my window. I can hear the bird singing over and over, 'I wisht you'd o' come sooner. I wisht it so!'

"One day in the mountains I saw a child I shall call Laurel. She was as beautiful as our own slim mountain laurel and as delicate in color. She had a long nose and a patrician face, with slender hands and dainty skin. I asked her mother to send her down to our school and she said she would. Laurel did not arrive.

"I learned later that a rumor had spread through the mountains. The first thing it said we did to children after they came to us was to 'cut 'em open and see what was in 'em.' The legend was based on the fact that in several instances pupils had to have appendix operations. For forty years I have had to contend with such tales.

"Later I saw Laurel. She was only sixteen then. She was sitting on top of a wagonload of wood. I asked, 'Laurel, what are you doing?'

"'I jes' got hitched up with Tom down to the courthouse, Miss Berry.'

"'When did it happen, child?'

"'One day while I was milkin' the cow. Tom come along and says to me, "Yo' cabin's crowded. Le's get hitched up and get us a shack and live together." So we done it.'"

Friends have suggested to Miss Berry that she should be satisfied with what she has done and rest on her laurels. She reminds them of the five thousand boys and girls on her waiting list who can't be taken in, of the million illiterates in the Southern hills, of the Lorettes and Laurels who can't be rescued.

That Martha Berry, a sheltered young Victorian of the 1890's, should have realized that all was not well with the picturesque mountain peasantry is a tribute to her far-seeing social perception. In Georgia at that time there was little or no social consciousness. Public relief went no further than a few miserable poorhouses. A jobless man was next thing to a criminal.

Tramps, who infested the countryside, were worthless and a menace to unprotected housewives. It never occurred to anybody that they were migrant farmers and laborers set adrift by the panic of 1893. The churches did missionary work, but they sent their missionaries to distant lands to save souls. No one imagined for a moment that missionary work might start at home by saving the health and providing for the security of the unfortunate natives.

Two legends based largely on fantasy moved the imagination at that time — and still do. One glorified the glamorous and cultured ante-bellum South with its kindly aristocrats and their happy minions. The other extolled the sturdy Anglo-Saxon mountaineer.

Will N. Harbin, a Dalton, Georgia, boy who made good in New York, wrote short stories and novels about the Blue Ridge folk. His characters acted in the legendary manner. They were hospitable to a fault, hot-headed but generous, and could sprout more proverbs than *Poor Richard's Almanack*. They lived in cabins spotlessly clean and served bountiful meals to all who would "light and come in," and they topped them off with corn liquor they made themselves. It never occurred to the legend-makers that their subjects had for the most part slipped from their high Anglo-Saxon estate through in-breeding and malnutrition. They never suspected that there were chronic alcoholics and typhoid-carriers among them, that pellagra, rickets, and tuberculosis were the rule rather than the exception, and that poverty and ignorance were general.

On her trips north Miss Berry continued to work the ante-bellum legend for all it was worth, but she was never taken in by the mountaineer fantasy. It is doubtful if even she realized how false it was. She was moved by the tragedy of child marriages so common in the mountains and down on the plains among the sharecroppers. She visualized it three decades before it was exposed in the dramatic *Tobacco Road* and its companion pieces. She never felt that the condition was hopeless. She saw fine material in these neglected children. Their salva-

tion lay in education and training. And she did something about it.

When her father died and left her a large timber tract across the road from where she now lives, she visualized a campus with many buildings on it. She incorporated the Berry School and transferred the land to it. Her lawyer warned her that land so deeded could never be restored to her. Better play safe. She persisted. With the aid of her mountain pupils she built her first classrooms and dormitory.

She had land but no cash. To meet the deficits of her school she realized that she must raise the money in the fabulously wealthy North, never in impoverished Georgia. She went east on a begging tour. R. Fulton Cutting, New York millionaire, gave her a check for five hundred dollars. It was her first large donation. Then she met Andrew Carnegie. A Russian artist was painting his portrait when she called. While he worked she told Carnegie the story of her mountain people. The artist wept; he told Carnegie he must give to this cause. There is no record to show that Carnegie also wept. He probably did not. He had his own slums at the Homestead plant of the Carnegie Steel Company. Mountain feuds were probably no novelty to a man who could recall the Homestead massacre. But he came across with fifty thousand dollars. Mrs. Russell Sage gave twenty-five thousand. The late Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*, gave liberally to the school. Miss Berry's greatest achievement was inducing Henry Ford to give buildings. He had never before given extensively to education.

Martha Berry was shrewd as well as tender. She capitalized on the sentimentality of the millionaire who has made his pile and mellowed. For him she dramatized the legend of the antebellum South. She pictured herself as a girl fresh from Madam Le Fevre's finishing school in Baltimore and the magnolias of her ancestral home, going into the north Georgia wilderness to lighten the darkness that was closing down on its people.

With the money she raised she went ahead with her development. Pupils began to flock in. One boy brought along a pig

for his tuition, another pair of oxen. A few years later, when Theodore Roosevelt visited the school, he drove that ox team. Its owner graduated and became an instructor in a Southern university. More buildings and courses were added to the Berry School. The need of money was always pressing; it still is. Miss Berry refuses to put her cash in endowments. Her waiting list of pupils is too insistent. No outlay save work is required to feed and clothe the students; all that is made in the schools. But there are more than one hundred and fifty teachers and others on the staff. They must be paid salaries.

The graduates have little trouble finding jobs. Many go back to their native mountains and plains and set up schools of their own. Others go into government work; some help direct New Deal projects, or become missionaries and even business men.

Miss Berry has faced nagging opposition all along. First from her family; they objected to the opening of the schools at the start. Some of the students complained of the work courses. The trustees fought against putting up new buildings, insisted on endowment. There has been opposition in the past from cantankerous teachers. Miss Berry has had a long-standing feud with taxing authorities.

"The county contained jealous spirits," she wrote in a prospectus, "as well as short-sighted ones. They fought the growing schools and finally took their founder to court to require her institution to pay taxes, which it pays now to the extent of five thousand dollars a year. To be taxed that amount while educating more than a hundred boys and girls from the county every year, and also feeding and clothing many of them, seems an impossible reward for forty years of philanthropic work in Floyd County. But that is what it has been."

The tax-collectors contended that the school was not an eleemosynary institution. Some of the pupils paid for their tuition in cash, all in work. The school made a profit on its operations. It was also pointed out that some of the Berry taxes went into public health service, education, and other free services in Floyd County.

Miss Berry has won many honors. She has been given eight

honorary degrees and is included in a list of America's twelve greatest women. Ten thousand visitors a year visit the school. Notables in many lines have called on its founder. At seventy-three she opens and answers her mail and drives about the campus in her Ford car. For recreation she fishes and knits.

As I drove away from the school and looked back at the buildings I recalled what Henry Ford had said: "Money by itself could not have built the Berry School."

There are several mountain schools in Georgia. No other is so pretentious as the Berry School. Some educational authorities like them better on that account. They feel that the Berry atmosphere is a bit too luxurious for simple mountain folk. They wonder if the needs of the young people are not more appropriately met in two of these institutions — the Tallulah Falls School at Tallulah Falls, and the Rabun-Nacoochee School at Rabun Gap in the lovely Nacoochee Valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Both are in north Georgia.

The Tallulah Falls School is managed by the clubwomen of Georgia. Its campus contains only five hundred acres; its fourteen buildings are of simple frame construction. Like Berry it requires its pupils to work and trains them in the handicrafts. Its products are sold. Students must be able to show that they could enter no other schools. The whole scheme here is simple, its effect rustic. The training is efficient but is designed to fit the graduates for the more practical occupations.

The other school, in the Nacoochee Valley, is the most unusual of the three. It is operated by the Presbyterian Church of Georgia. Here whole families are taken in as pupils, not just the young people. Small farms with houses are assigned to them and they must cultivate the land as well as take certain courses. On leaving the school they must agree to go back home and farm.

These three schools perform a notable service. They take care of needs that the colleges, and even the public schools, cannot meet. Georgia takes pride in them.

*Athens and the University of Georgia—Its Legends
and Its Fine College Spirit—The New University Center*



WHEN I WAS IN ATHENS a few days later, I recalled Don Marquis's appraisal of the town. He rated it as the most beautiful of the Georgia cities he had seen during the time he was a newspaperman in Atlanta. His opinion has been shared by other outsiders. They add Augusta and Macon to the list of cities in the state whose individuality sets them apart, and Louisville and Washington, also in Georgia, to the roll of smaller towns of distinction.

I drove through a wide street lined with houses of the antebellum type. These were built at a later period than their kind in Savannah. Unlike the latter they were set far back from the street and were enclosed by picket fences. Between stalwart magnolia trees you caught glimpses of two-story columns, of verandas extending across the front and around the sides of the houses, of small balconies under the upstairs windows. Some were made of wood with fluted columns, others were plastered. I don't know whether, architecturally speaking, they were genuine colonials. Maybe they were not; but they introduced you to the South of tradition. In most of the Georgia countryside tourists are disappointed to find so few of these old

mansions. Here in Athens the tourist can say: "This is the South I have read about."

Athens was founded with the University of Georgia in 1801, and has grown up around it. The two are interwoven and inseparable and always will be. Even in the business district, which is conventional, the atmosphere is Southern and leisurely. The place has the vivacity and buoyancy of a college town, for nearly three thousand young men and women renew its youth annually and keep it young and alive. The sight of these arriving and departing youngsters revives pleasant memories in the hearts of the adult population and gives them the hope that their own mistakes may be corrected in the lives of those growing up.

The university has been criticized for its academic rating, which is lower than many Eastern and Western colleges. State-owned, it is too much in politics, its critics say. Such institutions are dependent on legislation for their appropriations, and it is necessary for the collegiate authorities to spend part of their time as lobbyists at the state Capitol. It has been charged that students with political pull but without scholarship are enabled to squeeze through. Such accusations are made against all government-controlled institutions.

The most prevalent complaint is that the University of Georgia caters to the sons of wealthy men, although its tuition was made nominal for the benefit of poor students. This was undoubtedly true before the War Between the States. Then only the sons of land- and slave-owners could afford to go to college anywhere. Today, through campus jobs, scholarships, and other aids, young men without means may attend the university. Even so the university confers social as well as academic distinction. Nearly every well-to-do Georgian plans to send his son to Athens, see that he joins the Chi Phi fraternity, and takes his place after graduation in the select society of the alumni.

Whatever its shortcomings, the school has graduated most of the state's leaders. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice President of the Confederacy, whose college expenses amounted to two

hundred and twenty dollars a year, was a Varsity man. So was the fiery Bob Toombs, who was expelled. So also was Gene Talmadge, who made a good record at Athens.

As a college education is wasted on fully half of the students, regardless of the institution, there must be some form of compensation. In the case of the University of Georgia the compensation lies in the fine college spirit and the rich historical and social background of its environment. The Athens environment is so alluring that the students are reluctant to go back home for their vacations, preferring to remain and continue to enjoy the gay social life of the town and its warm friendships. After graduation they visit Athens over the week-end. They come from other states to attend the commencements and football games. They never forget the friendships made with the cultivated, socially-minded residents of the town.

Now, if the student wished to prepare himself for a doctor's degree in some highly specialized subject, he would do better to go to the Eastern or Middle-Western university where education of this type is taken seriously and money has provided the equipment for it. But the run-of-the-mine Georgia youth intends to return to his native town, practice a profession or enter business, and forget his academic training. His college associations nevertheless become valuable in his active life. If he is studious he may get both benefits, for ample education is provided by the University of Georgia for those willing to take it and cultivate it.

During my stay in Athens I walked about the town, saw the drugstore where the students have congregated for generations, and visited the university campus. There I saw buildings whose venerability is impressive, such as Franklin College, the original name of the university, now Old College, erected in 1801. Others followed in 1823, 1824, 1832, and 1834, besides the modern ones. Old customs survive, including a quaint ceremony at commencement which was originated in 1806. The sheriff of Clarke County, wearing a frock coat and red sash, still leads the procession across the campus.

When Franklin College was completed, it had better equip-

ment and a larger attendance than either Yale or Harvard. It is worth noting that Georgia, the youngest of the thirteen original states, was a pioneer in higher education. The pioneering occurred when the state was four fifths owned by Indians and its population was only ninety-two thousand. Georgia was also first to charter a woman's college, Wesleyan College at Macon, founded in 1836. This early interest in education contrasts painfully with the state's present backward place in that field, for it is now near the bottom. Of course the other states had not suffered from invasion, destruction, and the painful years of reconstruction. This explains the hiatus and incompleteness in both cultural and industrial operations that will be discussed later.

Georgia is a region of contrasts, variety, and surprises, and this applies to its culture as well as its practical affairs. The university was founded not by Georgians but by two Connecticut Yankees, Lyman Hall and Abraham Baldwin, who came to the state from Yale. Hall became Governor of Georgia and in 1784 persuaded his legislature to set aside forty thousand acres of land for the site of a state university. But the project did not get going until 1806, when, after many difficulties and much public indifference, Franklin College was built. It was decorated with lightning rods and named for Benjamin Franklin.

In a sense the university is a child of Yale, and the tie formed by Hall and Baldwin has continued. For many years Yale's football team played Georgia's either at Athens or in the Yale Bowl, and for several seasons the Yankees were soundly beaten. On the whole Southern football has advanced faster than Southern education, on account of the wholehearted support of the alumni and imported players.

Baldwin became president of Franklin College and was followed in that office by Josiah Meigs, also from Yale. Meigs was a pious scientist given to grotesque computations. He used the formula for falling bodies to figure how deep into hell the fallen angels sank in nine days' flight. He reckoned that the pit was 1,832,308,363 plus miles deep.

The students in the early days were subjected to a discipline

as exacting as it was petty.¹ The result was rebellion. They hanged the professors in effigy, stoned them and poured buckets of water down on them from their dormitory windows. The faculty members became spies. One, delegated to make nightly rounds of the campus to see that the boys had obeyed the curfew law, was wary. He opened his umbrella as he passed beneath the dormitory windows. The pupils answered the roll calls in Latin, Greek, and French, enraging their teachers. They spread tar on the chapel benches. They fought among themselves, and dedicated a special plot of ground for their fisticuffs. The well-to-do boys brought their slave servants, kept horses, and drank and gambled like gentlemen. This in spite of a puritanical discipline.

The university has continued under political control. In 1931 a new system was installed; twelve regents were designated to supervise the entire organization. They are appointed by the Governor, but not all are politicians. The system has grown. It now operates Georgia Tech at Atlanta, one of the finest institutions of its kind in the country, as well as junior colleges located at various towns, teachers' colleges, and the State College of Agriculture.

For all its traditions and social glamour, the university is modern and alive. There is plenty of evidence that in the past few years it has taken up a more democratic way of living. This is evident not only in the personnel of the students themselves, but also in the character of the courses offered them. The university recognizes that Georgia is predominantly a rural state. It offers exceptional training for country teachers. I found the College of Agriculture the most interesting of the departments. It was most in tune, it seemed to me — with the exception of Georgia Tech — with the modern development of the state. The college has separate buildings and a fifteen-hundred-acre experimental farm, as well as branches in each congressional district. This scattering of its activities brings it closer to the needs of the farming communities. On its farm it demonstrates

¹ See E. Merton Coulter: *College Life in the Old South* (New York: The Macmillan Company; 1928).

the use of machinery, provides studies of plant growth, soil erosion, terracing, marketing, farm credit; it makes soil surveys and analyses and is, in fact, a laboratory for farmers.

It prepares its pupils for jobs in a hundred branches of agriculture. I was told that all its 1936 graduates found places before graduation. The increase in its enrollment has been amazing, although in numbers it is still small. It means the real beginning of scientific farm study in Georgia.

The university has a publishing plant. It encourages economic and sociological studies, with a particular view toward the problems at hand. It conducts forums at which Georgia's pressing needs are discussed. It makes surveys and is building up statistics.

From one of its surveys I learned that the greatest migration of Georgia farmers to the cities was between 1923 and 1929, when the farms, as during a war, were tended by old men and women and children. From 1929 on, there was a return to the farms and a tendency for young men already on them to stay there. Some of these farms, I was warned, were cyclone cellars for refuge during the depression.

Southern colleges, Georgia's included, have been below par in their standards. Eastern universities looked skeptically into their credits. Only one institution could offer a Ph.D. degree. Libraries, laboratory facilities, and other equipment were weak. As endowments were small, the salaries of professors were low. As a result many bright young students went north and west for their higher education, and stayed there.

The recently formed University Center will remedy these defects as far as Georgia is concerned. The General Education Board of New York, which was established by John D. Rockefeller to further the cause of education, agreed to give \$2,500,000 to the Center provided it would raise \$5,000,000 more. The additional amount was subscribed.

The Center is composed of the University of Georgia, enrollment 3,000; the Georgia School of Technology in Atlanta, a state-owned technological school and part of the university system; the Atlanta Art Association, of which the High Museum

of Art is a part; Emory University in Atlanta, a Methodist institution with an enrollment of 1,400; Agnes Scott College, a woman's college in Decatur, near Atlanta, a Presbyterian school with an enrollment of 500; and the Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, also Presbyterian.

Emory and Agnes Scott were asked to raise the fund for the Center. Agnes Scott College had already received Rockefeller help and only \$500,000 of the new funds will be allotted to it. Emory will receive \$2,500,000. The larger amount was found necessary for it because of the demands of its expensive graduate and professional departments. The remaining \$4,500,000 has been apportioned among all the units.

The key colleges in the Center had already been in co-operation. Eight years ago a committee of educators made an educational survey in Atlanta. It found that the colleges, for one thing, were engaged in ruinous competition. It suggested union, the merging of small classes, and specialization in separate fields. Emory and Agnes Scott agreed to the plan. The latter concentrated on the arts, education, and languages and enrolled only women. Emory barred women from the undergraduate list but admitted Agnes Scott girls to advanced elective courses. It expanded its science and graduate courses and operated a joint summer school. A catalogue was compiled for both college libraries. A faculty-student committee for co-op glee clubs and dramatic societies was named. Then they asked the Rockefeller board for more money. The board suggested in turn that more colleges be brought into the system. The University Center was the result.

Center projects already include in effect the Citizenship Institute, sponsored by Emory, Scott, and Tech; a joint summer law school for Emory, the University of Georgia, and Mercer University at Macon. An agreement was made by Emory and Georgia to consult each other before making changes in medical and law courses.

The value of the Center is already apparent. It is reducing competition between the schools, eliminating duplication in courses, and combining small courses. It has increased library

facilities and also endowments. Georgia and Emory will soon be able to offer Ph.D. degrees. The medical and law schools are increasing their scopes. Better salaries for professors are in prospect. Teachers are being relieved of classroom drudgery and so can give more time to research, which had been hampered because there were not enough faculty members. There is now a joint library and filing system, both more complete than the old ones. Better co-operation in summer courses is provided.

Under the old system each institution had a few courses that were pre-eminent, but there were not enough of them to give a resident student all he required. The University of Georgia has exceptional courses in rural teaching and in Southern history. Under the new set-up Emory will not continue its courses in those subjects, but will send its pupils to the University of Georgia. Emory is well equipped to prepare teachers for work in higher institutions. This study of course is centered at Emory. Because it already has a fine course in music and is erecting a music building, Agnes Scott will assume the lead in the fine-arts program. Each strong department of an existing college will be shared with students who had been forced to take an inadequate line of work elsewhere.

When finally worked out — this will take time — the Center will be one great university on a par with those in other sections. It will offer diverse courses and the requisite degrees for specialized work. Emory already has a good medical school. It enjoys the facilities of the Grady Hospital, Atlanta's large charity hospital.

As all campaigns, however idealistic, must have a money incentive and be supported in the main by moneyed men, the University Center offered Atlanta and Athens a practical inducement. Its sponsors claimed that it would mean \$1,500,000 a year to Atlanta alone in the influx of new students, many accompanied by their families. Its greatest social value will be in offering adequate education to Georgia boys and girls and keeping them at home. There, fully equipped, they can train others. Georgia has heretofore suffered from the loss of its human as well as its material resources.

Dr. Crawford W. Long, His Ether Parties, and His First Operation in Which He Used Ether as an Anesthetic—The Long-Morton Controversy—What the Doctors Thought

ATHERS HAS HAD many distinguished sons in and out of the University of Georgia. Its most distinguished part-time resident, unless you include Alexander H. Stephens, who was a student there, was Dr. Crawford W. Long, who was the first doctor to use ether as an anesthetic. He was a roommate of Stephens at Franklin College, as the university was then called. Stephens afterwards became Vice President of the Confederacy and by many is rated its foremost statesman. Busts of both men are in the National Hall of Statuary in the Capitol at Washington.

Long was born in Danielsville, a town about twenty miles north of Athens, on November 1, 1815 and died at Athens on June 16, 1878. After his graduation from Franklin College he entered the University of Pennsylvania medical school and afterwards took a post-graduate course in the New York hospitals. There he was deeply moved by the suffering of patients on the operating table.

He began to practice at Jefferson, a town eighteen miles northwest of Athens, but moved to Athens in 1851, where he continued his profession. He then went down to Atlanta and

lived there a year, but he found the town too young and raw, too lacking in future. He went back to the cultural background of Athens and the university.

Statues have been erected to his memory at Danielsville and Jefferson. A duplicate of the University of Pennsylvania's medallion has been placed in his honor on the campus at the University of Georgia. A portrait of him was hung in the state Capitol at Atlanta. Finally, on March 26, 1926, a marble bust of him was unveiled in the Statuary Hall.

Honors like these would seem to establish beyond dispute Dr. Long's claim that he was the first to use ether as an anesthetic. His claim was disputed by Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, a Massachusetts dentist. More about that controversy later.

As a matter of fact, several persons were on the verge of this important discovery at about the same time. An Englishman, not a doctor, had observed early in the nineteenth century the mesmeric effect of ether and wondered if it could not be used as an anesthetic, but his curiosity carried him no further.

About the same time a group of strolling chemists went about the country lecturing and giving inhalations of ether to persons in the audience. They inspired the "ether parties" that became a fad in many communities, but the thought of anesthesia never entered their heads.

Dr. Long's famous ether parties at Jefferson and what they led up to are familiar to all who have followed the events of his life. He told about these parties in December 1849, seven years after he had performed his first operation using ether as an anesthetic. His account of them appeared in the *Southern Medical and Surgical Journal*, in which he also described the operation. The young men of Jefferson had heard about the ether parties and suggested that he give one. He obliged them. That was in December 1841 or January 1842. The celebrants were happy and exhilarated after their inhalations — very much so, in fact. Ether parties became a fad in this community too.

The doctor inhaled ether himself. Afterwards he discovered bruises on his person which he had not felt at the time. His

fellow celebrants also reported painless bruises. Those must have been rough parties. They set the doctor to thinking. Now he saw the possibilities of a novel pain-killer.

James M. Venable, who lived near Jefferson, had two tumors on his neck. He had wanted to get rid of them but dreaded the pain of an operation. Dr. Long persuaded him to undergo the operation under the influence of ether. Venable consented. In the presence of witnesses Dr. Long removed one of the tumors, applying the ether with a handkerchief. When Venable came to, he was surprised to find one of his tumors gone. He said he had felt no pain. A certificate was given by him to this effect, and also by the witnesses. These testimonials were shown to other doctors in Athens and Jefferson.

While the operation was being performed a mob gathered in front of Dr. Long's house.¹ If anything had gone wrong with the patient it would have been just too bad for the doctor.

But nothing went wrong. Venable came back for another operation. The second tumor was removed without pain. Dr. Long's next patient was a Negro boy with a diseased toe. It was amputated and again the patient suffered no pain.

Dr. Long apparently made no immediate effort to establish his priority in the use of ether as an anesthetic. In 1852, ten years after the first operation, he appeared before the Southern Medical and Surgical Society. His delay in making a formal announcement of his discovery, he explained, was due to his decision to wait until he had performed more operations, particularly major operations. Doubtless his belated appearance before the Society was made because he had heard of Dr. Morton's claim to priority.

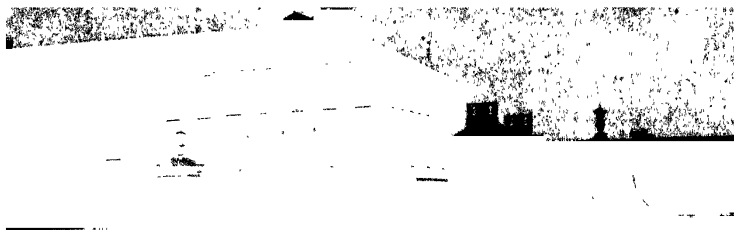
He told the Society that he realized he might have waited too long, but he submitted his proofs and asked his colleagues for recognition. This recognition was given emphatically. In a resolution the doctors declared that Dr. Long was first with the discovery and they asked him to make his claim before the American Medical Association.

¹ Mrs. Eugenia Long Harper, Dr. Long's daughter, in an interview in the *Atlanta Journal*.



Photo by Eli

Dr. Crawford W. Long at twenty-six performing the first operation with ether as an anesthetic. From a painting by Maurice Siegler, Atlanta artist and professor at Georgia Tech. This painting was exhibited at the Exposition of the Century of Progress at Chicago and was bought by the Richmond Academy of Arts and Sciences. It was based on a description by Mrs. Eugenia Long Harper, daughter of Dr. Long.



Entrance to the New Wesleyan College at Macon, the oldest woman's college in the world. Madame Chiang Kai-shek, or Mei-ling Soong as she was known at Wesleyan, is the college's most distinguished and internationally known alumna.

Meanwhile Dr. Morton, who, according to the evidence, had let no grass grow under his feet, was pushing his claim to priority. He claimed he had patented his discovery and, according to the American Medical Association, had sponsored a bill in Congress which would have appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of the patent. Moreover, the Association charged, Dr. Morton had brought suits against charity hospitals which had used ether in operations in infringement of his patent.²

It is not on record that the Association ever passed on the question of priority, but it did denounce Dr. Morton for his alleged unprofessional conduct in suing hospitals and attempting to get money out of Congress for his patent. The resolution³ in reference to the suits said that Dr. Morton "has by this act put himself beyond the pale of an honorable profession. . . . Resolved that the American Medical Association enter their protest against any appropriation to Dr. Morton."

Dr. Morton's friends continued to be active in their support of his claim to priority.⁴ The electors of the Hall of Fame of the University of New York voted 74 to 4 to recognize Morton's priority. Dr. Long's friends said they had not been informed of the election beforehand, and that no one was there to represent him and present his evidence.

Regardless of priority, medical men in and out of Georgia who subscribe to the Oath of Hippocrates are in no doubt about their preference as between Doctors Long and Morton.

Not long ago the town of Jefferson staged a celebration in honor of Dr. Long and his discovery. A procession of floats upon which incidents of the doctor's life were dramatized, including the Venable operation, drew a large crowd to the

² "Dr. Crawford W. Long's Discovery of Anæsthesia," by Dr. Frank K. Boland, in the *Atlanta Journal*.

³ From the *Transactions of the American Medical Association*, Volume XV, page 53.

⁴ Following is the inscription on the monument to Dr. Morton in the Public Gardens in Boston: "To commemorate the discovery that the inhaling of ether causes insensibility to pain. First proved to the world at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston in October MDCCCXLVI."

town. James A. Farley, then Postmaster General, was present. He brought with him a special issue of the Dr. Crawford Long two-cent postage stamps. Descendants of the Long family and of James M. Venable, the first ether patient, were honor guests.

*Augusta, Another City Planned by Oglethorpe—Junior
League Issues a Southern Cook Book—Smithsonia, Fallen
Empire of Jim Smith, Convict Lessee*

AUGUSTA AND SAVANNAH have much in common. Both were laid out by Oglethorpe; like Savannah, Augusta bristles with monuments, proudly exhibits its landmarks of the Revolution, its old churches, burying grounds, and historic dwellings. It had its famous duels and duelists too, and they were provided with dueling grounds not far from the city, but no mayor has written a history of them. George Washington visited Augusta and was pleased with it. So did President McKinley; a marker shows where he stepped off the train. President Taft was a frequent winter guest, and a memorial bridge commemorates Captain Archie Butt, his aide. Woodrow Wilson lived there in his boyhood. Ty Cobb, one of the greatest ball players of his time, lived in Augusta.

Augusta lacks the cosmopolitan air of Savannah, and its business center is not so impressive as Savannah's. Broad Street is the widest I ever saw, but its architecture, like that of most Southern cities, is drab. It is a tourist city; many visitors prefer its winter climate to that of Florida. It has a golf course where national tournaments are played.

It is an important cotton center, and was once the leading

tobacco-shipping point. Washington, Lexington, and Petersburg, the last almost extinct now, were the marts of the industry. Tobacco was brought to those towns, packed in hogsheads, and drawn by mule teams along Tobacco Road to Augusta for shipment. Many years went by before tobacco was again raised commercially in Georgia. Then the activity shifted to south Georgia.

Augusta boasts the oldest academy and medical school in the state. Its men of distinction are honored by monuments. I noticed particularly the one to the four poets of Georgia: James R. Randall, author of *Maryland, My Maryland*; Sidney Lanier, Father Ryan, and Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Old Southern cities have an individuality lacking in the new brash cities of the West which court distinction with business and industry, lack historical and social backgrounds, and are monotonously alike. Although small in population, Augusta is not provincial. There is an air about it of worldliness and cynicism. Good manners and a certain formality prevail.

As I strolled through the old streets of the town, the trees, houses, and movements of the people seemed familiar. Objects and atmosphere are preserved in old Southern cities. Standardization is encroaching, but it has not yet reduced the general picture to a dead level of regularity. The people have what painters call character. You imagine that they hand down their family resemblances even if in some cases they are debased. They are not all alike. There is a suggestion of Mark Twain's America in the expressions you hear, the attitudes you see.

The Junior League of Augusta has performed a public service. It has compiled a cook book called *Recipes from Southern Kitchens*. The dishes and beverages represent a territory stretching from New Orleans to Baltimore. Many are Georgia concoctions. Most of the recipes were contributed by distinguished Georgia housewives. They either were original with them, or had been used by them and recommended.

The list of these recipes includes eggnog, beaten biscuits, egg bread, spoon bread, crackling bread, Sally Lunn, baking-

powder biscuits, salt rising bread, waffles, chicken pie, Brunswick stew, fried chicken and creamed gravy, baked country ham, baked apples and sausages, possum and taters, sweet potato pone, grits, old-fashioned pound cake, sillabub, ambrosia, peach pickle, quail, hush puppies, Ramos gin fizz, Café Bu Brûlot, and Lizzie Scott's wedding cake.

These recipes were popular when the cost of living was low and hired help was cheap and plentiful. Today their use would break any but a well-to-do household. Here are a few of them: ¹

Eggnog — Originally concocted by Major Archie Butt and contributed to the Junior League book by Mrs. Charles W. Schley. For one dozen eggs use one quart of double thick cream, nearly one quart of bourbon whisky and two tablespoonfuls of Jamaica rum. Beat the yolks to a cream, add a dessert spoon of sugar for each egg, and whip again. The cream should be whipped very stiff and so should the whites of the eggs. When mixed they will remain indefinitely without separating. With this should be served hot biscuits with thin slices of Smithfield ham.

Old Southern beaten biscuits — Contributed by Mrs. W. W. Battey, Sr. Two cups of plain flour, one quarter teaspoonful of salt, one pinch of soda, one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of lard (size of an egg). Salt and soda flour before sifting, then work in lard until grainy. Add milk and knead to a very stiff dough. Work through steel rollers of biscuit table, or beat with rolling pin on biscuit board until dough is smooth and pops. Roll out about a quarter-inch thick and shape with biscuit-cutter. Stick biscuits three times with small dinner fork. Place a half-inch apart on pan. Warm oven, then bake with moderate temperature until risen. Increase heat and bake fifteen minutes.

Sally Lunn — From Emma Crawford's recipe book, dated 1865, and contributed by Mrs. Helen Carroll Jack. Beat two eggs until light. Add two cups of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, three cups of flour, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of

¹ Used by permission of Mrs. Owen Cheatham, president of the Augusta Junior League.

melted lard. Beat until the batter is light. Bake in deep pan in moderate oven. To remove from pan, place on a damp cloth for a few minutes. To cut hot bread, heat the knife.

Chicken pie — One young chicken cut as for frying, boiled in about two cups of water until done; one cup of milk, six tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to season pie, two and a half cups of flour made into a pastry, one medium broad chicken pie pan, deep. While chicken is boiling, make up pastry, divide in half, place in refrigerator to chill. Roll pastry quite thin, using one half of it. Line sides of pan. Put in a layer of chicken. Add salt and pepper and dot with butter. Cover with strips of pastry. Another layer of chicken, another of pastry until all is used. Have milk tepid. Add liquid in which chicken was boiled. Roll the remaining crust, fold, and roll until all is in. When ready, roll and spread over the entire top. Stick with a fork and make a generous cross cut in the center. Trim edges if necessary. Bake from thirty to forty-five minutes until pastry is done and crust is brown. Have hot oven, reduce, and cook with medium heat. Serve from pan. If pie must be taken from pan, lift off top crust, put pie on platter, using batter cake turner for transferring; replace top crust, garnish sides with parsley or fancy-shaped crusts.

Old-fashioned pecan pie — Contributed by Mrs. Joel Chappell, Waynesboro, Georgia. One cup of nuts (chopped); three eggs, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one cup of syrup. Mix all the ingredients together. Make pastry and fill with the mixture. Bake forty-five minutes in a slow oven. It may be served with or without whipped cream.

Sillabub — Contributed by Mrs. Edwin Fulcher. One pint medium sweet cream, one pint whole sweet milk, sherry wine and sugar to taste. Use sillabub churn. When churned, it may be served with wine jelly.

Watermelon preserves — Select melon with thick rind, peel and cut off all ripe fruit. Cut in small pieces and soak in lime water for an hour or more, then wash thoroughly. (One cup of lime for a pan of water.) The ingredients: eight pounds of fruit, eight pounds of sugar, seven tumblers (water glasses) of

water, two lemons cut fine, one ounce white root ginger. Make syrup of sugar, water, lemon, and ginger. Put in fruit and boil it until it is clear.

Georgia mint julep — Mrs. Bryan Cumming's recipe. Take a long glass and put in a long spoon and four sprigs of mint reaching from the bottom of the glass to beyond the top of the spoon. Fill glass with cracked (not crushed) ice one half inch in diameter. Cover this with one heaping spoonful of sugar. Pour over this two jiggers of whisky or brandy. Stir to settle the ice, add more ice to fill the glass. Let julep stand out of a draft so the glass will frost. Let spoon remain, using it as a muddler. Sip your julep slowly.

I left Augusta and started back toward Athens. Near Athens I drove into Smithsonia, once a great convict-lease farm, the property of James M. Smith, or Jim Smith as he was better known. The convict-lease system was the secondary phase of slavery which began with reconstruction and lasted with various degrees of intensity until 1908, when the system was outlawed. It continued illegally after that and peonage was practiced by many farmers and industrialists.

Rapidly expanding industry throughout the United States demanded armies of cheap labor. Negroes supplied the need in the South. Many were put back into a bondage worse than slavery. In the East and Middle West immigrants became fodder for steel plants, railroad construction, and packing houses. They, like their black brethren in the South, were peons in a free country.

The Georgia convict farms were similar in scope and operation. Like the slave plantations whose cabins you still see along the coast, they were vast in acreage and self-sustaining. They had fanciful names too. Their owners in a Northern environment would have been industrialists. They were in many cases ruthless but talented men; as in Smith's case, they were well educated and took part in politics. When they got old and mellow they often became philanthropists.

Until 1908 Jim Smith and a group of men in Atlanta and in

south Georgia were the largest holders of convict leases. They took over the convicts for a small consideration, paying the state as little as fifty dollars a year for each prisoner for the length of his sentence. The lessees were obliged to house, feed, and clothe the wretches and prevent their escape. Georgia, too poor to maintain a prison system, washed its hands of its convicts and their keep. The lessee might do pretty much as he pleased with his property for the duration of the lease. Some owners kept their prisoners for life regardless of their terms. They settled down for good, married, and their children grew up in bondage under the overlord's watchful eye.

The Atlanta group of operators used their convicts in north Georgia mines and manufacturing plants. The south Georgians used theirs on farms and in lumber and turpentine camps. The leases they could not use they sold to other farmers and manufacturers. The sub-leasing was profitable. A young Negro buck was worth as much as twenty-six dollars a month in the speculation that followed. White convicts were not so valuable, but they were used too. These human leaseholds were used as collateral at the banks.

At least two office buildings in Atlanta are monuments to this system, to say nothing of what is left of Jim Smith's forty-thousand-acre empire at Smithsonia. As the slave drivers were influential in politics, they controlled the appointments of judges and prosecuting attorneys in their bailiwicks. Thus they were assured of a steady flow of peons.

Jim Smith was a great farmer, almost a plant and soil scientist. He was also an industrialist whose success was limited only by his environment. He was born in 1835 on a Georgia farm. As a day laborer he earned and saved enough money to put himself through a college in Tennessee. He disproved the fallacy that in order to become wealthy one must be a dullard at school. Smith graduated with first honors. He was a mathematician of no mean order and after graduation taught mathematics at his alma mater. He enlisted in the War Between the States.

After the war he capitalized on his mechanical knack. He re-

paired clocks and watches for farmers, doctored their buggies and wagons, and did other odd jobs. He saved his money. The railroads were beginning to rebuild and expand. Smith made a contract with one to grade part of its right of way. With his profits he bought a farm, the nucleus of Smithsonia, which grew to include most of a county. He operated it with convict labor, built a railroad, a cotton-oil plant, a fertilizer factory, a saw-mill, and a blacksmith shop. According to a biographical sketch of him, he made two thousand bales of cotton a year. He is said to have had three thousand Negroes and as many mules on his place.

Jim Smith inspired several legends. The first dealt with the War Between the States and the precipitate removal in its last dark hours of the Confederate capital from Richmond to Washington, Georgia. There in the old Heard House, which still stands, President Jefferson Davis and his Cabinet deliberated. There also was stored what was left of the Confederate deposits in a Richmond bank. When Sherman invaded Georgia, Davis fled south but was arrested by the Federals at Irwinville. A few Confederates stayed behind to guard the treasury. As the Yankees pressed closer, the order was given for all hands to grab what they could, hurry to the woods, and bury it where the enemy could not find it.

There is a legend in Washington that the near-by thickets are full of buried gold. Knowing Georgians wink when they tell you this. Really there was no treasure, only a printing press and worthless currency. The story goes that Jim Smith was on the spot when the order was given to raid the treasury and that he and the others hurried to the woods with gold.

As you enter Smithsonia you come upon a high and almost level plateau, farmland stretching out miles before you. I drew up before a long two-story house, partly brick, partly timber, with wide verandas on the upper and lower floors. I went around to the back and saw another row of porches, a characteristic of Southern plantation houses. Tenants obligingly admitted me to the house, to large rooms with high ceilings,

plastered walls, and overhead ornaments where apparently there had been electric fixtures.

"Did he have electric lights?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes, sir, and that's not all." The tenant pointed to steam-heat radiators. "Mr. Smith had heat and running water in every room, with lavatories, toilets, and bathtubs. He kept a stationary engine and a generator working day and night and they provided the current."

This was the first time I had ever seen these conveniences in a Georgia farmhouse. "It is as if I had found an electric refrigerator in the ruins of Pompeii," I added.

We went to Smith's office in the far end of the house. It gave on a brick vault where he kept his money and securities. We gave a casual inspection to some of the twenty-one rooms in the house and then went outside to see what was left of Smithsonia.

Adjoining the house was a brick dairy building, in front of it a brick tower which supported a water tank. Down the road was the brick commissary where supplies were sold to the paid employees. Across from it an old flour mill was now used to grind corn. Other buildings were behind the warehouse. The prison, now partly destroyed, was a mile away over the hill.

We came back to the house. The tenant pointed to a small frame building which faced the side of the big house.

"This," he said, "is what the niggers used to call the courthouse."

It was where Smith tried the convicts for various offenses and meted out justice as he saw it. He held court one night a week, sitting on a platform facing his culprits and the witnesses.

Smith followed the slave-plantation system of making everything for his workers. In his blacksmith shop he made his plowshares and some of the equipment for his railroad. The Negro women made clothes for the others. Smith raised his own meat, ground his own meal, raised vegetables. Everybody fared well as far as food went.

In Smith's time many Georgia industrialists and successful business men had one of two ambitions: to build an office building or a railroad. Several skyscrapers were put up in Atlanta,

and the state was crisscrossed with railroads. Some were little more than plantation makeshifts. The ground was not even graded for them and they ran up and down hill. Others were not more than ten miles long. The owner of a railroad not only satisfied his vanity, but also expected to unload his railroad on some big competitor, and often did so at a handsome profit.

Smith's railroad was a necessity, although it must have pleased his vanity too. It was several miles long and was used to haul his supplies from the main line to and from Smithsonia. He owned a locomotive engine, several freight cars, and a luxurious private car. This he used in his campaign for governor. He was badly beaten in that venture. If I remember correctly, he barely carried his own county. He traveled about the state in his private car and made speeches from the rear platform.

The most typical legend I heard, and this people told me was a fact, showed Smith in a benevolent, tolerant, and paternalistic mood. On Saturday nights the bars were let down, and all who wanted to could get sizzling drunk and stay drunk over the week-end. On Sunday morning the workers were given their one weekly jamboree. They were ordered to the railroad behind the big house. The engine, all fired up and rearing to go, and its train of freight cars were waiting for the celebrants.

The Negroes rushed to places on top of the cars, in the doorways, on the flat cars, even on the engine tender. The engineer blew his whistle, the Negro fireman rang the bell. The great wheels turned and the workers were treated to a delusion of travel and adventure in Smithsonia. The train moved back and forth, but it never left Smith's land.

"It must have been funny as hell." The tenant laughed.

"It must have," I agreed.

Men, women, and children in their Sunday best, some with hangovers, all laughing and singing and waving their arms, were carried gaily through the Sabbath calm of a Georgia plantation. The whistle was blown, the bell rung at every trail and pig path, on the way back and forth across Smithsonia. The

roadbed was not graded and filled; the rails followed the contour of the ground. When it reached an elevation, the engine would plunge full speed down the incline, for all the world like a chute-the-chutes contraption at a county fair. The passengers shrieked with excitement and delight.

In the afternoon the master came out on the porch and sat there. Black wenches assembled in front of the house. At a signal they began to dance jigs and cut other darky capers.

This was — or had been — Smithsonia. You wondered if Jim Smith sensed the delicious irony of it all, especially the train ride, if his sides shook with laughter over his ingenious spectacles. It is doubtful. More likely he felt a glow of beneficence. You imagined his saying: "Yes, sirree, there they are, my big, happy family!"

Early in 1907 the federal government started an investigation into alleged peonage conditions in the South. It began in Mississippi and was continued in Georgia. There the investigators went to Smithsonia and interviewed the convicts. As a result several of Smith's underlings were rounded up. One of them was Smith's man Friday, a very black and very intelligent Negro foreman named Albert or Al Brightwell. He was indicted by a federal grand jury in Athens and was tried twice. Mistrials resulted both times. Finally in November 1911 a nolle prosequi was entered and the case was closed.

The government must have had a fairly strong case against Brightwell, for generally in peonage cases the defendant was acquitted outright. It was alleged that the convicts were held in bondage beyond their original prison terms.

"But," as a lawyer explained to me, "when a nigger gets into the federal court he thinks he's protected and begins to tell tall tales. You can't get a jury to believe 'em."

Jim Smith was a master farmer. Students from the University of Georgia often went to Smithsonia to see how farming should be conducted. They were amazed by the lush growth of cotton and corn, by the spotless floors of barns, stables, and dairies.

Smith entertained at barbecues and fish fries. Politicians, editors, and other notables were frequently his guests.

After his death in 1915 his estate went into liquidation. He left about five million dollars, some of it in bonds so old they fell apart when taken from the vault. Smithsonia gradually went to pot. When I was there an insurance company was its unwilling owner. Its railroad had been sold as scrap iron. A few of the convicts still remained.

After the death of the convict-lease law the system was carried on for several years under another guise. Farmers watched the criminal courts, paid fines of ignorant offenders, and let them work out the payments on their land. Once in peonage most of them remained there. These were called "chain-gang farms" to distinguish them from the legalized convict-lease plantations.

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*The Williams Murder or Chain-Gang Farm — Calling
the Roll of Eleven Dead Men — Statement of Clyde
Manning, Negro Boss and Unwilling Killer under Duress*



BACK IN JUNE 1921, word came to federal authorities in Atlanta of peonage conditions on the farm of John Williams near Covington. Agents were sent there to investigate. They already had an outline of the situation. Williams had several convicts on his farm. They had been recruited from near-by jails and stockades. The agents learned that Clyde Manning, a black, corn-field Negro less than thirty years old, was the chain-gang boss. They found and questioned him. He refused to talk at first; then, when Williams was away one day, he came clean. He revealed that conditions on the farm were fully as bad as they had been reported.

The agents talked to eleven convicts. They verified Manning's story. Unwittingly the government men signed the death warrants of the wretches they had tried to rescue.

Meanwhile Williams disappeared; so too did the eleven witnesses. A few days later Williams showed up. He was a tall, angular farmer in his middle fifties, a man of fairly well-to-do appearance. He told the agents that the reports they had heard were absurd. He did work convicts, but he did so legitimately and treated them kindly. He called on some of them to verify

his assertion. He explained the absence of the eleven men; he had paid them off and freed them.

Manning suddenly retracted his confession, and for the moment the federal men were stumped. Then the treacherous waters of the Yellow and South Rivers unexpectedly supplied clues; they gave up five black bodies. Manning was confronted with them and broke down completely; he told the authorities where the other six convicts were. He took the sheriff to the streams where he said that Williams and he himself, under compulsion, by Williams, had tossed the convicts off the bridges, with weights tied to them. He led the sheriff to a spot in a field where he had helped bury a Negro Williams had shot, to a well where they had buried another after Manning had brained him with an ax. The eleven missing witnesses were accounted for.

The government had indicted Williams for peonage. The county authorities now stepped in and indicted him and Manning for murder. Public opinion was aroused. A group of business men in Atlanta raised a fund to employ special counsel, including a special prosecutor and a lawyer to defend Manning. They suspected that Williams would try to shift the murder to the Negro, and they wished to see that his rights were protected.

In a crowded courtroom in Covington, Clyde Manning was tried for the murder of eleven men.¹ On the stand under direct examination he said that he was twenty-seven years old, and had been working for Williams for wages since he was fourteen. He was married; his wife cooked for Williams. His mother was living, his father dead; he gave dates and places. He named all the Negroes who were working on the plantation, using their nicknames — Little Bit, Blackstrap, Red, Fouts, and one they called Preacher, "but I don't know as he was a preacher, I never is heered him preach." He told which stockades they came from, how long they had been on the place, when he had last seen them.

He also described the personnel of the farm. These facts were given in photographic detail. An illiterate cannot make writ-

¹ This chapter is based on the court stenographer's transcript of the Manning trial.

ten notes, so he must charge his memory with every inconsequential detail. He described the house where he lived. He was the chain-gang boss; the convicts stayed in his house. All the doors were nailed up but one; the openings were barred on the outside. Escape was impossible from this crude prison.

After Manning had laid out the background of the crimes, the prosecutor began to question him.

"Clyde," he asked, "where is Lindsey Peterson?"

"Lindsey Peterson — he's dead."

"Where is Will Preston?"

"Will Preston — he dead too."

"Where is Harry Price, or Foots?"

"Harry Price — de one they called Foots — he's dead."

And so on down the list the roll of eleven dead men was called. The others were Charlie Chisolm, Johnny Williams, John Brown, or Red, a boy they called Little Bit, one they called Big John, and Johnny Green, Will Givens, and Fletcher Smith.

"And they are all dead," the prosecutor repeated.

"Yessuh, they's all dead."

"Now, Clyde, tell us what happened after the government men came to the farm."

"After the gov'ment men come," Clyde replied, "Mr. Johnny Williams come to me and say: 'Clyde, it won't do for them boys to go up yonder and swear agin us. They mought ruin us. We'll have to do away with 'em.' I says: 'Mr. Johnny, that's so bad I don't want to do it.' He says: 'You must do it. Ef you don't want to do it, why it's all right — it's yo' neck or their'n. Ef you think mo' o' their necks than you does of yo' own, it'll have to be yo' neck.'"

Williams meant business; Manning was sure Williams meant business. On a Saturday afternoon about a week after the government agents first came to the place, Williams ordered Manning to stop work early and bring four convicts to his house. They were Charlie Chisolm, Harry Price, Will Preston, and Lindsey Peterson. Williams was waiting for them.

"Mr. Johnny told us to eat supper," Manning went on. "He

says to me: 'After you all eat supper, you go down to yo' house. I'll come down there later. We've got to do away with them boys.'

"We all et supper in Mr. Johnny's stoveroom [kitchen], my wife cookin'. Then we went down to my house and stayed there, talkin' and carryin' on. About nine o'clock Mr. Johnny come and knocked on the do'. I says: 'Who's that?' and he says: 'Open the do'.' I opened the do' and he told the boys he was gwine take them to the train. They had come from the Atlanta and Macon stockades. 'I'm gwine turn you all aloose,' Mr. Johnny said, 'and you all can go home, and that'll be the end of yo services with me.' "

The boys were delighted and needed no urging to get into Williams's waiting car. He drove it, but not in the direction of the train. In it were three sacks filled with large stones, each sack, Manning estimated, weighing a hundred pounds. Also there were trace chains and wire. At a point between Waters Bridge and Polk's store — Manning had a memory for places — Williams stopped the car. He ordered Manning and Charlie Chisolm to put the chains around the men's necks and tie their hands with the wire. Peterson and Preston were chained together. The chains were attached to the sacks, which the men took with them back to the car. It then proceeded to Allen's Bridge over the Yellow River.

"Harry Price was beggin' us not to kill him," Manning said. "He was talkin' and was beggin' Mr. Johnny not to kill him. Peterson and Preston they didn't think he was goin' to do anything to 'em — till we got to the river. Mr. Johnny told 'em he was doing it jes' to skeer Price. But when we got to the river Mr. Johnny told Peterson and Preston to git out. Then he told me'n Chisolm to throw 'em over the bridge.

"Me'n Chisolm taken 'em to the banister o' the bridge. They was scufflin' and tryin' to hold back, to keep from goin' over. We taken 'em there and we th'owed 'em over, and then we got back in the car and lef' from there."

The men went over, chained neck to neck, weighted down by heavy stones, their hands tied together with wire.

"After we th'owed 'em over," Manning added, "I never seed 'em till they come to the top o' the water, not till after the officers found them in the river."

For some unexplained reason, Price was not drowned with the others. He was ordered back to the car and taken to a bridge over the South River, a mile away.

"When we got there," Manning resumed, "Mr. Johnny says: 'All right, boys, git out.'"

"We got out, and Harry Price — the one they called Foots — he got out too, and he say: 'Please don't th'ow me over, I'll git over myself.' The weight was around his neck. It was put on at the same place as the other boys' were, between Polk's sto' and Waters Bridge. When we got to the edge of the bridge, Foots says again: 'Don't th'ow me over,' and he crawled up on the banister and set up on it."

Manning paused; the spectators leaned forward. He resumed.

"Foots set there jes' a little while," he said. "We ain't none o' us said nothin'. I helt the rocks off'n Foots' neck — they was hurtin' him. He looked down at the water below the bridge, and he say: 'Gawd have mercy on my soul,' and he jumped over."

Manning's fear of Williams's threats was well founded — it was Manning's neck or the others'. Charlie Chisolm, Manning's co-executioner, was drowned for his pains, Manning assisting; so were John Brown, called Red, and the boy they called Little Bit. These two were tied, weighted, and thrown off the bridge. Chisolm, his usefulness ended, was among the last. Johnny Williams the convict, Big John, Johnny Green, and Will Givens were killed by Manning and Chisolm — Williams looking on — with an ax. Fletcher Smith was shot by Williams.

Those who were not drowned were buried on the farm not far from the "big house." One of the graves was plowed over to hide it. Two of the killings happened on Sunday morning; the church-going Williams supervised them. Big John was slain in a well. Williams ordered him to dig it. When Big John got down below the surface Williams told Manning to finish him with an ax. He was covered up where he fell.

The killings occurred within the space of a week and were planned and directed by Williams alone. Gruesome as they were, you marvel at the killer's energy, coolness, and industry. He not only planned the massacre, but he also executed the details; he bought extra wire and trace chains, found sacks and filled them with stones. In off moments he managed to keep his eye on Manning; if Manning escaped all would be lost. Manning in his statement to the jury described his master's watchful ways. In simple, Biblical style he told about his own helplessness and pleaded, not for mercy, but for justice. This statement was made at Manning's own trial.

"After the killin's started," Manning told the jury, "he [Williams] would call me all th'ough the night. He'd call me to see was the cows in the wheat, and he'd say he heered a noise with the mules. I figgered he was callin' me to see was I off the place. Ef I had bin off the place he would 'a' found me, and he would 'a' brought me back there, and would 'a' kilt me. He would 'a' put the dawg on me and caught me. Ef I had had any chancet to git away I would 'a' tried it.

"I knowed ef I made the chancet and didn't git away I would 'a' been kilt. There was the boy called Blackstrap; he run away, and he'd been mo' over the world than I had. I was raised around there and had been kept right there, and never had been away, never had been but a little ways from the farm — I never even had been up here to Covington. But Blackstrap had been mo' over the world than I had. He'd done mo' travel-in' than I had, and he run away and they ketched him. There was another boy they brought from Atlanta — the one they called Little Bit. He run away and they ketched him.

"There was Gus Chapman. He'd been out of the Nunitied States two or three times. He run away and they ketched him and I seen what they done to him. And ef he couldn't get away I knowed I didn't have no chancet. Will Napier he'd been out of the Nunitied States two or three times. He did take a chancet, and when they brought him back they didn't let him live. They kilt him. All the boys there knowed they had to do jes' what he [Williams] said. Ef I had had some white man to speak to, some-

one I knowed, then I could 'a' gone to him and saved myself. But you know how 'twas; I didn't have nobody to say nothin' to.

"Mr. Johnny would come to the place where you was at work and he'd go away; he'd go off but mought be back befo' you knowed it. He might go out in the field and be gone, and you not knowin' nothin', you'd not know where he was — and the first thing you knowed he'd be ridin' up in his car. There wasn't no chancet for me to git away. I didn't know nothin' about goin' nowheres.

"Gemmen o' the jury and jedge, Yo' Honor, jes' you come down to the natchel facts. Ef I is done wrong in this thing, any man that lived on that place would 'a' done wrong. Anybody on that place, white folks, that Mr. Johnny told to do a thing and it had to be done like he told me — they'd have to do it. Any nigger that lived on that place would 'a' done jes' like I done. Ef he said to whip anybody they would have had it to do. I didn't do this because I wanted to. I was jes' worried and bothered and skeered to death. I didn't know any man I could go to for p'otection or to git help or to tell it to.

"I had my fam'ly. I had my wife and baby, and there was my mother and sister and brothers. I couldn't run off with my whole fam'ly. Ef I'd got away and told this, my wife and mother and sister would 'a' been kilt. I wasn't jes' like a loose man down there. Them that was aloose they caught 'em and kilt some o' 'em. I studied about leavin' every day. I studied about leavin' and how to get away, and I didn't know how. I figgered ef them men [the government agents] ever come back there I'd slip off with them. I'd take a chancet and tell 'em ezzactly what was going on. When they come back I didn't know they was back until they had a s'poeny for me. When they brung me up here I ast them and the sheriff for p'otection. I didn't tell anything until Mr. Sheriff here told me he'd p'otect me. He said to tell it and he wouldn't let nobody hurt me. So then I up and told them.

"They're tryin' me for murder. That's a crime I'm not guilty of. Gawd in heaven knows I'm not guilty; and you, jedge and jury, all I ast of you is to give me jestic. I'm not cryin' for mercy, jes' give me jestic. Ef you do, Gawd in heaven knows

I'll be a free man because it was agin my will. This is a thing Gawd will not hold agin me, because I had to do it jes' like Mr. Johnny told me to."

Manning was found guilty with a recommendation; this was said to be a compromise verdict. The court sentenced him to life imprisonment. E. Marvin Underwood, an Atlanta attorney who later became a federal judge, had been engaged by certain Atlanta business men to defend Manning. He told his client that he could get a new trial for him, but advised against it. "Your witnesses," he warned, "might scatter or die, a new jury might hang you." Manning replied: "White folks, I wants a new trial. I never murdered them boys. Ef I knowed I was goin' to be hung, I'd want a new trial." His decision was not accepted as final. Negro preachers were sent to him to advise him. He still insisted on a new trial. He got it and was given the same verdict. He died a few years later in prison, a pathetic tool of fate.

Williams was tried, given life imprisonment too, and sent to the state prison farm. There he was made a trusty. One morning, sauntering across the prison yard, he heard an alarm. The old warhorse pricked up his ears. An automobile stolen from a prison official, driven by a desperate life-termer, speeded toward him. He must have imagined himself back on his farm, his own convicts escaping. He ran toward the automobile, waving his arms. The driver swerved it, bowling him over and killing him.

*Grand Opera in Atlanta—Colored Society at a Concert—
Proletariat Stages Heaven Bound, an Allegory—Will
Durant Lectures and Descendants of Slaves Take Notes*



IN ATLANTA I know a couple whom I shall call Nisbet and Eunice Wetherill. He is a well-to-do business man, jovial and easy-going, a self-made man with cultural impulses. He subscribes to the *New York Times* and the *Atlantic Monthly* and is rather proud of it. Both are Southern-born, but Eunice is an aristocrat, the scion of a South Carolina family. A member of the patriotic societies and eligible for the St. Cecilia ball, she is more interested in social and civic work. Because she is specially active in interracial problems she receives insulting letters from professional Southerners calling her a nigger-lover.

One night after dinner at her house we started to the city auditorium to hear a concert by Roland Hayes, the Negro tenor. The auditorium is open to both races and serves a variety of entertainment. This concert was to be followed soon by a wrestling match and a food show. Beginning in 1910 and continuing until 1930, the Metropolitan Opera Association presented a week of grand opera there every spring. It brought down its stars, its complete orchestra, and a singing chorus recruited to mob strength by Georgia Tech and Emory students who marched and cavorted with spears and shields.

On our way to the auditorium we recalled those seasons in the heyday of grand opera in America. They began in the spring of 1910 and followed a successful season of the Atlanta Musical Festival. Sponsors of the festival decided that Atlanta was ripe for a greater artistic development. Nothing short of a week of grand opera, and Metropolitan grand opera at that, would satisfy these Atlanta business and cultural leaders. The idea was scoffed at by many. How could Atlanta support a week of grand opera — with seats up to five dollars each — when New York with its cosmopolitan population depended on subsidies to support grand opera and even then lost money?

But there were other incentives besides the cultural one. Such a project would draw visitors from all over the South. They would put money in the jeans of merchants and hotel-owners. A pressing obligation of the Festival Association must be met. It had contracted for the purchase of a fifty-thousand-dollar organ for the auditorium. The opera proceeds could be used to pay for it. This need as much as the cultural impulse swayed the doubting Thomases. For it was the golden era of pipe organs. Every glittering movie palace had one. Atlanta tycoons who built show places on Peachtree Street and in Druid Hills installed them.

Having decided upon the opera season, the Festival Association induced Atlanta business men to underwrite the undertaking. The underwriters were to have first choice of the seats and boxes. A guarantee fund of fifty thousand dollars was pledged. This was to go to the Metropolitan whether or not the plan succeeded.

An emissary was sent to New York to make the necessary arrangements with the Metropolitan's board of directors. He spent three weeks there conferring with the management and the singers. Gatti-Casazza, the Italian maestro, had recently assumed the post of general director. Neither then nor later could he speak English. It is doubtful if he knew whether Atlanta was a Caribbean possession or a tank town on the N. C. & St. L. Railroad. Andreas Dippel, tenor and assistant manager, fell in with the suggestion. Opera, he maintained, should be sung

outside of New York before small-town audiences as well as before cosmopolitan listeners in Manhattan. Otto Kahn, New York banker and active head of the Metropolitan, was in Europe at the time. It was lucky for Atlanta that he was. He came to Atlanta after its first successful opera season and made a speech, eulogizing the city's fine cultural response to opera, but admitting that if he had been in New York when the idea was first presented to the Metropolitan, he would have called it a crazy one and put his foot down on it.

For opera expenses were heavy even then. The traveling outlay to Atlanta would amount to fifteen thousand dollars. Caruso would have to be paid fifteen hundred dollars a performance and Geraldine Farrar twelve hundred and fifty, fees which were increased from year to year. The lesser artists and understudies drew from five hundred to a thousand dollars. Conductors like Toscanini also demanded large payments. And the opera, Atlanta insisted, must come full-fledged. Except for student recruits in the mob scenes, the company must come complete from piccolo player to ballet.

Assurances that Atlanta could raise the guarantee in a week brought about the consummation of the agreement. In the following spring the Metropolitan opened its season in Atlanta. Its stars were Caruso, Homer, Jörn, Amato, Martin (with a French accent), Gadske, and Mattfeld. The week exceeded expectations. Caruso sang to more than seven thousand people. Twenty-seven thousand saw the operas and paid seventy-one thousand dollars for the privilege. The average attendance at matinee and evening performances was fifty-four hundred.¹

The opening night will not be forgotten by those lucky enough to be present. The odor of moth balls still clings to the auditorium rafters in spite of WPA renovations. If you dressed up in those days you went in tails and white tie and you wore white gloves and a top hat. Either that or you went in your business suit and were humiliated. The dinner jacket was seldom worn. Now it is the other way around. Except for very

¹ Statistics were taken from an article written by Edwin Burton for a WPA writers' project and printed by the *Atlanta Historical Society, Bulletin 20* (1940).

formal and dull dinners and evening weddings (they are on the way out even in Atlanta), nobody wears tails — and never white gloves. The Tux is the mantle of democracy. Men who would have died rather than get into a spiked tail coat now don a dinner jacket with enthusiasm. Why, in Atlanta I have even seen Shriners at a celebration wear Tuxes, topped off by Oriental headgear, on the street in broad open daylight.

On the opening night, and at every performance in the nineteen seasons that followed, the opera began promptly at eight o'clock. At that hour the entrance was barricaded and no one was allowed to enter until the intermission. Boxes formed a semicircle around the dress circle and area seats. In these sat the Peels, the Grays, the Grants and Atkinsons and other leaders of Atlanta society. Rabid music-lovers, students, and people unknown to the tax-collectors sat in the galleries.

During the intermissions the audience left their seats and strolled out to the foyer. There they chatted in neighborly fashion, hummed arias, and drank Coca-Colas. The auditorium was a barny old place and not very well equipped. The seats were hard and unyielding, especially so during the German operas. The heating plant was articulate. On chilly spring nights the radiators would emit an accompanying rat-tap for the anvil chorus in *Il Trovatore*, or hiss as Caruso sang "*Celeste Aida*."

Atlanta gave civic and social support to the opera. The newspapers dedicated their front pages and several inside ones to it. The clubs put up the stars during their stay. To the Piedmont Driving Club or to the Capital City Club the members and the artists flocked after the opera, there to dance and make merry. Caruso and the other artists would sing for the celebrants from the ballroom balcony. The memorable outdoor event was the barbecue which was given to the stars during the dogwood season at the Druid Hills Club. All were photographed eating Georgia barbecue. They were dinner guests at Atlanta homes.

This small-town hospitality swept the artists off their feet. Most of them were Europeans. They had seen little or nothing of America outside of New York. They had not dreamed of

such ovations as their Atlanta audiences gave them. They were touched by the consideration shown to them as human beings.

Caruso, Farrar, and Scotti were the ruling favorites. Caruso was admired for his great voice, loved for his boyish sociability. He prepared spaghetti for his Atlanta friends and drew cartoon portraits of them. If he had not become a singer he would have been an exceptional cartoonist. Scotti was the versatile member of the cast. He could fit any baritone role.

Some critics — not Atlanta ones — insisted that Farrar's voice was not of the highest quality. Whatever her shortcomings as an artist, she made up for them with her acting ability and her feminine personality. More than one staid Atlanta business man fell for it. Young and slender, she was charming on and off the stage. And daring too. In a day when actors respected the taboos, she shocked her Atlanta audience with her unexpurgated portrayal of Zaza in the opera of that name. For men and for many women Farrar was the opera in Atlanta.

Later on, other stars began to shine, notably Rosa Ponselle and Lucrezia Bori. Long, heavy German as well as the more popular French and Italian operas were given.

The first season was an emphatic success. The Metropolitan not only renewed its contract for the following year, but also wondered if Atlanta's response could not be duplicated in a road tour of the rest of the country. This was attempted in the larger cities of the Middle West without success. In 1912 Otto Kahn made a momentous announcement. Thereafter, he decreed, the Metropolitan would produce opera in only two American cities — New York and Atlanta.

That promise was kept for nineteen successive years, or until 1930. There was only one interruption. That came during the first World War, when even the New York season was curtailed. Atlanta, a city of only 154,000 population, supported opera the rest of the time. By 1930, however, opera had begun to suffer the partial eclipse of all stage shows. The movies, whose heroes and heroines were really young and romantic and not paunch-ridden, provided the public with the sort of realism it could appreciate. Youthful audiences found operatic acting stilted by

contrast, its tempo in a jazz age much too slow. The big panic came on then and the last season in Atlanta produced a deficit. The company was having rough sledding in New York too. Its Atlanta venture was given up, although the Metropolitan came to Atlanta later for limited engagements.

But the musical impulse would not die in the hearts of thousands of Atlantans and Georgians. An organization known as the All Star Concert Series was formed. It brought to Atlanta the great singing and instrumental stars. Audiences as large as those that greeted Caruso and Farrar attend these concerts. The Atlanta Woman's Club features the lesser talent.

Atlanta is a good show town, but it will not tolerate the old-style road shows. It will pack them in to see Katharine Cornell and *Tobacco Road*.

Our opera reminiscences were interrupted by our arrival at the auditorium. While we stood in line at the entrance we looked upon a scene that recalled the old nights of the Metropolitan, when long lines of cars unloaded their formally dressed opera patrons. Tonight cars with uniformed chauffeurs paused to dispose of another musically-minded throng. But these were Africans and they were as modishly gowned as the Caucasians of grand-opera week. I rubbed my eyes and realized that this had come about in less than seventy-five years since slavery.

"It's a great night for the Negroes," Eunice whispered to me. "With them it's not only the concert. It's a tribute to a successful member of their race. I wish you'd notice how well the women are dressed. Simply and tastefully, in expensive material, every detail in order."

We went in and were met by Negro ushers in dinner coats who took us to our seats — the seats reserved for white patrons, a Jim Crow arrangement that riles its colored victims. Across the aisle from us was the Negro audience. Above their heads in the raised tier of boxes sat the leaders of Atlanta's colored society. The women wore evening gowns, the men dinner coats or tails. I was interested in their personnel.

"They are the successful Negroes of Atlanta," Nisbet said.

"The yellow man in the middle box is one of the leading undertakers. At his right is a banker and with him an insurance executive, with their wives and daughters. Down farther a group of college professors. The black, thin man is the leading barber — he caters to whites exclusively. I see a doctor, a dentist, a bishop, and the owner of a beauty shop."

Hayes sang the classical pieces written for lyric tenors, but for encores he gave us spirituals. They suited his white audience much better. These plaintive songs without exception had a theme of exhausting labor, weariness, suffering, and helplessness, and a fervid yearning for an eternal life of rest. They were sad airs, these lamentations of an oppressed people.

Hayes sang with impressive dignity. Once when a company of national guardsmen began to drill in the upstairs armory, he paused until attendants could rush up and quiet them.

After the performance the gay scene of an opera night was repeated. Outside, Barney, the Negro who calls the cars at all white celebrations, performed the same duty for his own race. Automobiles swung noisily into line. Colored men and women, waiting at the curb in their evening finery, stepped through doors held open by chauffeurs and sped away to their homes.

When we parted that night, Eunice asked me if I would like to see a performance of *Heaven Bound* on the following night. It was an allegorical spectacle written, staged, and performed by the choirs of the Big Bethel Church.

"I certainly would," I agreed.

† We approached the Big Bethel Methodist Church through Auburn Avenue, once called Old Wheat Street. This street is dedicated to the business and some of the civic and cultural activities of Atlanta's successful Negroes. Decatur Street, two blocks away, is better if less favorably known. It is patronized by darkies of the shiftless and criminal classes. Pawnshops, beer saloons, poolrooms, restaurants, cheap lodging houses, and barber shops face the sidewalks. The odor of the street is a diffused breath of fried fish, hot Chinese laundries, hair tonics, humanity, and arid, dirty pavements.

Auburn Avenue is solid and conservative. Now gaily lighted, with people going in and out of theaters or strolling along the sidewalks, it expressed the worth-while accomplishment of the hundred thousand Negroes in Atlanta. We passed a seven-story office building which formerly was owned by a Negro banker and insurance president. He lost it in the depression. Smaller buildings of three and four stories displayed window signs of insurance companies, doctors, dentists, beauty parlors, a photographer, and lodges. A building which had the appearance of a miniature federal reserve bank housed a trust company. This property was owned by the Big Bethel Church. The ground-floor shops along the street were taken by undertakers, delicatessens and groceries, five-and-ten stores, and small businesses of various kinds. Most of these were owned by Negroes. Those owned by whites had Negro clerks. There were a book-store with Bibles and hymnals displayed in the windows, a branch Carnegie Library, and churches. One entire building was devoted to the teaching of beauty culture.

We walked up the high steps of Big Bethel to reach the auditorium. Polite ushers met us and took us to seats reserved in the white section. Before us on a rostrum a celestial choir, composed of members of the three regular church choirs, sat on a high tier of seats. Their white apparel emphasized their black and yellow faces. They were behind the entrance to heaven, a modern and rather gay trellised gateway. Off to the side was the exit down to hell, with a picture of the devil and his pitchfork surmounting it.

“St. Peter,” Nisbet whispered to me, “is the church’s janitor. He is eighty and looks the part.”

The janitor was dressed in patriarchal costume and wore his own longbeard. A comely young angel, almost white, with clear blue eyes and a permanent, stood beside him.

The audience was still arriving, and in the interval before the opening of the performance I looked about. Big Bethel has wide galleries, and these and the auditorium were soon filled. There was none of the glitter and finery we had seen in the city auditorium audience at the Hayes concert. This one now was

composed for the most part of proletarians. The three thousand members of the church, said to be one of the largest of its kind in the South, are drawn from all classes from day laborers and scrubwomen to insurance officials and undertakers.

"The choir members," whispered Eunice, "are postmen, porters, chauffeurs, cooks, and maids. I doubt if there is a trained musician in the lot."

We forgot the classification of the audience as the celestial choir, accompanied by a pianist, began to hum a spiritual. At its conclusion we turned our heads. A pilgrim was advancing down the middle aisle toward the pearly gate. He was the Way-worn Traveler, in real life the Reverend John H. Bixby, a Methodist preacher. Tattered and weary, bearing down heavily on a stick, and singing the spiritual, "Let's Cheer the Weary Traveler," he moved painfully on to his reward. A yellow man dressed in the trappings of Satan came up from hell, but offered no obstacle to the traveler's progress. St. Peter and the girl angel received the pilgrim with open arms. They supported him as he hobbled into heaven and the choir sang a swelling, resonant chorus.

Thirty-nine pilgrims came down the aisle and faced the judgment bar. Many never entered the trellised portal. The Wayward Girl, a part taken by Nellie Davis, the author of the piece, fell an easy victim to the devil. While he flattered and amused her he bundled her off into hell, and the choir wailed a chorus. The girl pilgrim who sought her mother in heaven was proof against Satan's blandishments. She sang:

*I've got a mother in de promised land,
I won't stop workin' till I shakes her hand.*

The devil had little trouble with the hypocrite. While she simpered, the devil took her in tow and the choir sang:

*Hypocrite, hypocrite, dress' so fine,
You ain't got Gawd A'mighty on yo' min'.*

The exultation of the devil was complete — and for once the audience and the choir were with him — when the Rich Man

strode confidently toward the gate, arrogantly demanded admittance, was repulsed by St. Peter and the angel, and thrust ignominiously into the pit.

In the final scene the devil was put to rout by the Soldier, a part also taken by the author. As she went to her victorious combat with the Evil One she sang: “I’m a Soldier in de Army o’ de Lawd.” Satan’s inglorious exit was accompanied by a hal-lelujah chorus from the angels.

The white patrons were deeply moved; some were in tears. It was not the incidents that moved them so much as the toil, suffering, and hope of a literal reward expressed in the songs. The audience strode along with the pilgrims and shared their weariness and their hope of reward. There was comedy in *Heaven Bound*, but no farce, nothing in music or words or action even remotely suggesting jazz.

On our way out we paused to talk to the author of the spectacle. She was small and almost black. When she is not busy in her household, or engaged in church activities, she works part time in an Auburn Avenue five-and-ten-cent store. We asked her what gave her the idea of the play.

“A member of the choir suggested it to me,” she said. “She had seen a production—I think it was called *Gates Ajar*—and she gave me her impressions of it. It was all rather sketchy, and I didn’t have much to go on, but it gave me an idea. It was better perhaps that I didn’t have too much to guide me. Otherwise what I finally managed to do wouldn’t have been original. We got together and began to work out a continuity. We collected as many spirituals as we could and fitted the incidents to them.

“Our first performance was for the benefit of a church conference. We charged ten cents admission and four hundred people attended. There were two white persons in the audience. How they wandered in we never knew, because the performance was not advertised. They must have been pleased. When we gave the next performance, at fifteen cents, the majority of the audience was white.

"We put on the first performance a week before *The Green Pastures* was given in New York. Some people think the two are somewhat alike. I don't think so. For one thing, *Heaven Bound* is based on the stories of the New Testament, *The Green Pastures* on the Old."

Heaven Bound was an immediate success. It was presented at various white churches, and put on specially — it still is — for visiting delegates to conventions. When it was first shown at the city auditorium, twice as many tickets were sold in advance as there were seats. A milling white audience stood in the street and begged for admission, offered a dollar for standing room. Finally, when the building could hold no more, the management appealed to the police for advice. They ordered the doors shut. Another performance had to be given to accommodate the overflow. The federal theater produced the spectacle. It was the most popular of all its offerings.

Heaven Bound was taken to churches in other towns. Two impresarios offered to finance the show and take it on the road. The pastor of Big Bethel was 'opposed to this idea. He said it was peculiarly a church creation. Commercialism would cheapen it and rob the church of a great spiritual and cultural asset. One of the pilgrims who told me this took another view.

"It takes dimes to put on a show right," he said. "We went up to Nashville with it, and it taken fo' hundred dollars to take de pilgrims deyselves. Ef we had money we could show it all over de country."

In a *Heaven Bound* audience on one occasion was an African explorer fresh from the jungle. He said that the Big Bethel choirs sang like African natives, with the true rhythm and emotion of the savages. He was undoubtedly correct. I liked the Big Bethel songs better than Roland Hayes', better than the polished offerings of the college glee clubs. Big Bethel, it seemed to me, had more of the unalloyed racial quality. They reminded me also of modern swing music, without its blare and vulgarity. The singers did not always follow notes and keep time. They

wandered away from them as their emotions prompted, yet always managed to come back within the bounds of the main score.

A few mornings later I went out to Spelman College to hear Will Durant, the philosopher, lecture before the student body. This area of Negro colleges in southwest Atlanta used to be sparsely settled by poor whites and blacks. Now I passed modern brick dwellings in a neighborhood where a mixed, poor population formerly lived in "shotgun houses" (a six-room duplex or three-room house without hallway). These were occupied by the well-to-do Negro professional and business men.

Spelman College has been richly endowed by Eastern philanthropists, but of late years it has received solid support from Negroes also. Its buildings are impressive and well equipped. I entered the main building and made my way upstairs to the auditorium where the lecture would be given.

The seats were almost wholly taken by the students. While we waited for Dr. Durant to appear, I studied the appearance of these grandchildren of slaves, daughters in many cases of servants. Some were as black as the proverbial ace of spades, others were yellow, some were almost white. The half-breeds were slender, their eyes blue; and their hair, naturally straight, was done in stylish waves. Black, yellow, and almost white, they sat side by side without discrimination.

As Dr. Durant lectured, most of the girls took notes. I wondered if they felt any real interest in philosophy, or would give it a thought after leaving college. But I remembered having had similar misgivings at a previous lecture by Dr. Durant. That was before a Caucasian student body, and the girls then as now took notes. I doubted whether young womanhood, white, near-white, or black, was profoundly interested. It seemed to me, though, that the Spelman students were more hell-bent on note-taking. Culturally they were making up for lost time. I tried to imagine what Jim Smith would have thought if he had been present.

In our discussions Nisbet and Eunice were agreed that the racial problem was no nearer a solution today than it ever has been. In many respects it is more acute. Increasing industrialism is creating competition between white and black laborers, a condition not existing a few years ago. The situation of the exceptional Negro has improved, but that of the rank and file is growing more and more precarious. The average Georgia Negro is put to it to find and keep employment. It used to be that he had only to keep his place; he could always find work. No objection was made then, or is now, to his renting or owning land. Manual jobs not only were open to him, but were pressed upon him. Places now taken by whites were then considered beneath their dignity. Even if they were willing to accept them, the employer demurred. He was ill at ease bossing white labor. The Negroes were better trained to routine than illiterate whites, were easier to discipline, and were physically capable of harder work.

When in 1920 the boll weevil almost depopulated rural Georgia, many of the Negroes went north, tempted by high wages in industry. Those who could not get that far stopped in Atlanta and other cities, where pay was high compared with the meager returns from farming. The white croppers migrated too. Some also went north; others, like the darkies, halted in Georgia cities.

As long as prosperity continued, these untrained immigrants were absorbed in the abundance of employment. When hard times started, a struggle for survival began among the former plow hands and ditch-diggers. Improved machinery heightened it; one steam-shovel could do the work of a hundred drudges. Southern white pride was no longer riled when manual work was offered. The Ku Klux Klan and other sadist organizations threatened white employers with a trade boycott if their black workers were not replaced by whites.

In the old days in Atlanta you were taken to your hotel room by a black bellboy. Now the son or grandson of a white cropper does that for you. Then obsequious darkies waited on you in restaurants, now white waitresses not long from the farms take

your orders. Elevator operators, with a few exceptions, notably in the department stores, are now all white. There is only one Negro barber shop in Atlanta catering to the white trade; there used to be several. Negro truck-drivers are being replaced by whites; juries will not believe the testimony of black drivers in suits growing out of accidents.

Black domestic servants continue their monopoly, although some wealthy families use trained mountain girls as nurses. The old washwoman is being replaced by the washing machine and the laundry. Negro plasterers, masons, and concrete workers, with a smattering of painters and carpenters, continue to hold their own. But even when the Negro is offered work he must accept it at lower wages.

The trained or skilled Negro worker is no better off than the common laborer. His technical schools do not encourage him to take engineering courses. Automobile plants North and South are manned by whites; the blacks are used only as porters and cleaners. In the filling stations the mechanics are whites, the helpers colored. Textile mills are operated exclusively by whites. The Negro fireman manages to hold on with the railroads, but the unions have excluded him. In a recent Labor Day parade in Atlanta the only Negro union in the procession was composed of plasterers and concrete workers. When you consider that labor competition is even stronger outside of the South, you wonder what the future can hold for the Negro anywhere in the United States.

The Negro has even harder sledding in the professions. Southern charity hospitals give good service to black patients, but use no Negro interns. There are only two fully accredited Negro hospitals in the South, and these can take only a few interns. A similar condition prevails in the North.

Opportunity for the Negro is no better in the North, and the color line is almost as strictly drawn. I asked Nisbet if a diffusion of the Negro population throughout the United States would not solve the problem.

"Undoubtedly it would," he agreed, "if you could have diffusion. There is no friction between the whites and the

Chinese in Atlanta for the simple reason that the Chinese are few. On the Pacific coast, where the yellow men are numerous, there is trouble. But diffusion is difficult. Not every Southern Negro can pick up and leave. He hasn't the means and the opportunity. When he does leave he is not diffused. He is merely transplanted. He goes to the large cities because in them he finds less antipathy than in the rural and small-town communities. The result is segregation, overcrowding, bad housing, crime, disease, and work competition.

"In Atlanta during the depression suicide was frequent among the colored population. Here and in the black belts of New York and Chicago suffering and despair reached a pitch never before felt by the American Negro."

*Georgia's Second Home, Its Club — Social Activities Are
at Their Best There and Not in Hotels, as in Other Places —*

Horace Duffield, Pillar of His Club



AN ENGLISHMAN making an automobile tour of Georgia asked: "Where are the people and how do they live? I see nothing here but bare land and petrol stations."

He saw the state at its worst, in the dead of winter, with the landscape a dreary panorama of dead cotton stalks, pine saplings, washed-out thin land, and an occasional hovel gone to pot. The people for the most part are huddled in the cities and towns. There, in bad weather at least, they must find their recreation. This they get in their clubs if they are well to do; in their homes, churches, and lodges otherwise. The beaches are too remote for most. There is little synthetic public entertainment.

Social life is more highly developed in the South than elsewhere. This condition is an outgrowth of plantation life. A coast planter had an income as high as fifty thousand dollars a year. This was above his operating costs and his living expenses, for he raised his food. That income would be equal to two hundred thousand dollars today. It had to be utilized. As there were few towns and plantation homes were isolated in the wilderness, the owners set up their own society. They devel-

oped a provincial aristocracy and made up in elaborate entertainment and hospitality for what the Northern industrialists enjoyed in cities. They organized clubs devoted to dancing, yachting, fishing and hunting, and some hard drinking. They entertained with elaborate house parties. Social life was in the country. The towns were little more than trading posts. The planter became an English country squire.

The custom was handed down. Today entertainment is still in the home and the club. In the effete East doting mothers take a whole hotel floor for their daughters' coming-out parties. In Georgia such a rite is staged in the home or the town's most exclusive club. Hotel-owners complain; they say the clubs are infringing on their rights. In Atlanta the main society events take place in the Piedmont Driving Club. There debutantes are introduced to society, there they hold their wedding receptions. Elsewhere in America — popular fiction is my authority — the country club is the rendezvous of the socially elect. The Piedmont Driving Club is no country club. It is a town club, removed, it is true, from the business center, but not a country or even a suburban club. It occupies only a few acres of ground, its building has only one story, and it is not impressive. Its function is social. It leaves athletics, such as golf, to the Capital City, East Lake, and Druid Hills Clubs, which have large courses and artificial lakes. The Piedmont makes minor concessions to sports. It has a swimming pool, tennis, squash, and badminton courts, and a miniature polo field is near by.

Society gathers at the country clubs too, but mainly for golf and swimming. There are dances, luncheons, and bridge parties, but they are to some extent informal.

The Capital City and the Atlanta Athletic Clubs have elaborate town clubs in addition to their country clubs. These to a large extent are men's clubs, particularly the Athletic. The Capital City is also exclusive. It has roof dances in season and regular dinner dances during the winter. Rotary has its meetings there.

Well-to-do Atlantans belong to at least four clubs, and so can give their guests any and all the entertainment they want. They

can provide hospitality according to the peculiar needs or limitations of their guests. If they are golf enthusiasts they can play on a different course every day.

Outside of the clubs there is but little night life or entertainment in Georgia cities. The leading hotels have floor shows, but there are no fancy restaurants or night clubs nor many roadhouses of the better type. In the South you must go to New Orleans for such diversions. Otherwise, if you are a visitor in a strange town, you had better find a friend who can put you up at a club.

One of the figures of the Piedmont Driving Club — I think he was a charter member — was a gallant I shall call Horace Duffield,¹ or Uncle Horace, as everybody called him. He died only a few years ago. With him went a legendary type of Southern gentleman who was successful in business by day, but in a leisurely fashion, and a pillar of the clubs by night.

He owned a real-estate agency in which I as a youth found temporary employment. He had turned over his business to younger and more active men, and washed his hands of active participation in it. After he had read his mail, dictated a few letters which he instructed his stenographer to sign for him, and swapped his interminable reminiscences with his old customers, he went over in the afternoon to Herndon's barber shop for his second shave of the day. Herndon's shop in its time was as much of a local institution as the City Hall and the First Baptist Church, and was owned and manned by Negroes for white customers. Uncle Horace, like other Southerners of the old regime, would not permit a white person to perform a menial service for him. Barbering he considered menial, the province of darkies.

If not actively engaged, Herndon's staff in white uniforms stood at attention by their chairs waiting for their prey. When a customer came in they made sweeping bows, waving him to their places. They ranged in age from twenty-five to seventy, in hue from light tan to raven black. Their hair was fantasti-

¹ Taken in part from a sketch of mine printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

cally waved, slicked down with anti-kink mixtures, and shone on their skulls like patent leather. When Uncle Horace entered the place there was no bowing and scraping. He was Herndon's meat and had been for years. Herndon bowed him into his special chair and laid him out for his shave. He then opened a cabinet behind him in which his best customers kept their individual shaving mugs, and produced Uncle Horace's. This like the others bore its owner's name lettered on it in gold, with a fancy design.

By four thirty Uncle Horace had been shaved, shoe-shined, and dusted off. Then, in the old days, his colored driver, Foster, and later Dacus, his chauffeur, drove him to the Capital City Club, only a few blocks off. There on the open terrace in fine weather, in the cardroom otherwise, he chatted with his cronies, old fogies of the financial, industrial, and social world of Atlanta. They in the fashion of elderly men joked one another about their arteries, their eliminations, and their waning power to please women. At six Uncle Horace arrived at home. If he was going out later, he donned formal evening wear — he seldom wore a dinner jacket — and came down to dinner at seven. Zeke, his old butler, had laid out at Uncle Horace's place the paraphernalia of what was technically known as a long toddy — a bottle of bourbon whisky, a tall tumbler half filled with water, and a bowl of sugar. Uncle Horace stirred sugar in the water, measured the whisky and poured it in, and mixed the concoction.

Uncle Horace was at his best, he shone with his finest luster, at Christmas. A realistic Santa Claus, he dispensed largess ranging from dollar bills and gold coins to bottles of whisky and champagne. His dispensation included old friends who were to some extent out at elbows, his poor relations, who were legion, and those who had granted him certain favors in the past and could be counted on to repeat them in the future. He was meticulous in the selection and disposal of his gifts, most of which he kept at his office, where the recipients called for them. One Christmas he sent me over to the bank for an assortment

of currency and coins. Shortly after my return he called me over to his desk with a sharp reprimand.

"Hell's fire, boy," he thundered, "I told you five *new* hundred-dollar bills. One of these you brought me was a graybeard when Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury. Go back and have them exchanged. I want new slick bills without a wrinkle on them."

There was method in some of Uncle Horace's largess; its ramifications extended into the real-estate business. In the course of business we dealt with various small city and county officials and sub-officials — inspectors, bosses of construction crews, and the like — who could, if they would, grant harmless but valuable favors, or, if perversely inclined, withhold them. In the scheme of Uncle Horace's Yuletide bounty these men were allotted bottles of really good whisky.

"Lend a man money," he explained to me, "and he will avoid you and learn to hate you. Many people scorn gifts of money, but it's mighty seldom you'll meet a man who'll turn down a quart of whisky at Christmas time. With it you may return past favors and discount future ones."

Not all the whisky was good. Some I think was extremely vicious, although I doubted if the recipients after the first dram were critical of its age and potency. This and the dollar bills went mainly to the hosts of darkies who in the South hunt up their patrons at Christmas time, in our case workmen on subdivisions, night watchmen, plasterers, janitors, waiters at the clubs. Among these a favored waiter received a special dispensation, a ten-dollar gold piece and a quart of gin. Other gifts went to scions of old families now going to seed, contemporaries of my uncle, who were given champagne. Many ladies called — club women, heads of various movements, and family connections. Uncle Horace slapped the older ones on the knee and joked with them. He hugged and kissed the young ones, and was a little put out when they giggled: "Oh, Uncle Horace!"

A few of the ladies — less than half a dozen — were in some

subtle fashion differentiated from the others. As, one at a time, they sat at Uncle Horace's desk, the conversation of the two seemed more intimate, their manner slightly furtive. Two of them were perennials and no longer young; but each discarded mistress on her departure, regardless of her age and looks, took with her a new hundred-dollar bill, slick and without a wrinkle.

Uncle Horace managed to go out to some sort of entertainment every night. If it was Thursday night in the season he attended the dinner dance at the Capital City Club; if Saturday, he appeared at a similar celebration at the Piedmont Driving Club. Occasionally, on special occasions, his sister-in-law, who kept house for him, accompanied him. He danced the opening number with her. They danced beautifully, with more grace and authority, I thought, than some of the young couples who were not to the manner born. I never watched them long. For me there is pathos in the sight of elderly persons dancing, a vain gesture at youth dutifully given. When the orchestra finished, Uncle Horace bowed low and escorted his partner back to her place at the table with the same gallantry he would have shown a visiting dignitary. Thereafter he was eternally done with elderly partners. For the rest of the night he danced with girls barely out of their adolescence to brisk modern tunes. Dancing on the same floor, I have seen these irreverent youngsters make grimaces over Uncle Horace's shoulders and crook beckoning fingers to their male contemporaries. Their rouged lips said as plainly as if they had spoken out loud: "For Gawd's sake, break in on us!"

Uncle Horace never saw the pantomime that went on, literally, behind his back. If he had it would have broken his heart. For him ballrooms, flowers, music, and young women were old stories, but he still enjoyed them. On those occasions when the late Thomas B. Paine, society's master of ceremonies, was absent, Uncle Horace acted in his place. This notably at the Hallowe'en balls, when a new crop of debutantes made its bow to society. At ten o'clock, standing in the middle of the floor, he received the signal that told him the debs were ready to appear. Then, nodding to the orchestra, he blew his whistle,

turned, and as the girls and their "dates" appeared, he with the president of the debutantes' club led them around the room to their table. His dignity and leisurely procedure, the seriousness with which he took himself and the occasion, made a pathetic contrast with the gaiety and suppressed spirits of the youngsters behind him. For them, ballrooms, flowers, music, and youth were not old stories.

As the years passed, Uncle Horace found himself more and more alone at these club festivities. Men and women of his generation, if they came at all, went home early. The young who remained ignored him. He was conscious of creeping infirmities. Bifocal glasses which he wore under protest complicated his vision. Sometimes he stumbled, or he failed to recognize people, and he could not remember their names. He had touches of vertigo and shortness of breath. All this was tragic. It was worse than tragic; it was embarrassing.

One night at a dance he was more than usually lonely. He withdrew to the shelter of a palm to rest his eyes. From where he stood he could see through the entrance to the bar. Young women with their escorts were sipping old-fashioned. Anything but a moralist himself, Uncle Horace was irritated by what he called the forwardness of modern young women. In his youth ladies never drank, at least not in public. No young man escorting a belle to a dance would have liquor on his breath. He watched the dancers. Girls smoked as they danced past him. Cigarette-smoking he abhorred in men or women. He recalled one occasion when his young hellion of a partner burned a hole in the back of his dress coat. He threatened to bring her and her kind before the bar of the club authorities and demand punishment.

His unhappy reflections were presently interrupted by the voice of a young woman on the other side of the palm.

"Mother," she asked, "who was that old man that cut in on me tonight? Did you notice?"

"Hush, not so loud. Don't you know? Why, that was Horace Duffield. He goes to all the dances. He danced with me when I was your age."

“ Well, I hope he won’t try to dance with me again. It was like dancing with Grandfather. He was so poky — ”

Uncle Horace moved away slowly. He almost stumbled on the steps leading to the dressing-room where he went for his hat and coat. A few minutes later he was on his way home. It was probably a coincidence, but he never survived the conversation he overheard behind the palm. He died a week later. He died of a stroke. But as a stroke is associated with old age, his family never admitted that it was the cause of his death. They said it was pneumonia, and it was so announced in the newspapers.

*Georgia Newspapers Past and Present — The Constitution
in Its Earlier Period When Uncle Remus, Stanton, and
Ed Bruffey Wrote for It — Jack Cohen's Melting Speech
at a Banquet*

WESTBROOK PEGLER, whose pieces appear in the *Atlanta Constitution* among other papers, recently complained that the American press suffered from a too monotonous diet of canned goods. By that he meant that the editors depended too much on the press associations and "feature" syndicates for their contents. There were not enough original dishes on the editorial menu — no home cooking. A newspaper today is mostly glorified boiler plate or patent insides, such as used to be supplied to country weeklies and still is to a large extent. Consequently it is for the most part flavorless, and might be printed in another town as far as individuality and local atmosphere are concerned.

Pegler was right. Georgia newspapers like the rest today conform to a conventional pattern. With one or two exceptions they are home-owned, if that could be called an advantage. Ex-Governor James M. Cox of Ohio recently bought the *Atlanta Journal*, also Hearst's *Atlanta Georgian*, which had lost money steadily, and which Governor Cox scrapped. The absentee owners, including Hearst, undoubtedly set a technical pace for the home editors and made them spruce up considerably,

but the outsiders did not individualize their sheets. They are as similar as their rotogravures, their comic sections, Sunday magazines, sports pages, and garden and women's departments. They are two thirds edited from New York and Washington. In Atlanta they are complete to the last imported features. They use all the press associations, this not only in the interest of their readers but also to keep out would-be competitors. Each has its favorite columnists. The columnists are unrestricted as to subjects and treatment, but the local talent is held down to local news, crime, society, and sports trivia.

This is not to argue that the good old days in Georgia journalism were better. They were distinctly worse. The editors were inaccurate, sensational, abusive, and often lacking in editorial decency and taste. Whatever the other faults of modern journalism, it is today accurate within its limitations and written in good taste. It may be colorless, but it is not stupidly and bestially sensational. Its fare may be as monotonous as that of a cafeteria on a downtown corner, where noise, hurry, and crowds are not conducive to good digestion, but at least it provides variety.

I was a temporary member of the *Constitution's* staff in the early 1900's. Henry W. Grady was dead, but Joel Chandler Harris and Frank L. Stanton were still writing for the paper. That was before the editorial machine age. Comic strips and columnists had not taken their full strides. Most of the editorial content was made at home. Uncle Remus with his dialect stories; Grady, the once militant news editor and editorial writer; and Stanton and his column had given the paper a national reputation. It is still widely known.

Today it is carrying out the Grady tradition in the persons of Clark Howell, Jr., editor and publisher, and Ralph McGill, once its sports editor, now its executive editor. McGill is also a writing and contact editor. He conducts a daily column, but he is also a roving correspondent, a news-getter and commentator. He travels far and wide to get first-hand impressions of the country's problems and activities, and tells his readers about them.

He is in demand as a speaker. He keeps in close touch with his subscribers' lives and interests, as an editor should. He is a liberal in his beliefs. He deals frankly with certain matters that used to be taboo in Southern newspapers.

The *Journal*, the *Constitution's* afternoon rival, has the distinction of having turned out more writing men and women than any other paper I know about. Its graduates include such names as Margaret Mitchell, Erskine Caldwell, and Don Marquis. Jacques Futrelle, who wrote popular fiction before he lost his life in the *Titanic* disaster, was the *Journal's* first sports editor. Grantland Rice followed him soon afterwards. Ward Greene, novelist and executive editor of the King Features Service, was a star reporter on the *Journal*. Scores of lesser lights got their start on its staff. Many an Atlanta business man began as a *Journal* carrier or country correspondent.

A New York managing editor who came down to take charge of the now defunct *Georgian* remarked to me one day on the absence of papers strewn on the floors of street cars and other public conveyances. He contrasted this with the litter of sheets in New York's subways.

The Atlanta papers are not sensational. Their readers are home subscribers. They are literate. Both the *Journal* and the *Constitution* have enormous circulations considering the population of Atlanta — up to a hundred and fifty thousand daily, around two hundred thousand on Sundays. They cover Georgia and parts of adjoining states.

When I went to work for the *Constitution*, the press associations and the various canning plants known as syndicates had not developed into their present state of high efficiency. News was not handed to editors; they had to send out for it. It was a problem then to find enough material to fill the paper, not as now a question of finding space. There was less general diversion for the public; it took a greater interest in news. An ax murder several hundred miles away was worth a spread, and our best men were sent to the scene to cover it.

The choice news, such as hangings, was handled at great

length in minute and harrowing detail, by our most talented men. These for the most part were oldish, seasoned fellows, who were rated as geniuses around the shop. It was said of some of them that they wrote their best stuff when they were three sheets in the wind. Later, as sub-editor charged with the painful duty of editing this copy, I found that alcohol-inspired matter was hard reading. I discovered also that the best news stories were written by the bright cubs and not always by the elderly experts. Reporting is peculiarly a young man's job. The brightest reporters, if they are not fitted for executive posts, go to the metropolitan papers where they may specialize; or they become ace press agents, pussy-footing secretaries, and office-holders. Those who remain too long in the ranks gradually degenerate into disgruntled drudges, ill paid, plagued by loan sharks, and alcoholic.

Now and then a reporter keeps his illusions to the end. I have known men of fifty who still could thrill over a shabby hospital tragedy, a dingy romance in a divorce suit and the petty intrigues of local politics. Ed Bruffey was such a reporter. He had been Grady's right-hand man; for years he was the star who covered the major hangings and the more gruesome murders. He domineered over local officials and politicians, and could call every bartender in town by his first name. Gradually he aged, became hard of hearing, and was only a hanger-on in the office, in constant fear of losing his job. When in a spurt of inspiration he wrote a three-column biography of the oldest locomotive engineer in point of service on the N. C. & St. L. Railroad, and a brash young city editor had it rewritten in half a column, he became a newspaper cynic. A kindly publisher finally pensioned him. He was not happy in his idleness and died soon afterwards.

The *Constitution* in the old days had a magazine supplement known as the *Sunny South*. It was edited by the late Sam Dibble, a bright young man who was also church editor and conductor of a fraternal-order column, and later wrote editorials. Sam railed profanely against his manifold duties, especially his re-

ligious ones, and was always threatening to go to a New York paper, but never did.

Sam's supplement of twelve pages was carefully edited so as not to overshoot the elemental tastes of rural readers. Among the contents were boiler-plate fiction, including romances by Laura Jean Libbey; poetry, mostly contributed gratis by readers, although now and then Ella Wheeler Wilcox was featured; recipes for the housewife, prescriptions for anemic cows, advice to the love-sick, formulas for compost, travel articles, and letters from readers edited and answered by one Aunt Jennie. Sam wrote editorials which neither offended nor enthused his readers. On two subjects only was he allowed free rein. He might praise good roads and denounce the Republican Party to the limit.

Quite as interesting to the subscribers, I suspected, was the complete anthology of patent-medicine advertisements. I doubt if a finer assortment ever blackened a publication with printer's ink. Cures for everything from tetter to t.b., from goiter to gastritis, for cancer, eczema, stuttering, chilblains, rickets, and loss of memory were offered.

Aids to sex personality were conspicuous, exhilarants for the gentlemen, bust-developers for the ladies. These were illustrated in the familiar before-and-after manner. A gentleman sitting dejectedly with drooping mustache and a furrow between his eyes was shown before exhilaration. After his sixth bottle he was shown again, a horse of another color. He now stood erect, his mustache stiff and bristling, his countenance unwrinkled. A lady, a wallflower, drooped forsaken in the corner of a ballroom. Plumpness was the prevailing style. This lady was flat and angular, without curves or contours, with wrinkled, troubled brow. Her eyes downcast, she nervously prodded the floor with her toe. A friend told her about a certain bust-developer. Ready for anything, she donned it. Then you saw her again in the same ballroom. She was unbelievably transformed. You saw her no longer flat and angular. Now she was plump, all curves and contours. Her brow was unwrinkled as she stood smiling and serene in an extremely décollete gown.

Around her gentlemen were grouped, swains with stiff waxed mustaches, in swallow-tail coats, smirking down on what had been a wallflower but was now the belle of the ball.

As a cub reporter I was paid nothing. I was desperately hard up. Sam Dibble felt sorry for me. He offered me piece work on the *Sunny South*. He had decided to run a series of advice-to-young-men-on-how-to-succeed articles. They would be entitled: "The Road to Success." The fountainheads of such advice would be leaders in business and must be advertisers. Also included were professional men whose ethics forbade their using paid space. Such characters are not loved by advertising men.

Sam gave me the names of those who were most approachable. Among them was a jobber I shall call Hayes Dunbar. He greeted me cordially, motioned me to a chair, offered me a cigar with a band on it, and soon had me at my ease. He was a short, rotund man of forty-five with a double chin, small up-turned nose and mediocre features. He blinked his eyes as he talked. I explained my presence. I observed that most young men entering upon the threshold of life were prone to halt and stumble there. A little counsel from such men as Dunbar would enable the neophytes to step over blithely into the thick of things.

"I see," said Dunbar, blinking his eyes. "In other words you want me to advise 'em. In other words you want to write a piece for the paper and q'ote me. I never was much for newspaper notoriety, you understand. Never liked to see my name in print. However, Coulter is a good friend of mine" — Coulter was an advertising solicitor — "and I'm always glad to accommodate you boys on the *Constitution*. Been takin' it at my house — me'n my father befo' me — since the war. Fire ahead, young man. What is it you want me to say? In other words what do you want to know?"

His question flabbergasted me for the moment. I had expected initiative from my subjects. I struck out at random. Why not start back at the beginning of his career, I suggested, and let it be a sort of object lesson?

"Surely you were a poor boy with little more than a common-school education," I suggested.

"Nope, you got me wrong there. In other words I went to college. It wasn't my father's fault that I didn't graduate. Never was much on books, though. In other words I frolicked a bit, liked the girls —" he winked.

"Then you think a college education is essential to success?" I persisted.

"Yep, college education's all right, I reckon. In other words it gives a fellow — well, it helps him in after life."

"It laid the groundwork of your career," I prodded doggedly. He hesitated.

"Yep, reckon it did. But the way I got into this business was, you might say, an accident. In other words I didn't have any clear idea of what I wanted to do. One thing was certain, I wasn't doin' nothin' at college. About that time my father got hold of some stock in this company — took it for a bad debt. He took me out of school and put me in this business. Things picked up and I stayed on."

"You persevered, stuck at it, worked after hours and that sort of thing?"

Dunbar lay back in his chair and laughed.

"Worked hard?" he repeated. "Well, to tell you the God's truth, I didn't as the fellow says break my neck. You see, the business was already a goin' one when I stepped in. All it needed was a little capital and the backin' my father could give it. John Beeman was managing it — and he's the best dry-goods man I ever knew. In other words he runs it. When the country merchants come up to town for a bill of goods I first turn 'em over to John. I let him show 'em the calicoes and bed tickin's — that's his line. In other words that's his business. Then I take the customers up to the club and show 'em a good time. You see, they come from these little, Godforsaken dry towns. They're lookin' for whisky and red lights. Hell's fire, you can't blame 'em."

I nodded.

"So, after they've had their fling they buy a nice bill of goods

from us. John thinks he sold 'em. Course I don't let on. I'm tellin' you this to remind you — might put this in your piece — that there's mo' ways of killin' a cat than by chokin' her to death on butter. But tell your boys to stay out of this business. Too many in it now, times too uncertain, margin of profit too small."

My task was hopeless as far as Dunbar was concerned. I could see his relief when a caller interrupted us. Dunbar dismissed me with a glance.

"Guess you can work up something from what I said," he comforted me in a parting aside. "Write anything you want to; I'll stand for it. In other words give 'em the usual thing. Tell 'em to work like hell, save their money, keep away from whisky and cards — bad things for young men — be loyal, and, above all" — Dunbar winked — "beware of the fancy women."

The Dunbar article was printed. I spent most of that day reading and re-reading my first long excursion into print. Early the next morning I confronted Sam, eager for his verdict. He overwhelmed me with it.

"Man, your story made a big hit," he exclaimed. "I've already heard from it."

"Oh," I said. "Was it written all right?"

"I didn't mean that. Old Dunbar was tickled to death. Ordered a page ad. The boss —"

"I see."

I had had my first lesson in applied journalism.

A year or so later I joined the staff of the *Journal*, our afternoon competitor. The late Jack Cohen was then its managing editor. He was a slender, dapper man in his thirties and one of the best-mannered men I ever met in or out of a newspaper office.

Soon after my installation he gave me a special assignment. An advertiser I shall call Coburn's was going to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary with a banquet. Jack had been asked to make a speech on that occasion.

"I'd rather be shot in the ankle with brass tacks," he said,

"but the old man insists on it and there's no escape. I want you to report the banquet, but in the meantime I want you to write my speech. You can do it" — his accent was honeyed — "better than any man on this sheet."

I nodded happily; I felt honored by being assigned by the managing editor to a special piece of work.

"About your speech," I said; "along what line should it be?"

"Historical I'd say. Coburn's was organized by old General Coburn soon after Sherman burned Atlanta. It has grown up with the city. Right there you could bring in the phoenix and the ashes. Tell how Coburn's grew from a store twenty by fifty into a great institution of a great and growing city. You could throw in a few statistics too."

With the aid of the Chamber of Commerce I did some hasty research and turned out the speech. I took it into Jack's office. He was restlessly pacing the floor, smoking cigarettes chain-style.

"Here's the speech," I said proudly. "I put in the phoenix and its resurrection and a bunch of statistics."

"Oh, thanks," he replied nervously, and tossed the manuscript on the desk. "I'm having the damndest attack of stage fright a man ever had. I don't know whether to read your piece or memorize it. I guess I ought to memorize it, but if I did I'd forget it. If I get through this speech I'll never make another. I'll quit first."

Coburn's carried high-class merchandise. It catered to the best people, and it was said its customers were admitted only by card. Founded by old General Coburn, it had been kept in the family ever since. Phil Coburn, an elderly man, was the present head of the business. His brothers, whom I shall call John, Felix, and Howard, were associated with him.

There was a trick in my assignment, but managing editors do not tell reporters just what sordid motives are behind their orders. We were after our share of Coburn's advertising. The *Constitution* had it almost exclusively; no advertising manager had been able to pry it loose. It was up to the editorial depart-

ment through Jack and myself to make a hit with the owners — soft-soap them into giving us some of their business.

The banquet was the finest I ever attended; the food, the service, the plate were elaborate. What impressed us newspapermen was the volume and variety of the alcoholic beverages. We had never seen so many liqueurs, including absinthe; so many wines — there were two brands of champagne. And there were rye, bourbon, and Scotch for those who preferred hard liquor. We who were wise stuck to champagne.

After we had gorged and soaked ourselves we settled back and waited for the oratory. The Mayor of the city was the toast-master. A dreary procession of speakers glorified Atlanta and Coburn's (gorgeous and lusty twins that had risen phoenix-like from the ashes that Sherman and his mercenaries had left behind them). They stole my thunder. I was amazed that so many speakers had hit on the same original idea. Jack, I was convinced, would have to throw away my speech. It would be an anticlimax.

Jack meanwhile drank highballs at the speakers' table. At this table sat Phil Coburn, stodgy and smug, and his brothers. Jack sat next to Howard Coburn, the sporting member of the firm. Presently the Mayor stood and introduced Jack. He arose in perfect composure. Only a gently swaying motion of his shoulders betrayed his nervousness. He began to speak in his soft, musical voice.

He spoke first of the contemporary Coburns, of Phil, who had taken up the glorious tradition of the house of Coburn and carried on. Of John, a chip off the old block; of Felix, the shrewd buyer who was sent to Paris every year — they said — to buy goods. (Laughter.) He turned then to Howard Coburn. He chaffed Howard about his golf game and paid tribute to his skill at poker. He added that a certain imported dancing teacher who had absconded with the cash of several leading citizens had said that Howard was the best damn dancer in town.

After he had disposed of the existing Coburns, Jack went back to the past and landed on old General Coburn. He told

about the general's war record, of his dashing cavalry attack at the Battle of the Wilderness, his charge at the Battle of Atlanta. It was then that the general roared profanely that he would capture Sherman alive, bring him into Atlanta, and have him tarred and feathered on Peachtree Street.

"A grand old man of the Confederacy," Jack added. "To the day of his death he bore the mark of his valor, a saber-cut on his forehead he received in leading a charge at Gettysburg. Grand in battle, he was even more magnificent in peace. His fortune gone, his home in ruins, he faced his future as gallantly as he had faced the enemy at Vicksburg. He helped rebuild the great city we now have. He saw it and the great establishment that proudly bears his name rise phoenix-like from the ashes left by Sherman's mercenaries."

"Now he's getting into my speech," I thought. I was mistaken. Jack turned next to the memory of the general's wife.

"Many years ago," he went on, "more years than I like to admit, I was an unwilling guest at children's parties. Later at the grown-up dances I enjoyed the unbounded hospitality of Fair Oaks, the Coburns' ancestral home. The picture of that beautiful place — I can see its white columns and its lovely old gardens now — would not be complete without my tribute to the gracious and lovely chatelaine who so gracefully presided over it. Her presence and her soft voice were a benediction for all who were privileged to enter her charmed circle and feel the beneficence of her lovely spirit. I can see Miss Lula Bell now — for us she was always Miss Lula Bell. I can see her standing on her steps, her hand raised gently in welcome and farewell to her guests. Gentlemen, I propose a toast." Jack raised his glass and we stood. "I propose a toast to the spirit of a true daughter of the Old South."

Jack and I went home in his car. When we were safely away from the club he threw back his head and laughed.

"Boy," he said, "what did you think of the bull I shot them about Miss Lula Bell and the old general? Did it go over?"

"It went over with a bang," I assured him. "But with all the champagne they'd had you could have recited the Ten Commandments and knocked 'em for a loop."

Jack laughed again — he was like a boy out of school.

"I was just wondering," he gasped, "if I overlooked anything."

"Not much. But you had the old boy cover a lot of territory. You had him at the Wilderness, at Gettysburg, Atlanta, and Vicksburg. You must have sent him around in one of the Wright brothers' new-fangled flying machines. You had him leading his cavalry at Bull Run and Appomattox on the same day. That in itself was remarkable. Considering that those battles were two years apart, it was nothing short of miraculous. And you didn't tell the inside story of the general's saber-cut."

"What was that?"

"The way I heard it, he went to a military ball, drank too much artillery punch, fell down the steps, and cracked his head. You mentioned Fair Oaks and the columns, but you didn't say anything about the magnolia trees, and the old mahogany sideboard, and the general's decanter of cheap whisky he kept for his guests. I've got to hand it to you on Miss Lula Bell. You certainly did her up brown. Even so, you didn't mention her cat and canary."

My tone was not lost on Jack.

"Old man," he said contritely, "I'm sorry I didn't use your speech. But after the second highball I felt it was not the time nor the occasion for statistics."

On the following day I met Felix Coburn on the street. He was cordial and took me by the arm and led me into a drug-store for a Coca-Cola. I was surprised; normally Felix was high and mighty and aloof.

"Well," he said while we sipped our drinks, "what did you think of our party?"

"It was grand. The champagne was especially good."

"I thought so too. But what got us was Jack Cohen's speech. Wasn't it a honey? I've read all the great orators and heard some of them — Bob Toombs, Ben Hill, Bob Ingersoll, John

Temple Graves, and Daniel Webster. But I liked Jack Cohen's speech better than any of them."

You have suspected by now that we got the Coburn business. As Dunbar so wittily observed, there's more ways to kill a cat than by choking her to death on butter.

*The Professional Southerner—Why Georgians Are
Sensitive—When the Last Slave Is Dead—Why
F. D. R. Likes Georgia—South's No. 1 Economic
Problem and Its Balance Sheet*

A BOOK COULD BE WRITTEN about local talent. I refer to those home-town notables who but for fate, environment, indifference or laziness might have become national figures. Instead they remained at home, their lights covered by bushels. Now and then their radiance shone over the state and beyond it. Henry W. Grady had a national as well as a local reputation. Neel Reid, the architect, was a provincial product who might easily have attained general recognition. Roland Ellis of Macon was another instance of small-town brilliance.

Ellis was a railroad attorney in the days before the railroads had lost their glamour. He was by birth and inclination an aristocrat. He despised the uncouth and inept, and he committed an unpardonable offense in a small community. He held his head high and spoke to no one in passing. His intimates were few and confined to his own professional and social caste.

When Charles A. Dana was alive and the New York *Sun* was noted for its brilliant and audacious style, a Southerner visiting in New York was interviewed by a *Sun* reporter. The visitor took this occasion to berate the bad manners of Northerners in general and New Yorkers in particular. The interview created

comment; the editor decided to offer a symposium of views on Yankee deportment. Roland Ellis, also a visitor in New York, was found and interviewed. His views are buried and forgotten in the files of the *Sun*. I can only repeat them briefly from memory.

"I don't admit for a moment," Ellis said, "that New Yorkers have bad manners. On the contrary I consider their manners exceptionally good. The idea that all Northerners are boorish and cowardly, and that chivalry and bravery are confined strictly to the territory south of Mason and Dixon's line is the silly tradition of the professional Southerner.

"God deliver us from the professional Southerner. He is a pest wherever he goes. His manners are worse than any he finds in his travels. He is so afraid that he will not be taken for a Southerner that he stands when the band plays *Dixie*. He boasts of his ancestry and his family's plantation and slaves when oftener than not his ancestors were one-horse farmers in the wiregrass country. He learns nothing from travel. In the best restaurants here and abroad he complains because they don't serve hot biscuits and pot liquor. He has the complacent belief that his town, his family, and his friends haven't their equals anywhere else on God's green earth.

"He goes about with a chip on his shoulder. At social gatherings he asserts his Southern superiority, and imagines he is impressive because his hosts are too polite to argue with him. He flaunts his accent and his alleged bravery and chivalry. He is morbidly sensitive. He finds, or thinks he has found, a slighting reference to the Old South and its mummified legends in every newspaper and book he reads, in every public address he hears. He is always hoping and looking for insults.

"He is not only ignorant of what is going on outside of his own bailiwick, but he is proudly, defiantly, and bombastically vain of his ignorance. He really believes that all social grace and political and intellectual progress stopped dead still when the War Between the States ended and the Confederacy fell.

"I apologize to the people of New York for the bad manners of one who happens geographically to be a Southerner, but in

no other particular represents the intelligence, temper, and feeling of the rest of us."

New Yorkers, quick to adopt a telling phrase, applauded Ellis's reference to the professional Southerner. It was widely copied in the newspapers. A Macon, Georgia, attorney was a national figure for at least a week.

Georgians, like other Southerners, are sensitive to outside criticism. They are justified to some extent for their touchiness. To begin with, Georgia was invaded, conquered, and humiliated. For years afterwards she suffered the gratuitous insults and indignities of the conquerors. Living Georgians remember the reconstruction days and the carpetbaggers. Their children know about them by word of mouth.

For many years after the war and even today the South was exploited by Eastern and Western journalism. Few editors will open a reform campaign in their home towns or unduly exploit a local sore spot. As surely as they do they will run afoul of a powerful advertiser, or will step on the toes of a native Jim Smith. Consequently most newspaper campaigns of this nature are directed at abuses well out of their circulation. Poor old Georgia has suffered grievously from this publicity. Every lynching, case of peonage, and other event involving the Negro was prominently displayed as news and virtuously denounced on the editorial page.

Before the press associations attained their present coverage and subjected the news to an unbiased if colorless report, outside papers were dependent on Southern correspondents for their Southern news. To sell it, the correspondents soon found that exaggeration was necessary. The smallest racial disturbance or mountain feud was given a lurid treatment — either by the correspondent or a rewrite man in the newspaper shop.

Fanny Kemble, who thought far ahead of her generation, said that industrial and cultural progress in the South would not be experienced fully until the last slave-owner and the last slave were dead. For all practical purposes that result has been brought about; the renaissance has begun.

That slavery was the scourge for the South that John Mohr McIntosh and his Scots predicted it would be is no longer questioned by intelligent Southerners. James Couper, son of James Hamilton Couper, said in 1912 that no benefit ever befell any country that was greater than the emancipation of the Negro in the South. He blamed the extremists North and South, and Fanny Kemble and Harriet Beecher Stowe, for much of the suffering brought about in the solution of the problem.¹

When the pick of the young men of the South were killed, maimed, or their spirit broken by the war, the tremendous task of reconstruction was left to the disillusioned and ruined elderly and the helpless generation coming on. The bulk of the population continued to live on the land. Without manual or business training, the young men in many instances vegetated on the farms. Trained to consider work unfit for white hands, they were dependent on cheap Negro labor. The best of them went to the cities. The rest became slaves to cotton, as either small farmers, croppers, or hired hands.

The rest of the country was not restrained by the work inhibition. It thrived in industry, its labor was well paid, the exceptional became wealthy. Education thrived with business. Meanwhile the South was trying to recover from the staggering losses and turmoil of the war. The first recovery was followed by a period of lush development, of speculation and inflation, which helped only a few people and in the end ruined many. The masses were still untrained in business and industry. Now a definite change has set in. Graduates of the technical and farm schools are going into industry and agriculture. Young men are following agrarian and mechanical as well as professional and white-collar pursuits.

In Georgia and other Southern states the birth-rate is higher than in the rest of the country. In this condition such modern and realistic observers as General R. R. Wood see the future supremacy of this region in material advancement. President Roosevelt said he liked Georgia because it was not a finished

¹ Caroline Couper Lovell: *Golden Isles of Georgia* (Boston: Little, Brown & Company; 1932).

state. By that he meant that its development had been halted by war and painful recovery and was yet to be completed. It needed only the application of new methods and training in the technique of the new order. Its resources, its vast areas of land, timber, and minerals — it is the largest state east of the Mississippi River — are fallow as far as the present-day technique is concerned.

The new settlers will not come in covered wagons and proceed single-handed to conquer a wilderness. The old frontier state was explored and trail-blazed and a fine civilization started before the Civil War. The new frontier life will take up where the old one left off and will carry on. Its methods will be scientific; they will profit by the success and the mistakes of the finished states. Farm engineers will find and develop new fertility in the old red hills. Chemists will discover fresh uses for the products of a revitalized soil. Industrialists will put them into finished form. The economists' dream of a Utopia in which industry and agriculture will be developed side by side, each supporting the other, is in a fair way to realization in the Georgia of 1942.

Such a state presents fascinating possibilities as a laboratory of experimentation. Henry W. Grady foresaw them, but he could only be a prophet. The state was not then ready for the practical application. It remained for Dr. Charles H. Herty, a Georgia-born chemist with a national reputation in his field, to rediscover the state and prove his vision by actuality.

A graduate of the University of Georgia, he spent his young manhood in teaching and studying, winning degrees and recognition as president of the American Chemical Society and a member of European scientific groups. In 1905 he invented the Herty turpentine cup, which literally saved the naval-stores industry of Georgia. Until then the operators in slashing the pine trees killed them and were faced with the gradual extinction of their timber. Under the Herty process the trees survive and continue to yield their sap.

Several years later this scholarly and inquiring chemist an-

nounced that he had discovered a process by which paper of all kinds, including newsprint, could be made from slash-pine pulp. His announcement was not received enthusiastically. The state government, like most state governments, was interested in politics, not in the renaissance. The legislature did its part. It appropriated twenty thousand dollars with which to provide Dr. Herty with a laboratory in which he could demonstrate his process. The Governor was bent on the salvation of the taxpayers and vetoed the appropriation. Dr. Herty and his associates built a laboratory of their own at Savannah. He developed his process, proved its practical value, refused to have it patented for himself, and presented it to the paper industry.

Again he met opposition. This time it came from the established paper mills in the East, their chemists, and their bankers. He persevered. As a result several large mills have opened or are under way in the South, and all are using pine pulp. One at Savannah is capitalized at four million dollars. Another at Brunswick has a capitalization of seven millions. The first makes paper bags, the other fine stationery and book paper. Farmers near Savannah are selling their timber to the mills, replacing the trees with fresh plantings. Skilled and common labor is employed. Trained workers came in from the East to man the plants. Young Georgians are being trained in the work. The humble scrub pine will grow on the poorest land, yet offers a distinct asset to agriculture, labor, and industry.

Not long before his death Dr. Herty announced that he could apply his paper process to the making of rayon, now a great industry in the South. He suggested other processes for the treatment of farm products.

He was not the chamber-of-commerce type of developer. He was a scientist with a practical bent and a feeling of patriotism. In many respects he was the most notable figure Georgia has produced, and Georgia has produced many notable figures, all of them able men.

In 1939 the government issued a report which stirred the South and the nation as no government report had ever stirred

them before. Not since *Tobacco Road* had the country been made so conscious of what President Roosevelt termed the South's No. 1 Economic Problem. Southerners who were sensitive about their shortcomings berated the document. Economists, historians, and sociologists gave it high praise. It is without doubt the last word in considered and competent analysis and appraisal.

I have tried to reduce it to a condensed balance sheet showing the South's assets and liabilities. As Georgia is typical of what is called the Deep South, the report will apply to that state as well as to the other twelve. Here is a summary of the *Report on Economic Conditions in the South, Prepared for the President by the National Emergency Council at His Request under the General Direction of Lowell Mellett*:

Assets

Economic resources: The thirteen Southern states have 30,000,000 people. They have more native persons than any other section, or 97.8 per cent native-born. Of these 71 per cent are white, 29 colored.

Birth-rate: It is the highest in the nation and the most fertile source of population in the United States. The population of the country as a whole is becoming stationary, but continuous streams of Southern migrants are going north.

Topography: From Virginia to Texas the South contains 552,000,000 acres, varied in topography, with vast prairies, wooded plains, fertile valleys, and the highest mountains in the eastern part of the United States.

Transportation is excellent. The territory is covered by rail lines connecting the interior with ports. The Mississippi and Ohio Rivers serve the South. Good highways are usable in all seasons, air lines connect the various states. The Atlantic and Gulf coasts furnish ports for foreign trade.

Physical resources: The South is richly endowed; no other region has its diversity of climate and soil. The climate ranges

from temperate to subtropical. There is a frostless growing season of six months in more than half of the area. There is ample rainfall; but little irrigation is needed.

Soils: Most widely varied of all American types. Alabama has seven major types, 300 soil sub-types. These soils grow tobacco, cotton, grains, fruits, melons, vegetables, potatoes, hay, nuts, sugar cane, hemp.

Forests: Forests are also varied. The South has 40 per cent of the nation's forests. Woodlands are second only to cotton as a source of wealth. Thirty per cent of the land is still in forests. Despite abuse they still cover 200,000,000 acres. The South leads the nation in naval stores. Its pine is used for paper.

Cattle: The South lags here despite wealth of grasslands.

Fish and game: As plentiful in the South as in any other part of the country. Louisiana is the largest fur-producer.

Commercial fisheries flourish on Atlantic and Gulf coasts. They include oysters, clams, menhaden, mackerel, sponges, and shrimp.

Minerals: The South has 300 types, asbestos, asphalt, barite, bauxite, clays, coal, diamonds, feldspar, fluorspar, gypsum, lead, limestone, marble, mercury, phosphate rock, pyrites, salt, sand, gravel, silica, sulphur, zinc and so on.

Coal: Only two per cent of the South's seams are so far tapped. The Southeast has a fifth of the country's coal. It mines a tenth of our iron ore annually, but produces barely seven per cent of the pig iron.

Power: The South has 27 per cent of the installed hydroelectric generating capacity of the United States, but produces only 21 per cent of electric power actually generated. It has 13 per cent of the country's undeveloped power.

Oil: Nearly two thirds of American crude oil is produced in the South and over two thirds of its natural gas. In 1935 the South furnished half of the nation's marble. Florida and Tennessee produce 97 per cent of the nation's phosphates. Texas and Louisiana supply 99 per cent of the country's sulphur.

Liabilities

Despite its population and resources the South is poor in machinery for converting its wealth to the use of its people. With 28 per cent of the nation's population, it has only 16 per cent of its tangible assets. With more than half of the farmers of the United States, it has only a fifth of the farm implements.

Paradox: Blessed by nature with immense wealth, Southern people are the poorest in the United States. The South trades its resources for goods manufactured in other sections.

Soil: The South contains a third of the nation's good farming acreage and has two thirds of the land getting a forty-inch annual rainfall. Crops may be raised on nearly half this land during six months of the year.

Erosion: Yet 61 per cent of the country's land which has been damaged by erosion is in the South. Of this 22,000,000 acres are damaged beyond repair, other acres seriously damaged. The one-crop system is blamed for this.

Forests: The South has cut away a large part of its forests, leaving gullied, useless soil. Consequently the South is forced to pay three fifths of the nation's fertilizer bill. It is losing \$300,000,000 worth of fertile topsoil a year.

Water: The South's supply of water is boundless but uncontrolled. Pollution occurs in cities. Fisheries are inadequately cared for.

Population: The South's population is growing more rapidly by increase than elsewhere. Excess of births over deaths is ten per thousand, against the national average of seven. Of 108,600,000 native-born in America in 1930, 28,700,000 were born in the Southeast, all but 4,600,000 in rural districts. The latter export a fourth of their sons and daughters. Only 17,500,000 Southerners born in rural districts live where they were born. A total of 3,800,000 have left the South for good. One child in eight in Alabama and Mississippi gives life's productivity to other states. The ablest people are taken away.

Poverty: Since the Civil War the South has been the poorest

section of the United States. In 1937 the average Southern income was \$314; in the United States, \$604. In 1929 the Southern farmer's average gross income was \$186 a year, compared with \$528 for farmers elsewhere. Many farm families live in poverty comparable to that of the poorest European peasants. Industrial wages are the lowest in the South, also income from interest and dividends. Income-tax revenue is the lowest, also the per capita paid for education. Taxes are levied on persons least able to pay.

Education: In 1930 the rural people of the Southeast had to care for 4,250,000 schoolchildren of the country's total. In the Northeast there were 8,500,000 children in a group that received 42 per cent of the national school income—21 times as much income with which to educate only twice as many children. The South must educate a third of the nation's children with one sixth of its school revenues. During the 1920's 1,700,000 persons between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five left the Southeast. The cost of educating these migrants was \$250,000,000 a year. Southern teachers compare favorably with those in other sections, but their pay is lower. The average in Arkansas in 1933 was \$465, compared with \$2,361 in New York State. The South gives a larger share of its income to education than other sections. In 1930 the percentage of illiteracy in the South was 8.8 against 1.9 for the North Central and the Middle Atlantic states. In 1936 the South spent an average of \$25.11 on a child's education, or about half of the national average.

Health: The lower-income belt of the South is also a belt of sickness, misery, and unnecessary death. The climate is not to be blamed. Malaria reduced industrial output a third. The annual cost of death from this malady is \$39,500,000. There are a third as many doctors per capita in South Carolina as in California. The South is deficient in hospitals and clinics. Pneumonia is prevalent in mines. An insurance company reports that more people die in the South without medical aid than elsewhere. A rise of 7.3 per cent in the death-rate was reported in one year against 4.8 per cent in the highest region elsewhere.

Pellagra takes a heavy toll. Even in Southern cities from 60 to 68 per cent of low-income families spend less than enough on an adequate diet.

Housing: The type of housing in the South consists of antiquated, poorly built quarters for working people. Rows of wooden houses without modern improvements and sanitary facilities, often without running water, can be seen. They are often next to the mills or mines where their occupants work and are on low swampy ground. They are convenient barracks for cheap labor. Lack of running water and impure water supplies are common. Bathtubs, sinks, and laundry tubs are also lacking. Twenty-six per cent of Southern town and rural houses are without indoor flush toilets, compared with 13.1 for the nation. In an eighth of the dwellings there are more than one and a half persons to a room. Rural houses are the oldest, have the lowest value, and are in greater need of repairs than elsewhere. Of 3,000,000 farmhouses in the Southern states in 1930, only 5.7 per cent had water piped to the house, and only 3.4 per cent had it piped to bathrooms. More than half were unpainted. More than a third were screenless. There were 1,500,000 below-standard houses in the non-farm class. Four million Southern families should be rehoused. This number is half of all the families in the South.

Labor: Neither on the farms nor in the factories is there a certainty of continuing livelihood. Thousands of Southerners shift each year from farm to mill or mine and back to farm. Unskilled industrial labor is hurt by the competition of unskilled workers from the farms. Southern cotton-mill workers are paid less than elsewhere. The average pay per person in business and industry in the South in 1935 was \$865.61 compared to \$1,219.13 elsewhere. Labor unions make slow progress among low-paid workers. They have little collective bargaining power or organized influence on social legislation. Poor wages reduce purchasing power and lower the efficiency of workers.

Women and children: Child labor is more common in the South than anywhere else in the country. Women and children work under fewer safeguards. The 1930 census showed that

three fourths of gainfully employed children between ten and fifteen years of age worked in the South, although the South contained less than a third of the nation's children of that age. This labor competes with adult workers. The South leads the country in the number of children working on farms and in industry. Women's wages are low, hours are long. Those who do piece work at home labor long hours and are poorly paid.

Ownership and use of land: The South depends on cotton and tobacco for farm income. Highest interest rates are charged to farmers; mortgages are increasing and with them tenant farming. Of 1,831,000 tenant farmers 66 per cent are white. Half of the sharecroppers are white. Whites and blacks live under the same economic conditions. More than a third move every year. Less than two per cent have written leases. The sum of \$25,000,000 a year is spent on moving. Farmers buy four fifths of all they eat and wear. The South has more than half of the country's farmers, yet it raises less than a third of the nation's pigs and cattle. It has more than a fourth of the country's population and produces only one fifth of its eggs, milk, and butter; one seventh of the hay, an eighth of the potatoes, a twelfth of the oats. It gets these from other states and pays freight on them—or does without. Common vegetables are rare in many Southern farm areas.

Credit: There has never been enough credit and capital in the South to meet the needs of the farms and of industry. It is forced to borrow from outside financiers, who reap a harvest in interest and dividends. The South contains 28 per cent of the country's population, but in July 1937 its banks held less than 11 per cent of the nation's bank deposits, or \$150 per capita against \$471 for the nation. The average interest rate on Southern state, county, and city bonds is 4.4 per cent; for the rest of the country only 3.98. In the South the state bank interest rate ranges from 6.5 to 11.5 per cent, while in New England and the Middle Atlantic states it is 5.75. As the city banks require listed securities as collateral, the farmers are restricted to local banks, landlords, merchants, and dealers unless they can get federal aid. Such lenders charge high rates. Even

if they are honest the farmer finds himself in debt at the end of the year. Some relief has been given in recent years by federal agencies and credit unions.

Use of natural resources: Great waste has been shown in the development of Southern resources. Forests have been mutilated, coal and gas wasted at the source of supply. A large share of the South's resources is owned elsewhere and is kept out of competition with the monopolies. Public utilities are almost entirely absentee-owned, also railroads and the distribution of natural gas. Iron ore, limestone, and coal in the Birmingham district are controlled by outsiders. So are bauxite and zinc. Only common labor is used in the mines; pay for skilled labor to develop the output goes to other sections. Ground feldspar and kaolin are produced in the South, but very few factories there use them. Rayon patents are held in Europe.

Industry: Industry in the South also suffers from absentee ownership and low wages. Discriminations in freight rates have hurt also. The paper industry is growing rapidly, but this also is largely absentee-owned. Research in industry is meager. High tariffs have hurt the South.

Purchasing power: The South is a great potential market. Its vast stores of raw material that the rest of the country needs should make it a tremendous trader with other sections. Its growing population with its extensive needs could keep a large part of the nation busy supplying them. Such a relation would help the South and the nation, but it doesn't exist. Southerners want and need houses, radios, butter, beef, vegetables, dresses, milk, eggs, shirts, and shoes. The average Southerner with an income of \$315 could spend twice that for things he needs badly. Southern farm white families not on relief with an average income of \$390 spend annually only \$49 on food, \$31 on clothing, \$12 on medical care, \$1 on recreation, and \$2 on education. Southern white villagers with an income under \$750 spend 75 cents or more out of every dollar for food, clothing, housing, heating, lighting, and running the house. Only one in four families has an automobile. Southerners need food and clothes. Their housing is poor.

When this report was issued it provoked a great deal of criticism in the South, as I have said. Even realistic Southerners doubted whether conditions could be as bad as shown. A calm, detached view of the figures and deductions will show that the findings are not so bad as they seem on first reading. Basically the South is better off than other sections. Its future is brighter.

Serious as the liabilities are, they are offset by the magnitude and variety of the resources shown in the balance sheet. The liabilities are man-made, or at least they are the result of man's stupidity and carelessness. This can be remedied. Improvement already has set in. Even in the short time since the report was issued there has been a change for the better in some of the dreary percentages set forth.

It is hard to change a government policy and to set up the machinery for the change. Once the change and the set-up have been agreed on, the application of the reforms is amazingly rapid. The South has responded quickly to new farm methods, rural electrification, conservation of various kinds, and industrial development. In another decade the rural South will be in sight of the national average in education, health, and purchasing power. The countryside will have as many conveniences as the cities. So rapid has been the change that already there has been a decrease in migrants.

You can remedy bad housing, ill health, and erosion, for these evils are artificial ones. But you cannot create natural resources out of nothing. You cannot legislate minerals, rainfall, growing seasons, and soil types into being. These the South has and always will have. They have been wasted, but not beyond recovery. Inevitably the rest of the country will turn to those resources. For many years the East and the West have been living on borrowed population. First, on immigration which supplied labor fodder to the mines and factories just as slaves and convict labor supplied it in the South. Second, on migrant population from the South. Some of these sections had few natural resources; they depended on the newcomers for cheap labor and purchasing power.

Southern cities during the 1920's enjoyed a specious pros-

perity due to the influx of farm workers. That prosperity did not last. A somewhat anomalous condition still exists in the East and West. Because they lack natural resources in many cases they have begun to exhaust the purchasing power of the migrants. The declining birth-rate is a warning.

The South has another advantage in the preponderance of its native-born population and its high birth-rate. I would not say that the Anglo-Saxon is superior to other races; but that this race makes up nearly a hundred per cent of the population in the South augurs well for unity — unity in political beliefs, in religion, in social problems.

Georgia is in the position of a young wastrel who is still suffering from a hangover but has reformed. It has wasted many of its resources. First, in the lush development of a wilderness with abundant slave labor, and the resulting exhaustion of the land. Then, after the War Between the States, it fell in with city-slicker capitalists from the North. It borrowed heavily from them, put its natural resources in hock, and paid through the nose for the privilege. But it did not spend all its patrimony — it was too vast and varied for that. It is still there to be developed.

Or, to put it another way, Georgia is a sailing ship becalmed after a series of battering hurricanes. The hatches have been reopened, the rigging is being repaired, and the decks swabbed down. She is waiting for a fresh wind. Whence it will come, whither it will blow, not even the Skipper can tell.

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A NOTE ON THE TYPE



The text of this book was set on the Linotype in Baskerville. Linotype Baskerville is a facsimile cutting from type cast from the original matrices of a face designed by John Baskerville. The original face was the forerunner of the "modern" group of type faces.

John Baskerville (1706-75), of Birmingham, England, a writing-master, with a special renown for cutting inscriptions in stone, began experimenting about 1750 with punch-cutting and making typographical material. It was not until 1757 that he published his first work, a Virgil in royal quarto, with great-primer letters. This was followed by his famous editions of Milton, the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer and several Latin classic authors. His types, at first criticized as unnecessarily slender, delicate, and feminine, in time were recognized as both distinct and elegant, and his types as well as his printing were greatly admired. Four years after his death Baskerville's widow sold his punches and matrices to the Société Littéraire-typographique, which used some of the types for the sumptuous Kehl edition of Voltaire's works in seventy volumes.

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